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FIVE YEARS AGO

Week ending September 12th, 1972

Last Week	This Week		
2	1	MAMA WEER ALL CRAZEE NOW	Slade (Polydor)
1	2	YOU WEAR IT WELL	Rod Stewart (Mercury)
3	3	STANDING IN THE ROAD	Blackfoot Sue (Jam)
9	4	SUGAR ME	Lynsey De Paul (MAM)
14	5	VIRGINIA PLAIN	Roxy Music (Island)
7	6	LAYLA	Derek & The Dominoes (Polydor)
5	7	IT'S FOUR IN THE MORNING	Faron Young (Mercury)
15	8	AIN'T NO SUNSHINE	Michael Jackson (Tamla Motown)
4	9	ALL THE YOUNG DUDES	Mott The Hoople (CBS)
10	10	I GET THE SWEETEST FEELING	Jackie Wilson (MCA)

TEN YEARS AGO

Week ending September 16th, 1967

Last Week	This Week		
1	1	THE LAST WALTZ	Engelbert Humperdinck (Decca)
3	2	I'LL NEVER FALL IN LOVE AGAIN	Tom Jones (Decca)
5	3	EXCERPT FROM A TEENAGE OPERA	Keith West (Parlophone)
2	4	SAN FRANCISCO	Scott McKenzie (CBS)
12	5	ITCHYCOO PARK	Small Faces (Immediate)
6	6	EVEN THE BAD TIMES ARE GOOD	Tremeloes (CBS)
4	7	WE LOVE YOU	Rolling Stones (Decca)
14	8	LET'S GO TO SAN FRANCISCO	Flowerpot Men (Deram)
17	9	REFLECTIONS	Diana Ross & The Supremes (Tamla Mowtown)
9	10	JUST LOVING YOU	Anita Harris (CBS)

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending September 14, 1962

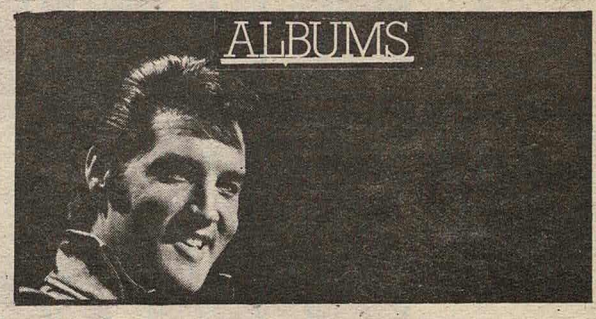
Last Week	This Week		
6	1	SHE'S NOT YOU	Elvis Presley (RCA)
1	2	I REMEMBER YOU	Frank Ifield (Columbia)
2	3	ROSES ARE RED	Ronnie Carroll (Philips)
3	4	THINGS	Bobby Darin (London)
9	5	IT'LL BE ME	Cliff Richard (Columbia)
5	6	SEALED WITH A KISS	Brian Hyland (HMV)
7	7	BREAKING UP IS HARD TO DO	Neil Sedaka (RCA)
4	8	SPEEDY GONZALES	Pat Boone (London)
8	9	GUITAR TANGO	Shadows (Columbia)
—	10	TELSTAR	Tornadoes (Decca)

CHARTS

Week ending September 17th, 1977

This Week	Last Week			Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(1)	MAGIC FLY	Space (Pye)	5	1
2	(4)	OXYGENE	Jean Michel Jarre (Polydor)	3	2
3	(2)	WAY DOWN	Elvis Presley (RCA)	4	1
4	(5)	DEEP DOWN INSIDE	Donna Summer (GTO)	4	4
5	(8)	SILVER LADY	David Soul (Private Stock)	3	5
6	(10)	TELEPHONE MAN	Meri Wilson (Pye)	3	6
7	(3)	FLOAT ON	The Floaters (ABC)	8	2
8	(6)	NIGHTS ON BROADWAY	Candi Staton (Warner Bro)	7	6
9	(24)	DO ANYTHING YOU WANNA DO	Rods (Island)	5	9
10	(9)	NOBODY DOES IT BETTER	Carly Simon (Elektra)	6	3
11	(12)	THAT'S WHAT FRIENDS ARE FOR	Deniece Williams (CBS)	7	7
12	(—)	BEST OF MY LOVE	Emotions (CBS)	1	12
13	(18)	DANCIN' IN THE MOONLIGHT	Thin Lizzy (Vertigo)	5	13
14	(16)	LOOKING AFTER NUMBER ONE	Boomtown Rats (Ensign)	3	14
15	(13)	TULANE	Steve Gibbons Band (Polydor)	5	13
16	(17)	GARY GILMORE'S EYES	Adverts (Anchor)	3	16
17	(15)	SPANISH STROLL	Mink De Ville (Capitol)	6	15
18	(—)	BLACK BETTY	Ram Jam (Epic)	1	18
19	(22)	SUNSHINE AFTER THE RAIN	Elkie Brooks (A&M)	3	19
20	(11)	ANGELO	Brotherhood of Man (Pye)	10	1
21	(—)	ANOTHER STAR	Stevie Wonder (Motown)	1	21
22	(—)	DREAMER	Jacksons (Epic)	2	22
23	(—)	I CAN'T GET YOU OUTTA MY MIND	Yvonne Elliman (RSO)	3	23
24	(7)	YOU GOT WHAT IT TAKES	Showaddywaddy (Arista)	8	3
25	(—)	WAITING IN VAIN	Bob Marley & Wailers (Island)	1	25
26	(14)	THE CRUNCH	Rah Band (Good Earth)	10	4
27	(—)	BLACK IS BLACK	La Belle Epoque (Harvest)	1	27
28	(21)	THINK I'M GONNA FALL IN LOVE WITH YOU	Dooleys (GTO)	2	21
29	(—)	THUNDER IN MY HEART	Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)	1	29
30	(—)	FROM NEW YORK TO L.A.	Patsy Gallant (EMI)	1	30

BUBBLING UNDER . . .
GIMME DAT BANANA — Black Gorilla (Response); PIPELINE — Bruce Johnston (CBS); DO YOUR DANCE PARTS ONE AND TWO — Rose Royce (Whitfield); WOODEN HEART — Elvis Presley (RCA).



Week ending September 17th, 1977

This Week	Last Week			Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(1)	OXYGENE	Jean Michel Jarre (Polydor)	5	1
2	(2)	MOODY BLUE	Elvis Presley (RCA)	4	1
3	(3)	RUMOURS	Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	30	3
4	(4)	20 ALL TIME GREATS	Connie Francis (Polydor)	10	2
5	(4)	A STAR IS BORN	Soundtrack (CBS)	23	1
6	(17)	20 GOLDEN GREATS	Diana Ross & Supremes (Tamla Motown)	2	6
7	(7)	GOING FOR THE ONE	Yes (WEA)	9	1
8	(6)	WELCOME TO MY WORLD	Elvis Presley (RCA)	4	6
9	(8)	I REMEMBER YESTERDAY	Donna Summer (GTO)	12	2
10	(10)	IV RATTUS NORVEGICUS	The Stranglers (United Artists)	20	4
11	(11)	HOTEL CALIFORNIA	Eagles (Asylum)	38	1
12	(22)	ELVIS IN DEMAND	Elvis Presley (RCA)	2	12
13	(9)	ELVIS 40 GREATEST HITS	Elvis Presley (Arcade)	4	9
14	(14)	THE JOHNNY MATHIS COLLECTION	Johnny Mathis (CBS)	13	1
15	(19)	EXODUS	Bob Marley & The Wailers (Island)	14	9
16	(20)	G.I. BLUES	Elvis Presley (RCA)	2	16
17	(25)	MAGIC FLY	Space (Pye)	2	17
18	(13)	ARRIVAL	Abba (Epic)	43	1
19	(12)	NEW WAVE	Various Artists (Philips)	5	12
20	(18)	BEST OF ROD STEWART	(Mercury)	9	14
21	(—)	FLOATERS	Floaters (ABC)	4	18
22	(—)	GOLDEN RECORDS VOL 1	Elvis Presley (RCA)	1	22
23	(15)	LOVE FOR SALE	Boney M (Atlantic)	7	11
24	(—)	GOLDEN RECORDS VOL 2	Elvis Presley (RCA)	1	24
25	(24)	LOVE AT THE GREEK	Neil Diamond (CBS)	12	4
26	(—)	ELVIS PRESLEY SUN COLLECTION	Elvis Presley (Starcall)	1	26
27	(23)	WORKS VOLUME 1	Emerson, Lake & Palmer (Atlantic)	21	7
28	(16)	MY AIM IS TRUE	Elvis Costello (Stiff)	5	16
29	(21)	A NEW WORLD RECORD	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	41	5
30	(30)	ON STAGE	Ritchie Blackmore's Rainbow (Oyster)	8	13

BUBBLING UNDER . . .
ELVIS LIVE AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN — Elvis Presley (RCA); SHOW SOME EMOTION — Joan Armatrading (A&M); SIMPLE DREAMS — Linda Ronstadt (Asylum); HITS OF THE 70s — Elvis Presley (RCA).

U.S. SINGLES

Week ending September 17, 1977

This Week	Last Week		
1	(3)	DON'T STOP	Fleetwood Mac
2	(1)	YOUR LOVE HAS LIFTED ME (HIGHER AND HIGHER)	Rita Coolidge
3	(4)	FLOAT ON	The Floaters
4	(2)	HANDY MAN	James Taylor
5	(6)	TELEPHONE LINE	Electric Light Orchestra
6	(8)	ON AND ON	Stephen Bishop
7	(17)	STAR WARS THEME	Meco
8	(7)	I JUST WANT TO BE YOUR EVERYTHING	Andy Gibb
9	(12)	STRAWBERRY LETTER 23	Brothers Johnson
10	(11)	SMOKE FROM A DISTANT FIRE	The Sanford-Townsend Band
11	(13)	SWAYIN' TO THE MUSIC	Johnny Rivers
12	(14)	KEEP IT COMIN' LOVE	K. C. & The Sunshine Band
13	(15)	COLD AS ICE	Foreigner
14	(18)	NOBODY DOES IT BETTER	Carly Simon
15	(5)	BEST OF MY LOVE	Emotions
16	(20)	DON'T WORRY BABY	B. J. Thomas
17	(24)	THAT'S ROCK 'N' ROLL	Shaun Cassidy
18	(19)	STAR WARS	London Symphony Orchestra
19	(23)	JUNGLE LOVE	Steve Miller Band
20	(28)	BOOGIE NIGHTS	Heatwave
21	(29)	I FEEL LOVE	Donna Summer
22	(9)	HOW MUCH LOVE	Leo Sayer
23	(10)	EASY	Commodores
24	(—)	SIGNED, SEALED, DELIVERED	Peter Frampton
25	(27)	HARD ROCK CAFE	Carole King
26	(—)	CAT SCRATCH FEVER	Ted Nugent
27	(26)	EDGE OF THE UNIVERSE	Bee Gees
28	(—)	IT WAS ALMOST LIKE A SONG	Ronnie Milsap
29	(16)	JUST A SONG BEFORE I GO	Crosby Still & Nash
30	(21)	GIVE A LITTLE BIT	Supertramp

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

U.S. ALBUMS

Week ending September 17, 1977

This Week	Last Week		
1	(1)	RUMOURS	Fleetwood Mac
2	(3)	STAR WARS	Original Soundtrack
3	(2)	CSN	Crosby, Stills & Nash
4	(5)	MOODY BLUE	Elvis Presley
5	(4)	JT	James Taylor
6	(6)	REJOICE	Emotions
7	(7)	GOING FOR THE ONE	Yes
8	(9)	ANYTIME . . . ANYWHERE	Rita Coolidge
9	(11)	FOREIGNER	Foreigner
10	(12)	SHAUN CASSIDY	Shaun Cassidy
11	(10)	I'M IN YOU	Peter Frampton
12	(16)	I, ROBOT	The Alan Parsons Project
13	(13)	FLOATERS	Floaters
14	(15)	STEVE WINWOOD	Steve Winwood
15	(14)	RIGHT ON TIME	Brothers Johnson
16	(8)	STREISAND SUPERMAN	Barbra Streisand
17	(23)	TERRAPIN STATION	Grateful Dead
18	(20)	HERE AT LAST . . . BEE GEES . . . LIVE	
19	(18)	EXODUS	Bob Marley & The Wailers
20	(19)	CAT SCRATCH FEVER	Ted Nugent
21	(21)	A PLACE IN THE SUN	Pablo Cruise
22	(22)	COMMODORES	Commodores
23	(24)	LITTLE QUEEN	Heart
24	(27)	THE GRAND ILLUSION	Styx
25	(25)	EVEN IN THE QUIETEST MOMENTS	Supertramp
26	(—)	LUNA SEA	Firefall
27	(26)	SIMPLE THINGS	Carole King
28	(29)	A NEW WORLD RECORD	Electric Light Orchestra
29	(17)	AMERICAN STARS 'N BARS	Neil Young
30	(—)	LIVIN' ON THE FAULT LINE	Doobie Brothers

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

NEWS DESK

Edited by Derek Johnson

SENSATIONAL ALEX HARVEY BAND were this week confirmed for a British concert tour in December, after a year's absence from the U.K. circuit. Five dates have so far been confirmed — at Newcastle City Hall (December 7), Manchester Ardwick Apollo (9), Leeds University (11), Liverpool Empire (13) and Birmingham Odeon (14). Tickets for these gigs are on sale now.

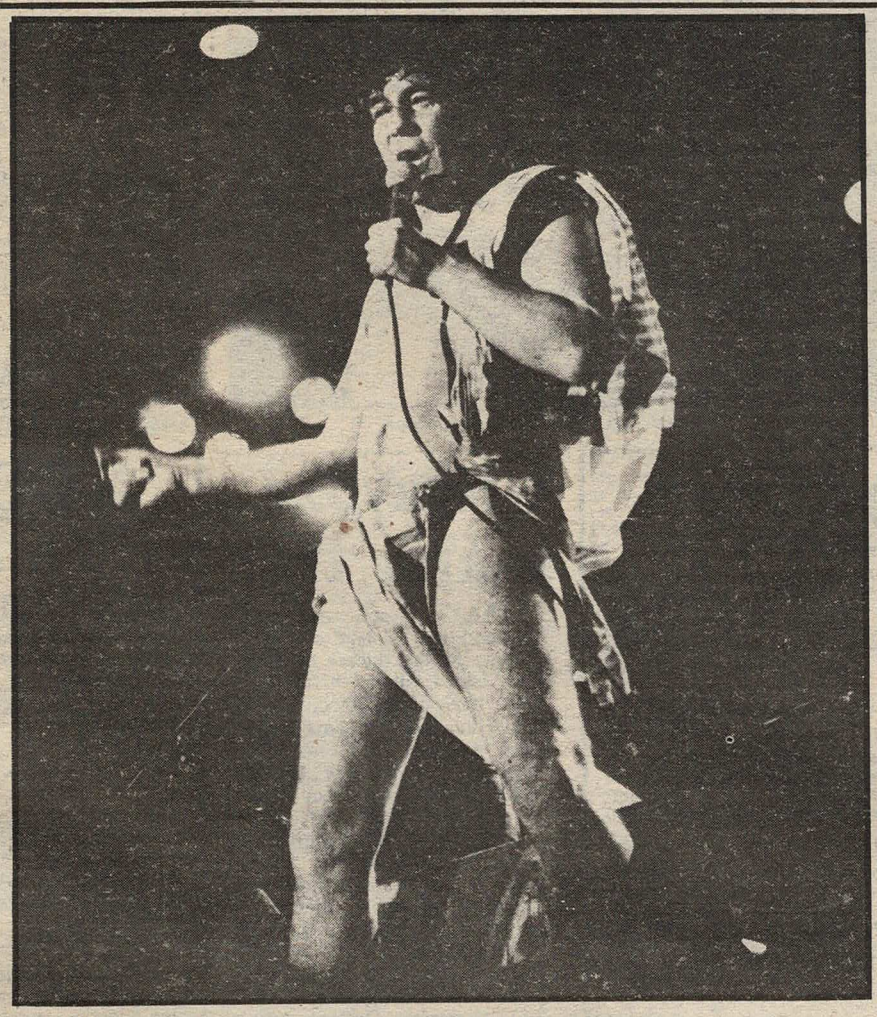
Mountain Management say that special dates in London and Glasgow will be announced as soon as negotiations are completed.

The band are currently putting the finishing touches to their new album "Rock Drill", due for release at the end of October, and their controversial single "Mrs Blackhouse" has just been issued.

Alex Harvey made his live comeback with the SAHB at the Reading Festival on August 28, after illness had forced him into hibernation for many months. Plans for Harvey and the band to play a string of concerts at London Hammersmith Odeon last Christmas had to be cancelled, but NME understands the project is being reactivated this year.

The "special dates in London" mentioned by Mountain are likely to be three or four Hammersmith shows immediately before Christmas, probably culminating on December 24. The Glasgow dates — again expected to be three or four — seem virtually certain to be at the Apollo.

Before launching their British tour, the band begin a series of concerts in Europe on October 31, visiting eight countries — Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Finland, Holland, Germany, Belgium and Switzerland.



Elton for Wembley

ELTON JOHN plays a one-off charity concert at London Wembley Empire Pool on Thursday, November 3, and the show is being filmed by BBC-1 for screening later in the year (probably at Christmas). It will be the first time he has performed with a band since he broke up his regular backing outfit last year.

Tickets go on sale this Saturday at the Pool box-office, priced £5.50 and £3.50. They are also available by post from Elton John Box-Office, Wembley Stadium, Wembley, Middlesex HA9 0DW — make cheques and POs payable to "Wembley Stadium Ltd. (Elton John)" and enclose s.a.e. The concert, promoted by John Reid and Harvey Goldsmith, is in aid of the Goaldiggers football charity (of which Elton is a council member) and the Variety Club Children's Charity.

Appearing with Elton are new Rocket Records band China, comprising two of his former musicians Davey Johnstone (guitar) and James Newton-Howard (keyboards), plus Dennis Conway (drums), Jo Partridge (guitar) and Cooker Lopresti (bass). They open the show with their own set, then Elton performs solo — as he did in his Rainbow concerts last May — before China join him on stage for the final set.

There are no plans for Elton to play any other British concerts this year, but China will be headlining their own ten-day tour in mid-November, following the October release of their debut album.

Alex and ELP for Christmas

EMERSON, LAKE AND PALMER are to play a string of Christmas concerts at London Olympia, the NME learned this week. No official announcement has yet been made, but it is understood from a reliable source that the trio — supported by a large orchestra — will headline four shows at the giant stadium. The dates are expected to be December 23, 24, 26 and 27 — and there is a strong probability that one of these performances will be televised live.

The trio will feature material from their current album "Works Volume I" almost in its entirety, as well as some of their earlier compositions. Tickets are not yet on sale, and readers are advised not to apply until details are announced. It is also believed that ELP will play a few provincial dates, with Stafford New Bingley Hall as one of the likely venues.

ELP have been touring extensively in the States and, earlier in the summer, were reportedly being lined up for September concerts at Edinburgh Castle and London Earls Court. These shows were to have been part of a series of special Silver Jubilee concerts which, in the final analysis, failed to materialise. But now the trio have settled on the Christmas period for their British stage comeback.

GREG LAKE

TUBES DEBUT TOUR PLANS

THE TUBES, the notorious U.S. outfit known as much for their outrageous stage antics as for their rock music, look set to make their long-awaited British debut before the year is out. A & M Records say they've had reports from the States indicating that a British and European tour is being set up for the pre-Christmas period, and they are expecting more details shortly. Meanwhile, they've apparently been including a touch of satire in their act, appearing in one sequence in the guise of punk rockers The Horrid Pears. We're assured though, that they haven't abandoned the stage nudity and other effects for which they are renowned.

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Jam turn down Roxy ...BUT DAMNED JOIN CHELMSFORD EVENT

THE JAM, announced last week as headlining a Saturday morning gig at London's new Roxy Theatre in Harlesden this weekend (17), now say they will NOT be doing the show. This is the second gig they have refuted on that same date — they were originally announced as the bill-topping act for the Chelmsford football ground event, but subsequently disclaimed the booking.

Roxy chief Terry Collins explained he had been asked by an agency called Sunfly if he would put on a package featuring The Jam, Cock Sparrer and The Wasps. He agreed to do so at an all-in fee of £1,100, and duly announced the gig. He added: "I couldn't wait for contracts to be exchanged before telling the Press, because of the very short notice. But I was assured that The Jam's manager had agreed to the date, so everything appeared to be in order. Then the Cowbell Agency phoned and said they are The Jam's sole agents, and that they were advising the band not to do the gig because they hadn't been informed."

An official statement issued on behalf of The Jam says: "It would appear that the promoter has proceeded with arrangements without notifying the band and not complying to any firm agreement."

Collins is also involved in an argument over his two projected Gary Glitter performances at the Roxy on Christmas Eve, announced last week. Glitter's tour publicist said the singer wouldn't be playing the Roxy, because the date was too close to his Rainbow gig on December 3. But Collins claims that he already holds a signed contract for the Christmas shows.

● Latest confirmed "nostalgia" concert at the Roxy is by the Troggs and Sweet Sensation on November 26. The Fantastics appear on December 9. Still more names are being lined up.

THE DAMNED have been added, as a special last minute guest attraction, to the "City Rock" open-air concert at Chelmsford Football Stadium this Saturday (17).

The event was originally planned, and permission obtained, as a punk festival — but when the bill was finalised, with The Rods and Doctors of Madness topping, it was evident that the punk content had been considerably reduced.

Now The Damned's appearance restores a strong new-wave element to the show, which also features the Lew Lewis Band, Slaughter and the Dogs, Chelsea, Aswad, Fruit Eating Bears, Glory, Solid Waste and compere John Peel. Tickets are still available, see Gig Guide for details.

● After the "City Rock" show, Chelmsford District Council has now given the go-ahead for a weekly series of new-wave and rock gigs to be staged at the local Chancellor Hall. So far booked are The Adverts (September 18), Boomtown Rats (25), Ultravox (October 2), Generation X (9), The Pirates (16), Steve Gibbons Band (19), Wayne County (23), the Heartbreakers, Slaughter and the Dogs and The Boys (30), Colosseum II (November 13), Fabulous Poodles (27) and The Jam (December 11).

MUSIC BY POST

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Bad Co. Straight Shooter	£3.95	Led Zeppelin Complete (1-5)	£4.95
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Elvis Presley/NOI 57-63	£1.95	Marc Bolan/Warlock Of Love	95p
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Eagles Greatest Hits	£4.95		
Eagles & Desperado	£4.95		
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Renaissance play three with RPO

RENAISSANCE play three major concerts next month — at Birmingham Hippodrome (October 12), Manchester Palace Theatre (13) and London Royal Albert Hall (14) — and at all three venues they will be supported by the 47-piece Royal Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Harry Rabinowitz.

The band will feature tracks from their newly-released Warner Brothers album "Novella" — written, arranged and produced by themselves — as well as earlier material. They will play for two hours, with no support act.

Tickets for Birmingham and Manchester are on sale now priced £2.25, £1.75 and £1.25. Albert Hall tickets will be available in about ten days' time at £3.00, £2.50, £2.00, £1.75, £1.50 and £1.00. Promoter is Harvey Goldsmith.

ANNIE HASLAM of Renaissance

Gizmology!

CREME, GODLEY UNVEIL GADGET

LOL CREME and KEVIN GODLEY, who left 10 c.c. last year to develop a new musical device called the gizmo, release the result of their 16-month project on October 17 — a three-album boxed set on the Mercury label called "Consequences", retailing at £11. The concept work tells the story of "man's last defence against an irate nature", and the package includes a 20-page booklet and a full set of lyrics. There are guest appearances by Peter Cook, performing his own self-penned dialogue, and American singer Sarah Vaughan.

The gizmo is a small box which clamps on to the bridge of the guitar, causing the strings to vibrate. The notes can be changed and sustained, so creating a wide range of musical effects, including the sound of a string section. It will be heard first playing a supporting role on Phil Manzanera's new album "Listen Now", issued by Polydor on September 23.

ON THE ROAD

JOHNNY THUNDERS and the Heartbreakers have made several changes to their nationwide tour next month. Gigs planned for **Brighton** Top Rank (October 7), **Glasgow** City Hall (30) and **Edinburgh** Tiffany's (31) are all cancelled. But they have new bookings at **Edinburgh** Clouds (14) and **Chelmsford** Chancellor Hall (30). And **Cardiff** Top Rank is switched from October 4 to 18. A major **London** date is being lined up for mid-October.

BURLESQUE, just back from Finland where they recorded a new album called "Steel Appeal", have three gigs this weekend — at **London Camden** Dingwalls (tonight, Thursday), **London Eltham** Avery Hill College (Friday) and **St Albans** City Hall (Saturday). They introduce their new member, ex-Supertramp drummer Kevin Curry, who is also featured on John Cale's current EP.

GENERATION X have extra gigs at **Plymouth** Fiesta Suite (this Sunday), **London Barking** North-East Polytechnic (October 1) and **Croydon** Greyhound (2). Their Tuesday residency at **London** Marquee is extended to take in September 20 and 27.

THE DARTS have added another five gigs to their massive tour itinerary, reported last week, starting this month and continuing until Christmas. They are **Huddersfield** Polytechnic (November 3), **Dundee** Marriott Hall (12), **Glasgow** Shuffles (13), **Dumfries** Bell Castle Hotel (20) and **Coventry** Warwick University (December 8). Their debut Magnet album is due out in mid-October.

AMAZORBLADES, who support The Darts on many of their dates, also have a string of gigs in their own right — at **London Finchley** Torrington (this Sunday) **Manchester** Band On The Wall (September 19), **London Harrow Rd.** Windsor Castle (21), **Manchester** Hollins College (22), **London Hammersmith** Swan (24), **London Chalk Farm** Roundhouse (25), **London Stoke Newington** Rochester Castle (26) and **London Camden** Brecknock (27).

SPITERI are booked for a Thursday night residency at **London Fulham** Golden Lion throughout October. They also play **London Hammersmith** Red Cow on October 9.

THE YETTIES are on tour to coincide with their new Decca album "Up Market" and single "The Punch And Judy Man". Latest confirmed dates are **Peterborough** Key Theatre (this Sunday), **Leamington** Spa Theatre (September 21), **Street** Strode Theatre (22), **Yeovil** St. Gilda's School (23), **Northampton** Spinney Hill Hall (27) and **Aylesbury** Civic Centre (30).

FLAVIUM, the leading Dutch R & B band, fly into Britain next month for a brief five-day visit to promote their upcoming album on the Big Bear label. While they are here, they are gigging at **Coventry** College of Education (October 19), **Barton Stacey** Bumpers (20), **Stoke** Alsager College (21) and **Dudley** J.B.'s (22).

999 continue on the gig circuit at **Leeds** Polytechnic (tonight, Thursday), **Liverpool** Eric's (Saturday), **Croydon** Greyhound (Sunday), **Plymouth** Castaways (September 19), **Cardiff** Top Rank (20), **Blackburn** Lodestar (21), **Manchester** Rafters Club (22), **Dundee** Technical College (23), **London Hampstead** Southside Club (26) and **London Kensington** Nashville (30 and October 1).

X-RAY SPEX have a series of **London** gigs tied in with the September 30 release of their new Virgin single "Oh Bondage Up Yours" (in both seven-inch and 12-inch form). They visit Hammersmith Red Cow (this Friday and September 24), Wardour Street Vortex (20), the Marquee (October 6) and Kensington Nashville (9, 16, 23 and 30). They also play **Liverpool** Eric's on September 30.

SHAKIN' STEVENS and the Sunsets are on tour to promote their new Polydor single "Somebody Touched Me". They play **Swansea** Top Rank (tonight, Thursday), **Llandindrod Wells** Pavilion (Friday), **Weymouth** Pavilion (Saturday), **London Hackney** Adam & Eve (Sunday), **Stirling** University (September 23), **Aberdeen** MacRobert Hall (30), **Edinburgh** Heriot Watt University (October 1), **Edinburgh** Tiffany's (3), **Aberdeen** Palace (4), **Swansea** University (6, **London Covent Garden** Rock Garden (7), **Cambridge** University Centre (8), **Barry** Bindles Ballroom (13), **Cambridge** Corn Exchange (15), **London Fulham** Greyhound (20), **Portsmouth** Polytechnic (22) and **Bath** University (31).

JENNY HAAN'S LION play **Barrow** Maxim's (tonight, Thursday), **Leeds** Fforde Green Hotel (Sunday), **Middlesbrough** Rock Garden (September 23), **Dudley** J.B.'s (24), **Birkenhead** Mr. Digby's (29), **Manchester** Electric Circus (30), **London Woolwich** Thames Polytechnic (October 1), **London Camden Music Machine (7) and Reading Bulmershe College** (8).

OSCAR go back on the road next month to tie in with the October 7 release of their DJM album "Cobblestone Heroes". They play **Swansea Circles** (October 20), **Carmarthen** Civic Hall (21), **Fishguard** Frenchman's Motel (22), **Newbridge** Town Hall (23), **Bradford** Princeville Club (27), **Aberdeen** Robert Gordon Institute (28), **Falkirk** Maniqui (29) and **Leeds** Fforde Green Hotel (30). More are being set through to late November.

Ultravox: major trek

ULTRAVOX set out next weekend on a 13-date tour, as a prelude to the release of their new Island album "Ha! Ha! Ha!", due out on October 14. It is the first time they have headlined a major tour, although they supported The Rods' concerts last winter. They begin an extensive European trek on October 18, running until late November and visiting Scandinavia, Germany, Holland, France and Belgium — but prior to that, they play:

Liverpool Eric's (September 23), Malvern Winter Gardens (24), Middlesbrough Town Hall (25), Doncaster Outlook (26), Coventry Locarno (27), Birmingham Barbarella's (30 and October 1), Chelmsford Chancellor Hall (2), Swindon Brunel Rooms (3), Leeds Polytechnic (4), Huddersfield Polytechnic (6), Edinburgh Heriot Watt University (7) and London Chalk Farm Roundhouse supported by XTC and Radio Stars (9).

Little River Band's dozen

LITTLE RIVER BAND, who appeared in the recent Reading Festival, return to Britain after a European tour to play a dozen dates next month — including a headlining concert at London Rainbow on October 2. Other gigs are Aylesbury Friars (October 1), Oxford Polytechnic (3), Liverpool University (5), Leeds Polytechnic (6), Salford University (7), Sheffield University (8), Birmingham Town Hall (10), Leicester University (11), Swansea University (13), Durham University (15), and Middlesbrough Town Hall (16). Their album "Dia Mantina Cocktail" has just been issued by EMI.

NAZ TOUR BEING SET

NAZARETH are due back in Britain later in the autumn, after spending most of the last 18 months in America. Their arrival will tie in with the November release by Mountain of their recently- completed album, and the band are being lined up for a string of major concert appearances towards the end of the year. Meanwhile, as a prelude, they have an EP out this week — comprising "Love Hurts", "This Flight Tonight", "Broken Down Angel" and "Hair Of The Dog".

Hillage names his musicians

STEVE HILLAGE has now completed the line-up of his new band for his previously reported 15-date British tour, starting in mid-October. It consists of Miquette Giraudy (synthesiser and vocals) and three black Los Angeles musicians — former Natalie Cole bassist Curtis Robertson Jr, drummer Joe Blocker and Chuck Bynum (keyboards and guitar) who recently played with Marvin Gaye.

RECORD NEWS

Trower elpee

ROBIN TROWER'S new album "In City Dreams," recorded in Miami with former Stax house producer Don Davis, is released by Chrysalis on September 30. Trower is currently in Los Angeles rehearsing his band for a 12-week U.S. tour starting at the end of this month, and there are plans for him to headline a British tour in the spring.

● **MR. BIG,** who earlier this year had a Top Five hit with their single "Romeo," are at present recording their third album. Titled "Behind Enemy Lines," it is planned for November release by EMI.

● **Welsh band Budgie, who have** been based in America for the past three months, started recording their second A & M album this week. It will be issued before Christmas, and the band return home for a British tour in January and February.

● First release by **XTC** is a 12-inch "extra loud" EP containing three titles. Issued by Virgin on September 30, it's called "XTC 3D EP."

● **Yvonne Elliman,** who left the Eric Clapton Band earlier in the summer to pursue her own solo career, is currently recording a new album in Los Angeles as the follow-up to her successful "Love Me."

● As a prelude to their upcoming British tour, reported last week, **Wishbone Ash** have a single issued by MCA on September 23 called "Front Page News." It is an edited version of the title track from their new album, due out on October 7.

● **Amazorblades** are the latest upcoming band to be signed by the Chiswick label, who release their debut single on September 30.

● **Ian Dury,** former front man with **the defunct Kilburns, has his first** solo album for Stiff Records out on September 23. Title is "New Boots And Panties."

● **David Bedford's** new album "Instructions For Angels," issued by Virgin tomorrow (Friday), includes Mike Oldfield on guitar and Mike Ratledge on synthesiser.

● Up to last Friday, over 62,000 advance orders had been taken for the **Stranglers'** new album "No More Heroes" — a fortnight before **its release by United Artists.**

● **Golden Earring's** live double album, recorded earlier this year during their U.K. and European tour, comes out this month on Polydor — titled simply "Live," it retails at £5.75. It includes a new version of "Radar Love," which is issued as a single this week, with the first 10,000 copies in 12-inch form.

● Latest single from **Millie Jackson** is "If You're Not Back In Love By Monday," released by Polydor on September 23. Out the same day on EMI International is "Golden Earrings" by **The Enid.**

● **Sham 69,** recently signed by Step Forward Records, have their first single out this week. It is a three-track maxi featuring "I Don't Wanna," "Ulster" and "Red London."

● Upcoming from Polydor next month are a live double album from **Crosby & Nash,** and **Billy Connolly's** latest elpee "Raw Meat For The Blacony." Meanwhile, **Eric Burdon has signed with the label who plan January release for his first solo album for them.**

Clash bait their masters

THE CLASH release their new single "Complete Control" on the CBS label on September 23. Said a spokesman: "It tells a story of conflict between two opposing camps. One side sees change as an opportunity to channel the enthusiasm of a raw and dangerous culture in a direction where energy is made safe and predictable. The other is dealing with change as a freedom to be experienced so as to understand one's true capabilities, allowing a creative social situation to emerge." Next week: sten guns in Soho Square?

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DONNA SUMMER

Donna and Deniece in U.K. visits

DONNA SUMMER makes her British debut in five weeks' time, when she arrives here at the tail end of a European tour, during which she is recording a new album in Munich. She has been confirmed for two concert appearances — at Manchester Ardwick Apollo (October 22) and London Rainbow (23), and promoter Derek Block says there is a likelihood of a second Rainbow night being added. Following her chart-topping success with the single "I Feel Love", Donna is now riding high with the follow-up "Deep Down Inside" — and, of course, her album "I Remember Yesterday" is also a Top Ten hit.

DENIECE WILLIAMS pays her first-ever visit to Britain early next month to headline three major concerts — at Birmingham Odeon (October 6), London Rainbow (7) and Manchester Free Trade Hall (8). A support act has still to be named. She is unlikely to play any more dates, although she will guest in BBC-1's "Top Of The Pops" and possibly another TV show. Deniece topped the NME Chart for three weeks in the spring with her single "Free", and is currently registering with her follow-up "That's What Friends Are For". Her album "This Is Niecy" also figured in the Top Thirty.

DENIECE WILLIAMS

SMOKIE IN NINE GIGS

SMOKIE headline concerts at nine major venues, starting at the end of next month, to aid promotion of their new album and single. They play London Rainbow (October 28), Blackpool ABC (29), Manchester Ardwick Apollo (30), Coventry Theatre (November 1), Sheffield City Hall (2), Eastbourne Congress Theatre (3), Wolverhampton Civic Hall (4), Ipswich Gaumont (5) and Hanley Victoria Hall (6).

Promoter Ian Wright explained that their tour is relatively short because of their extensive commitments in Europe. A support act has still to be named. The band's new single, a revival of the Searchers' chart-topper "Needles And Pins," is released by EMI at the end of this month. Their new album follows on October 7.

Tour extensions

STEVE GIBBONS

STEVE GIBBONS BAND have added six more gigs to their British tour schedule reported last week, although one of their original 24 dates — at Birmingham Aston University on October 21 — has now been cancelled. The new bookings are at Bournemouth Village (October 6), Hawick Town Hall (13), Sheffield Top Rank (16), Bracknell Sports Centre replacing Northampton County Ground (22), Wolverhampton Lafayette (28) and Southampton University (November 2). The Northampton gig is now switched to October 29. The tour ties in with their new Polydor live album "Caught In The Act", out this weekend, and a new single which is being recorded this week.

SUPERTRAMP

SUPERTRAMP, currently completing the first leg of their European tour in Scandinavia, have added more dates to their upcoming British schedule. The band, who will be touring here for the first time in 18 months, play a second night at Manchester Belle Vue on October 20 and extra gigs at Edinburgh Usher Hall (25) and Brighton Conference Centre (November 4). Ticket prices range from £1 to £3.50. They are also playing three additional gigs at Dublin Stadium — on November 10, 11 and 12.

RAINBOW

RITCHIE BLACKMORE's Rainbow have added another date to their extensive autumn tour. Their gig at Manchester Ardwick Apollo on November 20 is sold out, so they now also appear there the following night (21). U.S. band Kingfish, currently rehearsing in Wales for a new album, support Rainbow throughout their 27 dates in Europe and 16 in Britain. Blackmore and the band were arriving in London this week to rehearse for the tour.

MINK DE VILLE

MINK DE VILLE make their British debut with a last-minute booking at Aylesbury Friars this Saturday (17). This precedes their London Rainbow concert on September 25 and their tour, starting the following day, with Dr. Feelgood.

THE STRANGLERS

THE STRANGLERS have added another date to their major tour, reported last week. It's at Ipswich Gaumont on September 28, bringing their itinerary to a total of 36 gigs.

THE MOTORS

THE MOTORS have added five gigs to their month-long tour opening tomorrow (Friday) — at Rotherham Windmill (October 6), Sheffield Top Rank (9), Huddersfield Polytechnic (10), Keighley Knickers Club (11) and Hatfield Polytechnic (14). They have also been booked to support Wishbone Ash in their ten provincial concerts, starting at Newcastle City Hall on October 16.

Manzanera and 801 on the trail

PHIL MANZANERA and 801 are now confirmed for a major mid-autumn tour, timed to aid promotion of his new Polydor album "Listen Now" which — as reported last week — is released on September 23. The itinerary comprizes 22 venues, and 801's line-up for the tour is Manzanera (guitar), Bill MacCormick (bass and vocals), Paul Thompson (drums), Simon Ainley (rhythm guitar and vocals) and Dave Skinner (keyboards and vocals). Their dates are:

Cambridge Lady Mitchell Hall (October 11), Southampton University (12), Guildford Surrey University (13), Norwich East Anglia University (14), Leicester University (15), Birmingham Town Hall (16), Plymouth Castaways (18), Oxford Polytechnic (20), Colchester Essex University (21), Nottingham University (22), London Victoria Palace (23), Southport Floral Hall (25), Liverpool University (26), Huddersfield Polytechnic (27), Newcastle Mayfair (28), Hull University (29), Swansea Brangwyn Hall (November 1), Manchester University (2), Falkirk Maniqui (3), Dundee Student Association (4), Glasgow Strathclyde University (5) and Redcar Coatham Bowl (6).

Bros. Johnson for debut tour

BROTHERS Johnson are set to headline their debut British tour, opening at the end of this month and taking in eight dates. They visit Newcastle Polytechnic (September 30), Birmingham Town Hall (October 3), London Hammersmith Odeon (4), Cardiff University (5), Brighton Top Rank (7), Dunstable Queensway Hall (8), Manchester Ardwick Apollo (9), and Glasgow Apollo (10). They will also be appearing on TV during their visit.

George and Louis will be bringing their regular five-piece band to Britain. The tour is aimed at consolidating their status in Britain, after seeing their two albums — "Look After Number One" and "Right On Time" — go platinum in America.

The title track from their latest LP "Right On Time" is issued by A & M tomorrow (Friday) as a 12-inch single. Tickets for their Birmingham gig go on sale this Saturday at £2, £1.50 and £1, and at Hammersmith they are already available at £2.50, £2, £1.50 and £1. They vary at all other venues.

Morrison opens TV rock series

GRANADA TV begin screening their second "So It Goes" series on Saturday, October 8, in a regular late-night spot. There are ten half-hour shows, and the first edition features Van Morrison (filmed at his recent London club gig with Dr. John among backing musicians) and the Buzzcocks. Granada and London Weekend will definitely transmit the shows, and several other ITV regions are considering taking it.

The first series last year marked the TV debut in this country of Graham Parker, Eddie and the Hot Rods, Tom Waits, the McGarrigles, the Albertos, Kiss and the Sex Pistols. But this new series is different in that, instead of studio performances, camera crews are filming bands playing in small clubs — like Liverpool Eric's, London Hope & Anchor and Manchester Electric Circus.

Among acts to be seen in upcoming editions are Elvis Costello, Sade Cafe, the Movies, Penetration, the Nick Lowe Band, XTC, 999, Iggy Pop, The Jam, Dave Edmunds' Rockpile, the Albertos and Mink De Ville. Studio guests include Jonathan Richman and Otway & Barrett. Link man is again Tony Wilson, and producer Geoff Moore promises "many surprises".

Kursaals flying again

KURSAAL FLYERS are gigging to promote their new album "Five Live Kursaals," newly released by CBS. More dates have still to be added to the itinerary, but the 14 confirmed so far are:

Southampton University (September 30), Kingston Polytechnic (October 1), Bath University (3), Fife St. Andrew's University (6), Glasgow Strathclyde University (7), Edinburgh University (8), Carlisle (9), Aberystwyth University (14), Birmingham University (15), London Drury Lane Theatre Royal (16), Keele University (19), Nottingham University (21), Bangor University (22) and Bristol University (November 4).

New Vic ticket refunds delayed

THERE IS STILL no guarantee of cash refunds being made to holders of tickets for cancelled concerts at London's New Victoria Theatre, following its sudden closure in July. The venue shut when the company running it, Videpalm Ltd., called in the liquidators — leaving 6,000 people with useless tickets. Three weeks ago the liquidators said they had substantial funds at their disposal, and they invited ticket-holders to submit claims.

But now it seems the issue is not clear cut. The liquidators and Videpalm's accountants say they are taking legal advice to see whether or not they may refund money to ticket-holders. A spokesman said this week: "We are still not sure if we may make repayments from the funds at our disposal. If we are able to pay ticket-holders before other creditors, we have the funds to do so, and we would like to assure everyone that they will be distributed fairly as far as the law permits".

What happens if the ticket-holders are not given preference over the other creditors? Commented the spokesman: "In this case, they will rank with other Ordinary Unsecured Creditors for whom there is little chance of repayment." In the hope that claims will be met (apparently there is a 50-50 chance), those who have not already done so are invited to submit ticket details to Stoy Hayward & Co., 54 Baker Street, London W.1.

CLIMAX BLUES IN EIGHT CONCERTS

CLIMAX BLUES BAND headline a short tour during the first part of next month, supported by the Flying Aces. They visit Hatfield Leisure Centre (October 2), Cardiff University (3), Sheffield University (4), Hanley Victoria Hall (5), Coventry Warwick University (6), Canterbury Kent University (7), Manchester UMIST (8), and London Drury Lane Theatre Royal (9). The London gig is one of the series of shows being recorded by Capital Radio for later broadcast.

The Flying Aces subsequently begin their own one-nighter tour. First confirmed dates are Plymouth Top Rank (October 10), London W.14 The Kensington (12), London Hammersmith Red Cow (14), London Islington Hope & Anchor (15), Chelmsford City Tavern (16), London Euston Green Man (17), London Fulham Golden Lion (18), London Covent Garden Rock Garden (19), Nottingham Boat Club (22), Dundee Technical College (28), Accrington Lakeland Lounge (30) and London Kensington Nashville (November 6). More are being finalised through until mid-November, when the band start recording their first album.

MARTIN ACE of Flying Aces

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Fabulous Poodles

INCLUDES THE HIT SINGLE "WHEN THE SUMMER'S THRU"

THE FABULOUS POODLES ARE PUTTING THE BUSINESS BACK ON THE STREETS.

SEPTEMBER
4th Covent Garden Festival, London
15th Rafters Club, Manchester
16th Marquee Club, London
18th City Tavern, Chelmsford
22nd Nags Head, High Wycombe
23rd Barbarellas, Birmingham
24th Barbarellas, Birmingham
26th Nashville, London
28th Dingwalls, London
29th Mr. Georges, Coventry
30th Exeter University, Exeter

OCTOBER
1st Technical College, Ealing
2nd Fford Green, Leeds
3rd Outlook Club, Doncaster
4th Edinburgh University, Edinburgh
5th Silver Thread Hotel, Paisley
6th Maniqui Club, Falkirk
7th College of Education, Aberdeen
8th Queen Margaret Union, Glasgow
9th Dundee University, Dundee
10th Guildhall, Newcastle
14th Digby Hall, Leicester
15th Black Prince, Bexley
16th Eric's Club, Liverpool
21st Goldsmiths College, London
25th Top Rank, Cardiff
27th Polytechnic, Bristol
28th Trent Park, Cockfosters
29th Northampton Cricket Club, Northampton
31st Leeds Polytechnic, Leeds

NOVEMBER
4th La Fayette, Wolverhampton
5th Pavillion, West Runton
8th St. Albans Civic Hall, St. Albans
9th University of Manchester, Manchester
10th Polytechnic, Huddersfield
18th Kings College, London
21st Castaways, Plymouth
24th Winter Gardens, Penzance

PYE RECORDS

Produced by John Entwistle

Album NSPL 18530
Cassette ZCP 18530

QUEST FOR THE MAN IN GLITTER WELLIES

AEROSMITH get stuck in European mud. And NICK KENT, picking his way carefully around the problem, concludes that the U.S. giants may be bogged down on this side of the Atlantic in more ways than one.

MAYBE IT'S the classic rock manager's dilemma — that's not inconceivable — but still, all things considered at this premature hour of the day in this secluded Belgian town, there are more pertinent problems to be hauled over the coals. I mean, for starters, the band aren't even here yet.

Aerosmith, so the official tour schedule states, should have been cloistered securely inside this Holiday Inn some 24 hours ago in order to properly fortify themselves for this, the first gig of the European tour.

But the manoeuvre had to be postponed a whole day due to an inpenetratable 'pea-souper' suddenly gathering over Boston's main airport, blocking all prospect of air-traffic until Nature had seen fit to clear the blemish from its skies.

And then there was this little matter of the venue itself. The name 'Blitzen' may not be unfamiliar to you *NME* readers, already having been afforded a sizeable surfeit of descriptive license courtesy of Chris Salewicz who'd winged there with The Clash just two days prior to this very expedition.

Two days back, though, was just the opener of what may well end rightfully eulogized as the most systematically harrowing, tortuous excuse for a rock festival ever promoted in the Western hemisphere. For by the third day even the spectre of the large brutal barbed-wire cage corraling in a good 12,000 suckers has taken on a secondary position in the eye-sore stakes to the sheer predominance of *mud* — a logical legacy after some 48 hours of torrential rain-storming.

The night before the audience had looked about as pathetically dishevelled and beaten-by-the-elements as those sickening reels of film taken of concentration camp habitues. Lank, drenched hair replaced the razor-crops while stray rag-ends of P.V.C. sheeting flanked their blighted frames instead of regulation P.O.W. sack-cloth — but you only needed to catch a glimpse of that barbed wire back-drop for the parallel to gain a more reinforced grim credibility.

Still they stayed on through it all, slowly sinking into a very literal quagmire — not one smile cracking the glum bemused corporate visage as a succession of dread bands (Ted Nugent, Uriah Heep, Ian Gillan, Colosseum, with the only respite from aural doom being Graham Parker and the Rumour, who positively sizzled beneath the cloud-burst) amped out their wares to the requisite hoots of tepid approval.

It was ultimately left to fate to add its own hysterical capper to this disaster by providing as the only reasonable shelter-area a cinema on the town's outskirts which had chosen to show *Woodstock* that week.

A TACIT depiction of Friday's festivities, that — but it's Saturday that matters to all of us here in the Holiday Inn (barring only a small posse of Ted Nugent roadies still mooching around the coffee shop; they tend to resemble a herd of bison, leading one inevitably to the fanciful contention that Big Ted probably must use them for target practice when there's an absence of furry critters to pick off).

Already a couple of Aerosmith's roadies are around — not that they're particularly distinguishable from Nugent's haggard crew — as is Aerosmith's manager David Krebs, esconsed in the coffee shop chatting away to yours truly.

Still no actual news of his band having actually boarded the plane over in distant Boston, but Krebs isn't overly worried by their non-appearance and takes a general no-news-is-good-news stance to the whole state of affairs — unlike virtually everyone else, who reckons that the band probably got wind of the debacle going down over here and just blew it out at the last minute like Greg Allman had done the night before.

Krebs has other things on his mind, though.

"I'm just wondering what Steven Tyler's going to do when he sees all that mud in the backstage area."

The thought plagues him so much that he quickly resolves to go out and virtually buy up the nearest Wellington boots supplier.

Other, perhaps more pertinent concerns, fail to ruffle his manager's temperament. Someone questions the band's ability to actually face the gig tonight under the threat of the dreaded jet-lag caused through some 18 or more hours in the air, but Krebs just shrugs it off. Tyler, he claims, is in fine spirits at the moment — no fatigue-problems here. Nope, it's the singer's prima-donna tendencies that need tending to more than mere fundamentals being ironed out.

As it happens, I'd yet to meet Tyler or any other member of Aerosmith. But Krebs' worries seemed well-founded if any of the recent articles I'd read on the band were true. After all — it's not even that CBS needs to boost the fact further — Aerosmith *are* currently America's hottest rock band commercially speaking, or at least as monstrous, record - sales - and - live - appearances - wise, as The Eagles and Kiss — the two other arguable king-pins — so that it doesn't even matter who's tops anyway.

Their secret for success isn't actually too hard to divine — just hard, hard work on the road, slowly lifting the status up from third to second and then finally to the premier league while their four albums have, without being in any way original or scraping the most tasteless boundaries of rock indentikit, all harvested solid platignum via a cocksure sense of what the kids want and a truly superb hard-rock producer, Jack Douglas.

Their main image bearings are centred around lead singer Tyler — a brattish, rather precocious figure with a rough-hewn, almost Corsican prettiness going for him that makes him initially resemble a more street-kid-orientated Italianate Jagger look-alike.

Aerosmith, though they find the tag awfully noxious, are very much hewn from a sort of rough and ready Rolling Stones archetype. Tyler and guitarist Joe Perry onstage, for example, have obviously copped their duet posing — the clustering around one mikestand for the chorus, the whole studied stone-faced routine — from Jagger and Richard's classic repartee.

But the tag can work both ways. At their best — and it's an ability done to perfection principally on "Rocks", their last release — the band's street-level sloppiness forces the eclecticism into a bracing tour de force of sheer commercial hard rock savvy, far eclipsing the more austere and compariticely arthritic works of their big brother influences, viz. "Black & Blue" and "Presence". (Zeppelin are another prime source of inspiration by the way.

ON THE downgrade slope, Aerosmith's eclectism has them marked down ultimately as mere imitators bereft of any real original style and thus an easy target for disgruntled critics everywhere.

Their American success was assured possibly from the outset, though, for precisely those reasons, because the kids out there seem only too willing to pick up on sharp, accessible imitations when the real deal gets scarce on the ground. CSN & Y in flux? Take the Eagles instead. Alice Cooper goes Vegas? Kiss'll keep the kids in the sports-arenas drooling for tasteless extravagance. The Stones only tour the States once every three years? Buy Aerosmith — they're probably playing your local arena right now.

This, evidently, has been David Krebs' mode of thinking all along and full marks to him for it. Krebs is in fact one half of the Leber-Krebs organisation and as such, plays the younger, shrewd Jewish lawyer-type to Steve Leber's elder, more 'play-it-by-the-rules' orientated outlook. Over the years they've built up an impressive roster, now holding management rights to a veritable posse of successful veterans and bright eyed new-comers.

Krebs' 'thing' now, having personally moulded Aerosmith into the homefront monsters they've become, is to pick up on commercially viable new talent and strategically break then over the 52 States of America. He's confident that at least two outfits — Mahogany Rush, the guitar fetish tasteless Hendrix soundalikes, and Rex, another rough-and-ready indentikit bunch with a curly haired puckish Plant look-alike — will plough the same furrows.

When mention is made of the 'New Wave', Krebs just sneers knowingly. He makes it known that his innate businessman-intellect has informed him that this so-called 'movement' holds no serious commercial threat to the rock biz as she stands. He's even got proof of sorts, having been involved in the management of The New York Dolls from the outset, though he made sure that his partner, Leber, did all the

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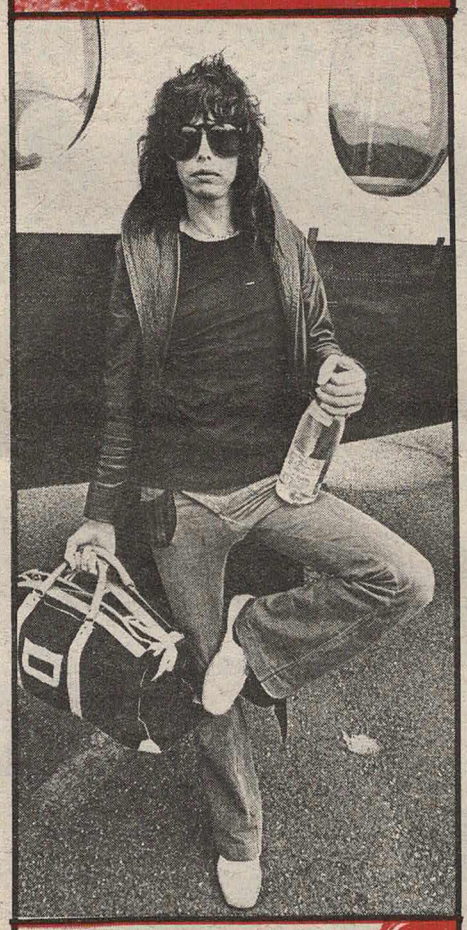
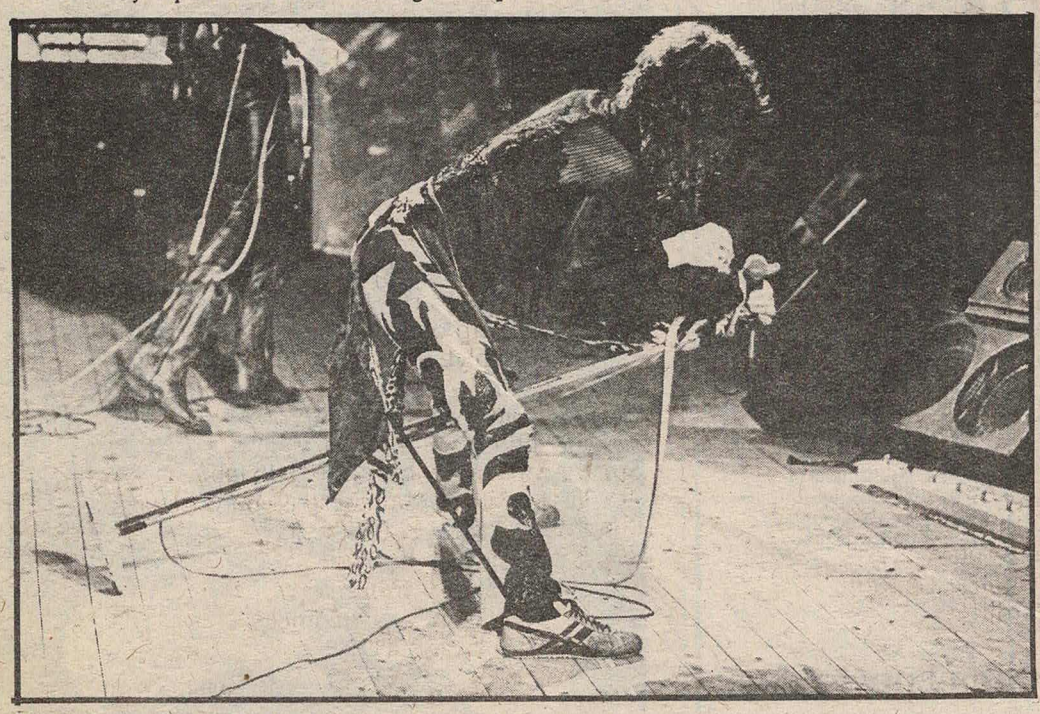




Main pix: CHALKIE DAVIES

AEROSMITH

■ *From previous page*

direct work along with Marty Thau who apparently lost his bank-roll and his house from the disastrous liaison.

"Oh, I made sure I kept way on the outside for that one," he states, obviously relieved to be viewing the whole mess in retrospect. "It's so funny because Aerosmith started off so-oo jealous of the Dolls. And Kiss did too."

It appears, then, that both bands kicked off modelling themselves on the ill-fated glam-rock boy wonders. Krebs recalls the Dolls' downbound route, citing innumerable instances of what he believes to have been sheer incompetence and short-sightedness above and beyond the call of duty.

Most spectators for example — members of the band, Malcolm McLaren included — blame David Johansen's highhanded conduct for the eventual downfall, but Krebs places the blame on the shoulders of Johnny Thunders, flatly refusing even to believe that the latter is probably on the threshold of a heavy commercial triumph fronting The Heartbreakers.

"I mean Thunders was the most damn immature. . . That last time I dealt with him, he just phoned up and demanded 100 dollars — like that. I gave it to him and told him never to bug me ever again.

"Hey!" Krebs gesticulates to a pudgy-looking character who's just stalked into the coffee shop, replete with odd feminine features and a lavish pony-tail. "Hey, this guy. . . c'mon over here, will ya. Now this guy was a roadie for the Dolls — he can tell you the *real* story just as it happens."

The roadie just pulls a hideous face and mutters disparingly, "I only talk about *that* when it gets dark and I'm drunk."

Back in 1973 when Krebs handled Aerosmith and Leber chaperoned the golden-boy Dolls, it was all so different. New York after all was Babylon Antrepoint, but Boston hadn't meant a light since The Standells had feted the River Charles' murky banks on "Dirty Water" in the mid-60's. Like it was nowheresville, man.

Four years later, the Dolls are still based, sort of, in N.Y. and Aerosmith are still based in Boston but *now* the former's leader David Johanson is making a record mainly through the good graces and direct support of Aerosmith's Joe Perry, whose home 16-track has been the scene of the ex-Doll's return to the studio. Jack Douglas, A. Smith's expert producer, has been behind the switches throughout.

Of course, nowadays Aerosmith don't just live in Boston, they practically own it — that's if you care to casually add together all the vast acres the band's members equally casually mention that they now possess. For Joe Perry it's all multi-acres, a plush studio and innumerable racing cars, while Tyler's spread is more expansive and there's a four-seater place with professional pilot always at the ready.

Other members of the band, all accompanied by their wives, match off what can only be defined as a fairly simplistic vision of the world and a naive manner with their relfections on the latest mass'o acres they've just bought up.

AN ODD bunch, Aerosmith. Yeah, they've arrived just like Krebs knew they would and even though they're facing off a pretty acute shot of jet-lag they still come on more like youthful American tourists than a rock 'n' roll band on tour.

As I said, they've all brought the old ladies along — and sit huddled together quietly talking to each other. Even Tyler fails to spark off the immediate atmosphere with any dint of the brashness that I for one had expected him to positively osmose. Still jet-lag does tend to have a pacifying effect on even the most exuberant soul.

Later in the evening the band congregate at the Biltzen site and, after the speculation earlier, I'm quite disappointed to notice Tyler viewing the horrendous mud-bath of a back-stage area with nary a grimace. He just slides right into the whole perverse 'fun' thing of slinking around in glitter wellingtons and a long tan leather-coat with his petite girl-firend on his arm. Only the huge shades and the self-consciously exaggerated gait tend to give him that "Hi — I'm a hugely successful rock 'n' roll singer" air, though even this is all remarkably low-key in comparison to the positively gauche descriptions of Tyler's apparently hyper-precocious style of dress as depicted in last year's cover piece in *Rolling Stone*.

Earlier Krebs had informed me of the band's mini-dilemma some months earlier when after a

TYLER 'n PERRY: pic, GARY MERRIN

consistent three years of solid gruelling work schedules, the strain-lines were starting to tell, leading the members to desire as wide a berth from each other as possible. This, then, was to be the first gig in months, and the fact that they'd just newly reconvened, with a lack of a recent familiarity, was causing an oddly dour temperament within the camp.

Tyler was the only member who seemed even capable of looking animated. And while the other three — Mssrs. Whitford, Kramer and Hamilton — looked, to say the least, somewhat formal in their manner, it was Joe Perry whose distance from virtually everything around the inner sanctum except his wife, an abrasively striking blonde, seemed at times quite disturbing.

Perry, it had been divined from the outset, was the 'moody' one of the band — but now it appeared he was taking the stance to unprecedented extremes. He and his wife. Ellissa sat alone in the trailers, on the coach, on the plane and not once did I even notice him moving his lips. I was apparently not alone in expressing silent concern for the guitarist's current low profile. Members of the road-crew would later make jokes about "Perry perfecting his Keith Richard imitation up in his hotel room".

Still he looks good onstage. I've always been a sucker for a good Keith Richard impersonator and Perry's one of the best, leaving mere upstarts like The Clash's Mick Jones right back at the starting post. He's got this tough Italian jaw, see, jet-black hair spliced with a skunk-like white stripe and a current obsession with black leather that makes him the most impressive individual visual out of Aerosmith right now.

Second guitarist Brad Whitford has the most ridiculously oversized doleful face I've ever seen, while bassist Tom Hamilton looks just the way Shakespeare described Sir Andrew Aguecheek in "Twelfth Night" complete with thin blond hair hanging "like flax on a distaff". Drummer Joey Kramer just looks impishly anonymous.

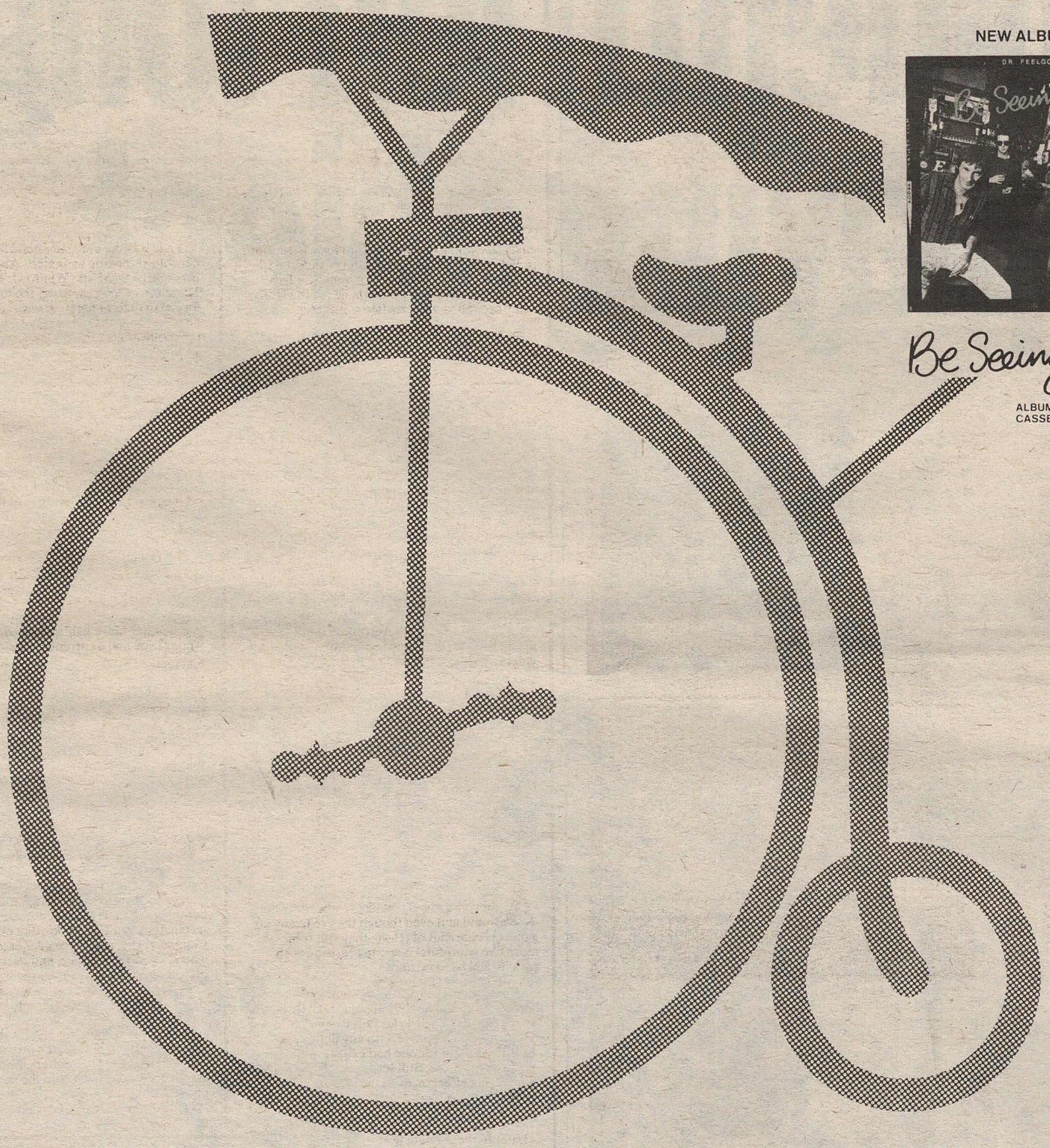
TOGETHER WITH Tyler they put on a perfectly adequate rock show — unadventurous, sure, very derivative, certainly, but there's a cocksure quality to their energy outlay and even though they're still humping the same old machismo crotch-shot terrain they're never as dowdily plodding as Bad Company, say, and on an adequate night Tyler, who *is* a good performer, and Perry together set off a chemistry which allows the whole show the kind of dog-eared mastery of white raunch that the Stones alone have previously been able to muster.

Next day is socialising time for the journalist and the band. Of course, it's private jet time courtesy of the C.B.S. coffers, but these things are all necessary to keep up the necessary profile.

Or are they? Because beyond Krebs'

■ *Continues page 55*

DR. FEELGOOD



NEW ALBUM

Be Seeing You

ALBUM UAS 30123
CASSETTE TCK 30123

On tour

SEPTEMBER			OCTOBER				
*22	THU	BELFAST, ULSTER HALL	1	SAT	GLASGOW, APOLLO	11 TUE	CARDIFF, TOP RANK
*23	FRI	CORK, CITY HALL	2	SUN	NEWCASTLE, CITY HALL	13 THU	CANTERBURY, UNIVERSITY SPORTS HALL
*24	SAT	DUBLIN STADIUM	3	MON	SHEFFIELD, CITY HALL	14 FRI	BRIGHTON, TOP RANK
26	MON	LEICESTER, DE MONTFORT HALL	4	TUE	HANLEY, VICTORIA HALL	15 SAT	HAMMERSMITH ODEON
27	TUE	BRADFORD, ST. GEORGES HALL	6	THU	MANCHESTER, FREE TRADE HALL	16 SUN	HAMMERSMITH ODEON
29	THU	ABERDEEN, MUSIC HALL	7	FRI	LIVERPOOL, EMPIRE	18 TUE	PORTSMOUTH, GUILD HALL
30	FRI	EDINBURGH, ODEON	8	SAT	BIRMINGHAM, ODEON	19 WED	BOURNEMOUTH, WINTER GARDENS
			9	SUN	BRISTOL, COLSTON HALL	20 THU	OXFORD, NEW THEATRE
			10	MON	SWANSEA, TOP RANK	21 FRI	CAMBRIDGE, CORN EXCHANGE
						22 SAT	SOUTHEND, KURSAAL
						23 SUN	HEMEL HEMPSTEAD, PAVILION

UNITED ARTISTS RECORDS ®

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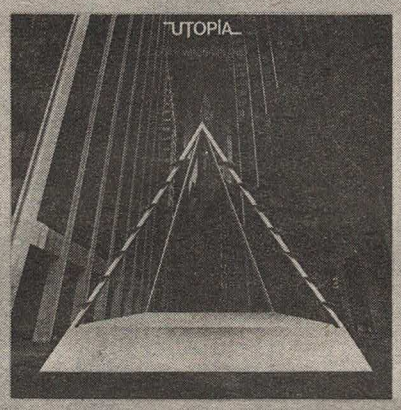
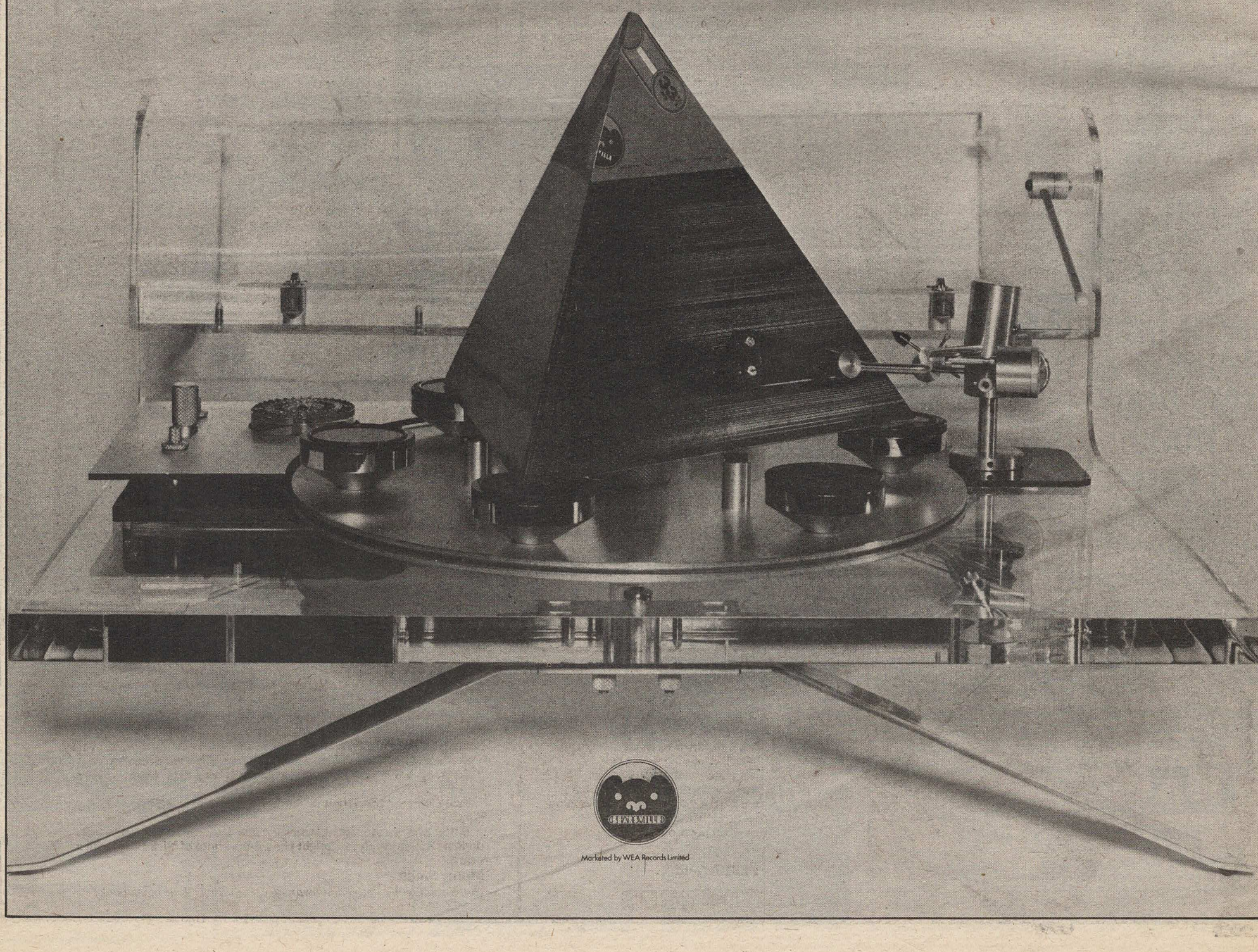
unidentified long playing object



Utopia have landed with hope for the future
and the message is good music.
Utopia is Todd Rundgren, John Wilcox, Kasim Sulton
and Roger Powell.
Utopia bring peace, happiness and greetings
to all you Martians ... OOPS, WRONG PLANET!

A new album K55517. Also on tape



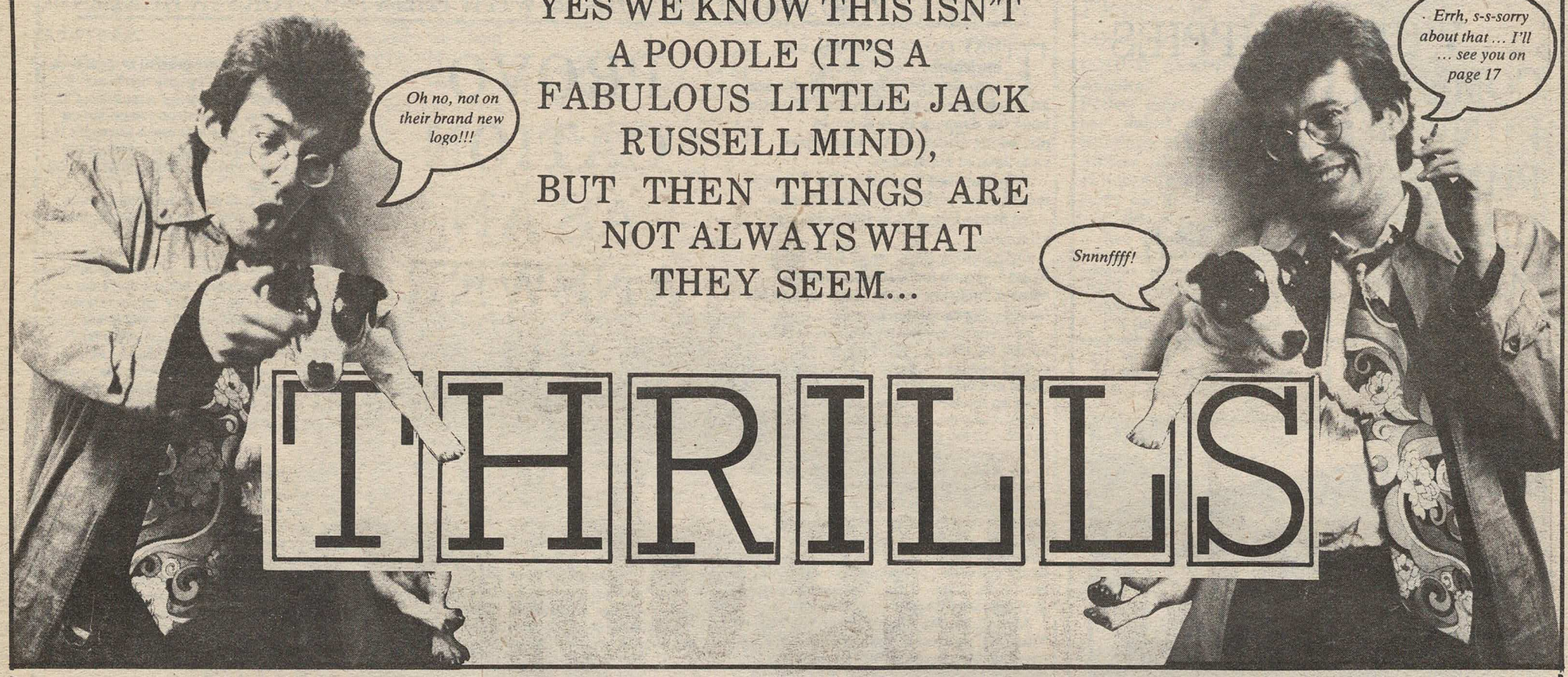
CLEARSMILL

Marketed by WEA Records Limited

Pictures: PENNIE SMITH

YES WE KNOW THIS ISN'T A POODLE (IT'S A FABULOUS LITTLE JACK RUSSELL MIND), BUT THEN THINGS ARE NOT ALWAYS WHAT THEY SEEM...

THRILLS



HONEST GUV, WEREN'T ME WOT GOBBED!

REMEMBER WHEN The Sex Pistols had to perform for Derby council in private before being allowed to do it in public (a condition, incidentally, which they refused to accept)? Well, apparently the Maidstone council have turned that right on its head by insisting that a group called Dirt perform for *them* in private . . . in order to prove they're *not* the Pistols!

This is the latest and most ridiculous development in the Sex Pistols' Mystery Tour saga. Following last week's story of disappointment for Pistols fans in Wigan, *Thrills* has received numerous reports of other non-appearances by the Fab Four.

The height of wishful thinking came with a call from someone in Wigan who'd heard that as the Pistols failed to show last week at the Casino, they were going to grace nearby Haigh Hall carnival at the weekend to compensate.

Needless to say, they didn't.

Another follow-up to the Wigan debacle came in the form of an open letter to the Pistols from Lancaster's *Fanzine* fanzine, containing roughly the same criticisms of the band's operation as last week's *NME* feature.

Lancashire seems particularly prone to phony Pistols rumour. *NME's* Man-in- Manchester, Paul Morley, told *Thrills* of several recent incidents — like The Adverts pulling a full house at the Electric Circus when they were supported by an unknown quantity called The Slugs; like The Nosebleeds packing the Rafters Club after a rumour had been broadcast on Picadilly Radio; like an Electric Circus gig the day after Wigan — a rumour I also heard up there — getting the punters flocking to see two unadvertised local bands . . .

Birmingham is not immune either: Paul Morley reports that the Phonogram recording session at Barbarellas which he covered in last week's issue was similarly rife with will - they - won't - they whispers.

That rumours like this can help fill a club has been proven all over the country of late. Perhaps justifiably, they can also empty clubs — as the Wigan Casino found out when The Adverts drew a below-average crowd the week after the non-Pistols gig.

And as Rotten Enterprises may yet discover to their cost.

Rotten Enterprises, see, are the geezers promoting this band Dirt in Maidstone — the ones who say they've got to perform for the councillors beforehand to prove they aren't the Pistols.

Dirt vocalist David Dowd gave *Thrills* the tale last week. Dirt are a London new wave band — "not really punk" — who were booked by former boxing promoter Michael Cook, alias Rotten Enterprises, about a month ago for a gig in Maidstone on September 23.

With a name like Rotten Enterprises, it was not totally surprising when nearly all the 500 tickets available were snapped up overnight. Whether someone deliberately sought to mislead the public, Dowd doesn't comment. Dirt have nothing to do with the rumours, he claims — and in fact he's never even been to Maidstone.

Nonetheless, he tells us that Maidstone insists on coming to see him and even now Mr. Cook is arranging for the civic worthies to get together with Dowd and friends for a *New Faces* style jam. And now, for The Berks, all the way from Berkshire with "I'm A Berk" on Berk Records — Opportunity Knocks! . . .

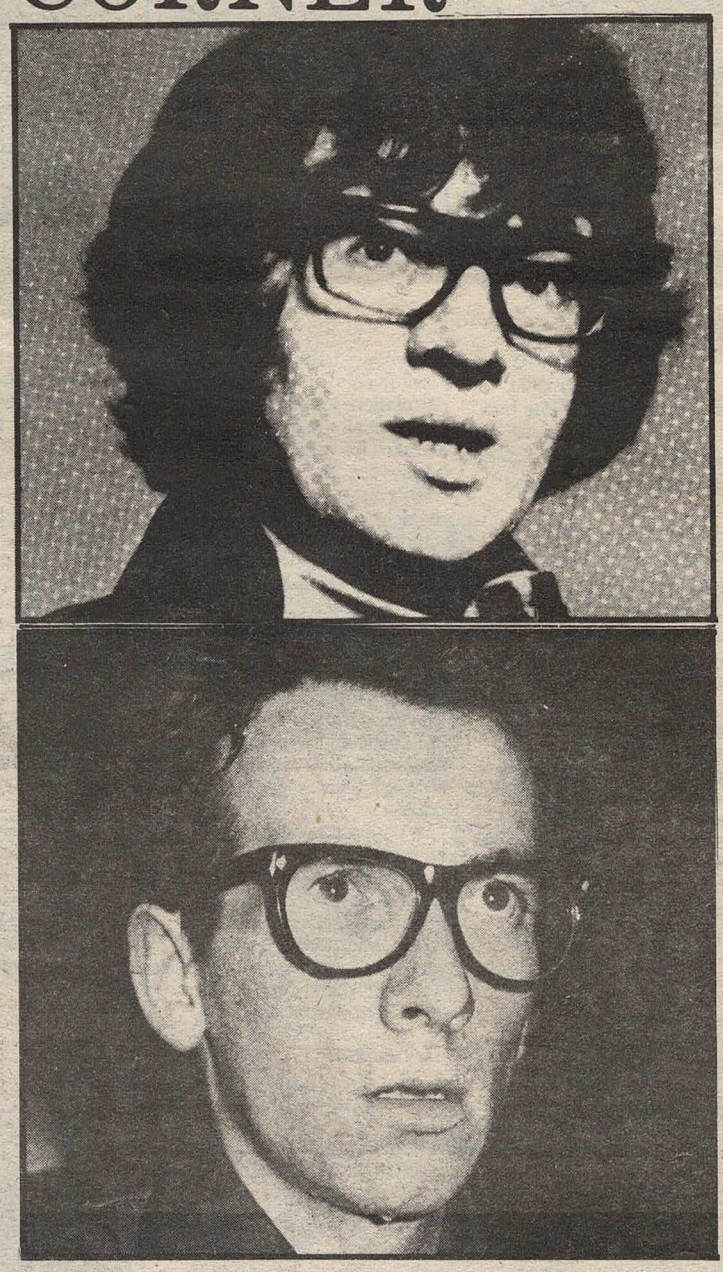
Just for good measure, David Dowd of Dirt also threw in a couple of rumours *he'd* heard about The Sex Pistols — the real ones — appearing at Vortex . . .

Virgin Records think their group has now finished their secret "sequence of dates." They might be working on their film. *Thrills* didn't tell Virgin that they're *really* working on their "Holidays In The Sun" single. They wouldn't have believed us.

Phil McNeill

THRILLS

BLACKMAIL CORNER



D. Costello

E. Costello

EVER WONDERED what Elvis Costello might have looked like when he was 15 years old? When *NME* reader Thomas Gjurup sent from Denmark a photo of someone called Day Costello, dating from 1970, the curious similarity in name and visage to Stiff's wonderboy Declan — er, sorry — Elvis was as striking to him as it was to us.

Of course, it's nothing more than an extraordinary coincidence, since Stiff's Paul Conroy — after speaking to his Costello — categorically denied that Day was Dec, if you follow. Like us, he'd never heard of Day Costello and neither had Spark Reocrds, who released his version of "The Long And Winding Road" seven years ago (when Elvis would have been 15).

Said Conroy, "It's definitely not Elvis. You can put MI5 on to it, if you like."

If Stiff aren't forthcoming with a sizeable backhander, we might just do that. Alternatively, we might just print a photo of Nick Lowe with a beard.

Monty Smith

(but it's not really, 'cos I don't want to get into Elvis' little black book)

. . . WHERE HIPPIES COME ON LIKE PUNKS ( ), AND PUNKS COME ON LIKE HIPPIES ( ), SORT OF. . .

Virgin supremo Richard Branson (left) faces the Teapot Territorials and Daevid Allen (centre). Pic: CHALKIE DAVIES

WE MEAN IT, MAAAAN!

THERE WAS little if any *(None, actually — Ed.)*, raping of the Virgin women when The Sex Pistols were signed to Richard Branson's label. Not even a trace of urine in the ashtrays.

But cross Gong fans, mate, and you're well in schtuck. Old hippies may not remember much, but they forget even less.

Not satisfied with Virgin's recent retrospective "Gong Live" double album set, a couple of hundred irate hirsute people 'occupied' the record company's offices last week in protest at the ongoing on-off tentative maybe-but-probably-not release situation surrounding the Gong reunion tapes recorded earlier this year in Paris.

Virgin supremo Richard Branson spoke with the infiltrators for a couple of hours and when they'd heard his side of the story they quietly left — true to free enterprise, swiping a few albums on the way.

It seems that French entrepreneur Jean Karakos (the Castro Cornflakes of Gong mythology) had recorded the reunion concert without Virgin's permission, and then put out the resultant album in France. Karakos had paid Gong a concert fee, but he reportedly wasn't prepared to pay any royalties. That's when Virgin slapped an injunction on the album. (Karakos has since injuncted "Gong Live" on two minor technicalities.)

"We're attempting to discuss ways in which the reunion album can come out with everyone getting paid," Branson told *Thrills* on Monday. He's optimistic about matters being resolved so that the album can be scheduled for a pre-Christmas release.

Whatever, there was no animosity during the office 'occupation'. "Daevid Allen's original postulation that a sit-in might accelerate the album's release was probably meant jokingly," said Branson. "There was no ill-feeling and it was all done in a spirit of fun."

Bryan Rice

THRILLS

ANGIE ERRIGO AND OLD WILHELM WITH THE VIBRATORS IN BERLIN

PROVOCATION AS AN ANSWER TO SKINNY LEGS

THEY *DO* SAY travel is, um, enriching. And if strange experiences in foreign climes are an inspiration to art, then The Vibrators have the drop on their peers in punkdom who spent their summer vacations in Harlesden.

Why only last week the New Wave's most frantic stylists of black romance were being fingered as international terrorists.

On Monday September 5 in Cologne, West German industrialist Hanns-Martin Schleyer was kidnapped and his four bodyguards murdered.

At seven a.m. Tuesday morning, at a farm outside Hamburg, The Vibrators were roused from sweet dreams of London girls in whips and furs by a force of 30 polizei pointing machine guns at their heads.

Apparently the Old Wilhelm have a notion that the hit job and snatch were the work of IRA members, possible mercenaries enlisted by the Red Army Faction, an offshoot of the Bader-Meinhof group of German revolutionaries. They regard the IRA as the supremos among international urban guerrillas, and it's been opined that the ruthless efficiency of the Schleyer operation (and the Russian weaponry evidently used) were not the style of the home-grown variety of violent dissidents.

Accordingly the village law, eyeing The Vibrators' equipment van at the farm and the tough-looking bunch of foreigners seen riding around in it, got all hot and bothered and pushed the panic button.

Let's face it, if you were feeling jumpy and paranoid, a skinny, twitched-out customer like Knox in his black plastic drainpipes and sinister shades wouldn't be your idea of a dream date either.

After the initial fright, the band were seemingly let off the hook when a thorough search of the farm and the equipment van appeared to establish that they were, indeed, just a harmless bunch od rock 'n' roll weirdoes.

BACK IN Berlin — and I don't say "safely back in Berlin" because part of the buzz of the place is the ever-present sense of danger — The Vibrators were pretty revved up by the experience but still well pleased by their temporary move to Germany. The last six weeks have been divided between the city and the *usually* peaceful farm where they've written masses of new material.

Contrary to the early publicity, The Vibrators have not quit Britain. They will be returning soon. According to CBS, the reports of self-imposed exile came out because nobody knew what was going on — the band just upped and left.

"We just liked it here really, a lot," Knox explains. "It seemed to be a good idea and creatively a better environment. We've been touring Britain non-stop for like eight months, and on little excursions into Holland, France and Germany, Germany was the most go-ahead kind of place. We needed time and a sympathetic environment to get some more material together, and it's proved to be a really good idea.

"Nothing's happening in London. Everyone seems to be running around cutting each other's throats, and the media seem to be in a terrific muddle about what's going on. Here we're away from all that. It's like we've all had a nice holiday while the group has really held together and become stronger."

Guitarist John Ellis, the one who looks like a cherubic skinhead, characterises himself as the "intellectual core" of the band and gets a lot of flack for eating muesli and reading up on medieval chivalry, likens the scene in Berlin to London 18 months ago.

"Something is about to break. There are all these bored kids waiting for something to happen. Punk rock is about to lift off here, and they're eager for bands."

The fascinating thing about The Vibrators' gig in Berlin — at a cinema where they're billed alongside a *Hollywood Und Die Nazis* film season — is that the audience display more poses than you can get under one British roof. Girls in satin and glitter on their cheeks rub shoulders with Hell's Angels; long-haired boys in denim sit between Bryan Ferry lookalikes and transvestites; a boy called Jackie El Dorado with a peroxided-polka-dotted hedgehog cut, chats with a ringer for Nick Kent who idiot dances at the front, oblivious to a barrage of beer cans from bikers.

"It's like a concentrated mass of creative people" Ellis says.

"The whole situation here is so bizarre," Knox elaborates. "Musically you're completely free. At first you think it's because of the Wall, but a lot of people here never think about it. But it's like an island, and extremes are forced to the surface."

This is evident even in East Berlin, where, after an interminably dreary lesson in bureaucracy at Checkpoint Charlie — passports scrutinised five times by armed guards over a distance of 30 yards; vehicles inspected for no-nos like books and newspapers; a mandatory minimum of Deutschmarks changed into Eastern currency that can't be taken out again; the sole German member of our party held for an hour and sent back, etc. — we wind up in a showcase culture palace resembling the South Bank complex and imbibe American-style ice cream concoctions.

Driving past the flash bits for tourists and through dilapidated but atmospheric back streets is, in truth, not at all unpleasant. Only the border business, and the appropriately grey gloominess of a rainy day contribute to the *Spy Who Came In From The Cold* fantasies. But the band have been copping the feel; there are militaristic similes in the new material like "Troops Of Tomorrow" and "War Zone".

"You can't help being influenced by the feeling of Berlin," Ellis said. "All that military stuff going on goes beyond just a situation in East Germany. You begin to read it into your own personal situation. 'War Zone' sounds on the surface like a story of an area where people are fighting, but it's a conflict that happens in all sorts of situations. The feeling about not only Berlin but society everywhere is that it is becoming harder and you're coming face to face with a much tougher reality. There's more and more violence."

The edge of violence present at most rock gigs these days doesn't phase this band. "I frighten myself sometimes," says Knox. "I mean I'm not at all a violent person but on stage I really get into it because the music is hard and fast and it's really great when the audience gets excited and starts gobbing and throwing things.

"This band is all about doing dangerous things. It's up to the band to be outrageous on stage because it frees the audience.

"I hate it if people just sit there, I get embarrassed and think they're just looking at my skinny legs or something. I don't want people to get hurt, but they very rarely do."

John Ellis thinks seeing people going bananas is an "extension of possibilities."

"My norm used to be nine to five and living in a semi-detached in Kingsbury. And I'm just beginning to realise that everybody can widen that norm, just by seeing how far you can stretch the limits."

AT THE BERLIN gig there was a whole lotta shakin' going on, but the only wounds at the end were those displayed by The Dragons, kings of the local inner city bikers who have taken to The Vibrators in a big way. In between thrashing around wildly to the taut mania of a hot set (23 numbers including three encores in less than an hour) The Dragons piss on the front of the stage and knock the shit out of each other, laughing the whole time. Nobody else seems too bothered, dodging beer missiles to the beat.

After the gig we grab some goulashes before the band hold court with hordes of admiring frauleins at a club called — wait for it — the Punk House. "I really wouldn't know what to do with a million," Knox muses. "What I'd really like is to do four years of gruelling touring around the world. I don't know what to do with myself when I'm not playing, I start falling to bits."

They're already talking about spending next summer doing a Berlin, perhaps in Paris or Amsterdam. In the meantime things look just about set for them to go to America and Canada within weeks. They've been asked to headline at a "Punk Fashion" cum music shindig in L.A. and are looking into it.

"We just want to smash America apart and I know we'll do it", boasts Knox.

"It's a test as well" Gary adds. "You can be really hyped there but if you don't do it on stage you've had it. I think we're going to destroy them."

The next day we leave Berlin and make the eight hour drive from Berlin to their farm, Knox busily sketching in his diary, through more border hassles and past incredible scenes of Soviet soldiers in tanks and trucks along the otherwise pastoral route. Occasionally, between fields of vegetables that extend as far as the eye can see, there are glimpses of poised missiles and observation towers.

"When you see this you realise how relatively insignificant white riots and anarchy in the U.K. are," Knox comments back on the farm. "It's the might of America and Russia, and a nuclear confrontation is going to come. When you see this nice countryside and all the little birds and things you think we're all going to get fried and take all this with us.

"Probably the best thing that could happen is if something comes down from space and just eats us all and goes away again."

Ellis: "Despite some of the things we have said in the past and some of the things that have been said about us, we do have something to say. There's relevant thinking going on in our songs. But primarily I think we should be fun. Let's go get drunk."

THRILLS

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KARMA KOMEBACK KRIPPLES KLUTZ

GREAT GOBS from little spittles grow . . . The Punk Panther of Wolverhampton recently threw *Thrills* a fragment concerning French cabbie Claude Antoine's lip-smacking brag that he could spit any man "into the ground." His secret weapon being to spit from a second storey, Claude took a run at the window, sadly failing to quit at the balcony and hurtling headlong into the waiting *trottoir* ("pavement", for all you *Sounds* readers). Claude broke two legs, two wrists and his only skull. Victims of his previous saliva showers have described his conditon as "satisfactory."

THRILLS

TEDS, PUNKS CAN BE

WHILE SATURDAY afternoons on Chelsea's Kings Road are still earmarked as a combat zone for Teds 'n' Punks to thrash one another in the name of rock 'n' roll, Stateside the equivalent factions appear to be co-existing peacefully. Neither Old or New Wavers are engaging in Holy Crusades.

In Britain — though it's probably just a minority — it's the Teds who give the impression of being intolerant, isolated and threatened by each new development in rock. However, if you stopped your watch in 1959, it's easy to appreciate why.

Apart from all-too-rare visits by veterans like Charlie Feathers, Jack Scott and Warren Smith, the Ted rock gig list is bleak. Practically all the finest exponents are either dead, living in the bottom of a bottle or, as in the case of Chuck Berry, have degenerated into self-parody.

There's nothing much to look forward to except regular re-releases, the next Crazy Cavan gig and the next obituary.

In America, however, the Old Wave / New Wave scene has developed rather differently. Except for a dedicated minority, America has never been as pre-occupied as Europe with painstakingly preserving the original grass-roots of rock. Instead, most chroniclers chose to chart the rise and demise of Doo-Wop.

And now, in much the same way that Brit-Punks have been drawn to reggae as an ethnic musical alternative, New Wave America has jumped a generation or two and latched onto the romantic implications of (wait for it) prime-cut '50s rockabilly.

In retrospect, it's easy to appreciate why. From the outset, rockabilly (a fusion of R&B, country honky-tonk and western swing) was a very localised phenomenon. Record labels were, like many British New Wave labels, for the most part one-man shoe-string operations — and unless a master was picked-up by a big city major, any success was regional.

Presley's five Sun singles before signing with RCA are a prime example.

In many ways, the '70s aren't all that dissimilar to the '50s. For instance, during rockabilly's vintage years ('54/'58), the proliferation of small independent custom labels acted, as they do today, as a vanguard for a whole new movement. Similarly, the music was raw and primitive, and so were its performers. And if Presley was held aloft as the blueprint for success, then it was assumed that the only way to capture public interest was to upstage Presley's most controversial antics.

Going well over the top was an essential. Devoid of all inhibitions, southern rebel rockers positively exuded outlaw chic and were unbelievably outrageous.

Unfortunately, few artists enjoyed more than brief home-town notoriety, and a vast legacy of seldom-heard records by thousands of comparatively obscure artists have been backlogged.

It's from this cache that rockabilly is suddenly expanding beyond its cult status in the U.S., and American specialist shops are now importing their own heritage from *this* country in vast quantities and racking it alongside the week's hot new punk paeans.

Not bad for a start, but the interest extends beyond that.

Right now two American artists are enjoying considerable, albeit local, success introducing rockabilly to an audience weened on The Ramones et al.

In California, Rollin' Rock's (the '70s forerunner of the back-room label) premier act, goggle-eyed veteran Ray Campi and his Rockabilly Rebels, is pulling a cross-over crowd. Meanwhile, in New York, ex-Tuff Darts frontman Robert

Roy Carr, appearing for Dr. Kissinger, proposes a reconciliation initiative based on a tried 'n' trusted U.S. co-existence formula blah blah blah.

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CHUMS!

Gordon has teamed up with the precursor of buzz-saw guitar Link Wray, and used Blondie and Richard Hell producer Richard Gottehrer to re-create the true ethos of '50s rockabilly.

These men don't stand alone. In their own way the Feelgoods, Willy DeVille, Johnny Thunders' Heartbreakers, The Pirates, Ramones and even Bruce Springsteen are doing their damndest to retain the original excitement of rock 'n' roll.

Which brings me back to Robert Gordon.

Pompadoured and preened for heavy action, 30-year-old Gordon comes across as an endearing mutation of Sha Na Na's psychotic Bowser, *Mad's* Alfred E. Neuman and The Fonz. Yet despite his stylish appearance Gordon isn't into kitsch.

As his debut album with Link Wray (Private Stock PVLP.1027) indicates, Gordon possess a keen understanding of the genre. With Wray fronting The Wildcats he delivers such material as Billy Lee Riley's classic "Red Hot" and "Flyin' Saucers Rock & Roll" with genuine panache.

Purists may view *any* contemporary interpretations as heretical but the fact remains that not even the few remaining original rockabilly practitioners can deliver the goods with as much slam as this.

On the other hand, Link Wray, at 42, is an exception. The man who in 1958 singlehanded revolutionised the whole approach to electric rock guitar hasn't, as this album confirms, lost one iota of his vitality.

What makes the teaming of Gordon and Wray so appealing is that they're not running on some bogus nostalgia ticket like Showaddywaddy and their ilk.

Times change, attitudes don't, and Gordon's timeless defiant stance adds credence to his motives, and to those of other artists like him. The exaggerated posturing and total abandonment with which rockabilly is performed isn't far removed from the attitudes adopted by emerging '70s punk acts. Where's the difference in the way Carl Perkins or Gene Vincent performed rock 20 years ago and how either Robert Gordon or Thunders' Heartbreakers go about their duties today?

They're all tapping the same source of inspiration, heading in the same direction and, as a result, appeal on much the same high-energy level.

Compare this from Eddie Cochran's "My Way": "*I was born a tiger, I always had my way / Nobody's gonna change me, this or any other day / Don't let me hear you argue, when I say frog you jump / 'Cause a woman ain't been born yet, that can play me for a chump*".

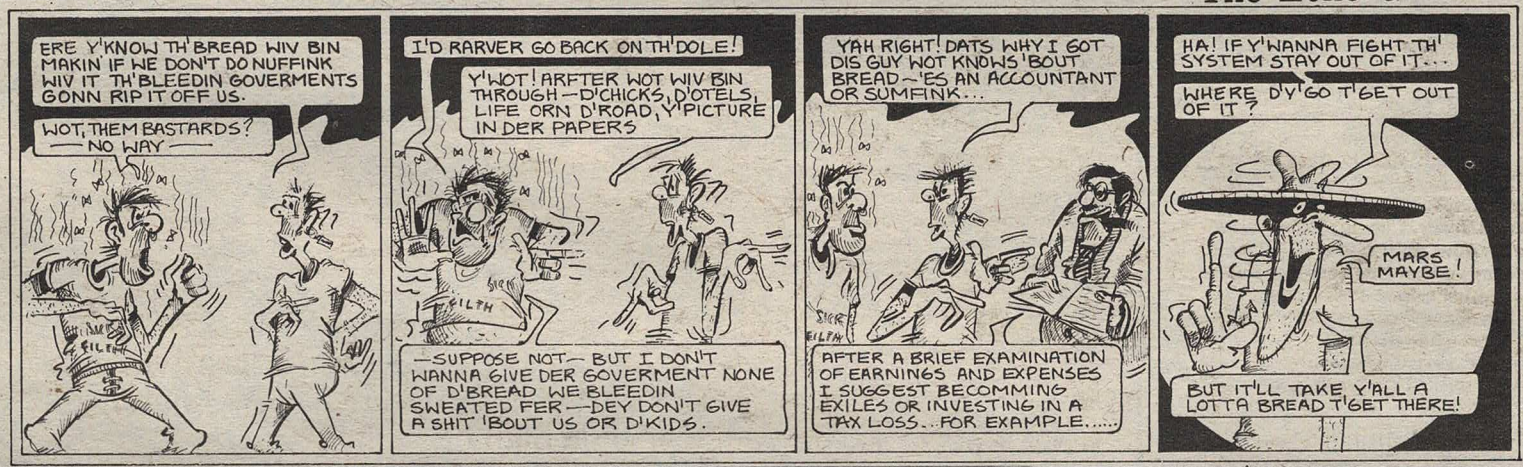
To The Boomtown Rats in "Lookin' After No. 1": "*If I want something I get it, don't matter what I have to do / I'll step on your face, on your Mother's grave, never underestimate me, I'm nobody's fool.*"

For the time being only the yanks have been cool enough to suss that they're *all* on the same side!

THRILLS

A street in Kew. *Pic: CHALKIE DAVIES*

BENYON — The Lone Groover


ERE Y'KNOW TH' BREAD WIV BIN MAKIN' IF WE DON'T DO NUFFINK WIV IT TH' BLEEDIN GOVERMENTS GONN RIP IT OFF US.
WOT, THEM BASTARDS? — NO WAY —
I'D RARVER GO BACK ON TH' DOLE!
Y'WOT! ARFTER WOT WIV BIN THROUGH — D'CHICKS, D'OTELS, LIFE ORN D'ROAD, Y'PICTURE IN DER PAPERS
— SUPPOSE NOT — BUT I DON'T WANNA GIVE DER GOVERMENT NONE OF D'BREAD WE BLEEDIN SWEATED FER — DEY DON'T GIVE A SHIT 'BOUT US OR D'KIDS.
YAH RIGHT! DATS WHY I GOT DIS GUY WOT KNOWS 'BOUT BREAD — 'ES AN ACCOUNTANT OR SUMFINK...
AFTER A BRIEF EXAMINATION OF EARNINGS AND EXPENSES I SUGGEST BECOMMING EXILES OR INVESTING IN A TAX LOSS... FOR EXAMPLE.....
HA! IF Y'WANNA FIGHT TH' SYSTEM STAY OUT OF IT...
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FORGET THE NEW WAVE, GET A BLOW WAVE — AT THE POODLE PARLOUR

TONY DE MEUR, lead singer with The Fabulous Poodles, sits on a couch in the lounge of the Dorchester Hotel, totally at his ease. Is this a vision of what his life will be like when he's made the big time?

"No, I don't think so," he says. "I think I'll O.D. on Anadin before that, and end up in a gutter."

De Meur is not yet a regular at the Dorchester. It just happens that his publicist's office is across the street, and the hotel seems a quieter place for an interview.

"I'd like to come here now and then to have a cup of coffee. The snag is, you've got to have a very erect little finger to drink coffee in here."

Lyricist John Parsons agrees. "Too much wristing can affect the curve of the little finger. That means you can't always straighten it out."

This is not the sort of talk the prim hotel staff are used to. They've already turfed out Parson's dog, Nipper — a Jack Russell terrier. And they're not sure they like the look of the Poodles themselves.

Not that de Meur and Parsons ever seem anything other than mild-mannered. Indeed, some people feel the Poodles' satirical stance lacks political edge.

"I don't belong to any political groups," says de Meur. "I have my own views but I don't push them. That can get dead boring. You can end up like The Clash. This year's Peter, Paul and Mary.

"When people say to us: 'Your political position isn't strong enough', we say: 'bollocks'. We're irreverent, and being irreverent is a political stance. We're more anarchistic than most punk bands".

"I think new wave music is simple, direct, energetic and you can dance to it. But it's not anti-Establishment. It's been sucked into the Establishment."

It would be hard, admittedly, to mistake de Meur for a punk. On the album sleeve and in the flesh he looks like some sort of Oxbridge poseur at a college May Ball. Wimpish specs, seedy suit, grubby white sneakers, spiv tie, and flashers' mac.

"We go to all the best rummage sales, my dear."

Is he an art school intellectual, then?

"I left school at 16. Had a lot of different jobs. And the nearest I got to Art was a job I had for 18 months at the Tate Gallery, in the mail room. I used to send off Turner post cards to old ladies."

De Meur hasn't much time for students. He doesn't want a cult following based on the colleges. In Holland, he said, they'd recently played in the university towns where some members of the audience pretended to understand the show but obviously didn't.

"They like applauding themselves, to an extent," he says. "Ah, yes" — dropping into an all-purpose Continental egg-head accent — "I unnerstann verry well vot zisss iss about."

De Meur had just got back the previous night after a series of European gigs. He was, he said, "feeling very van-lagged."

What do European audiences see in the band, with all that verbal humour?

"For some reason they really like us. It's not just that we're quaint or English. We don't play up those aspects. I think it's because we're theatrical. We played in a park in Amsterdam, and the kids really enjoyed it."

Next on the agenda is an extensive and intensive British tour to coincide with their debut album. In keeping with the general weirdness, they're on the Pye label. Why?

"Who needs Stiff Records when you can have Flabby Records," says de Meur. "No seriously, I've always liked Max Bygraves. Any label that has Max, Des, and Petula on it can't be bad. We're all wonderful all-round entertainers together.

"Actually, it's quite useful signing with the most unfashionable record label in the market. It gives you an edge. And they are very enthusiastic about us."

The album was produced by John Entwistle. What does de Meur think of him?

"A right bastard. No. He's a nice chap.

"We were very much in awe of him at the start, there was a lot of discussion — if we didn't like something he liked, we'd talk about it, and some times do it our way."

John Parsons says a lot of the creative input came from someone he refers to as "Cyrano".

Does he mean Pete Townshend?

"No. There's this engineer at Ramport called Cyrano. He's got a big nose, too. I knew him at school. In those days he had a band called Cyrano and The Bergeracs. Him and John are a good team."

People familiar with the Poodles' stage show may find the album has a higher rock content than they'd expect. Will they be disappointed by the more muted approach to comedy?

De Meur says he finds comedy records grate after a while, though he thought there was a lot of humour in the lyrics.

"We're not really a comedy band. We're not like the Albertos. It's true we have one or two routines, like the razor blade in the head, and gobbing on each other. But the music is strong enough to stand on its own.

"Hopefully the number of people who've seen the band will be miniscule compared with the number who'll buy the album."

Isn't this cheating? Doing one thing on the stage and another on record?

De Meur thinks not. Dr Hook are the model in his opinion. Hilarious live, with good pathetic love songs on records. He admits though, that there are problems when you mix rock and comedy.

"We got close to good deals so many times with record companies and they pulled out at the last moment.

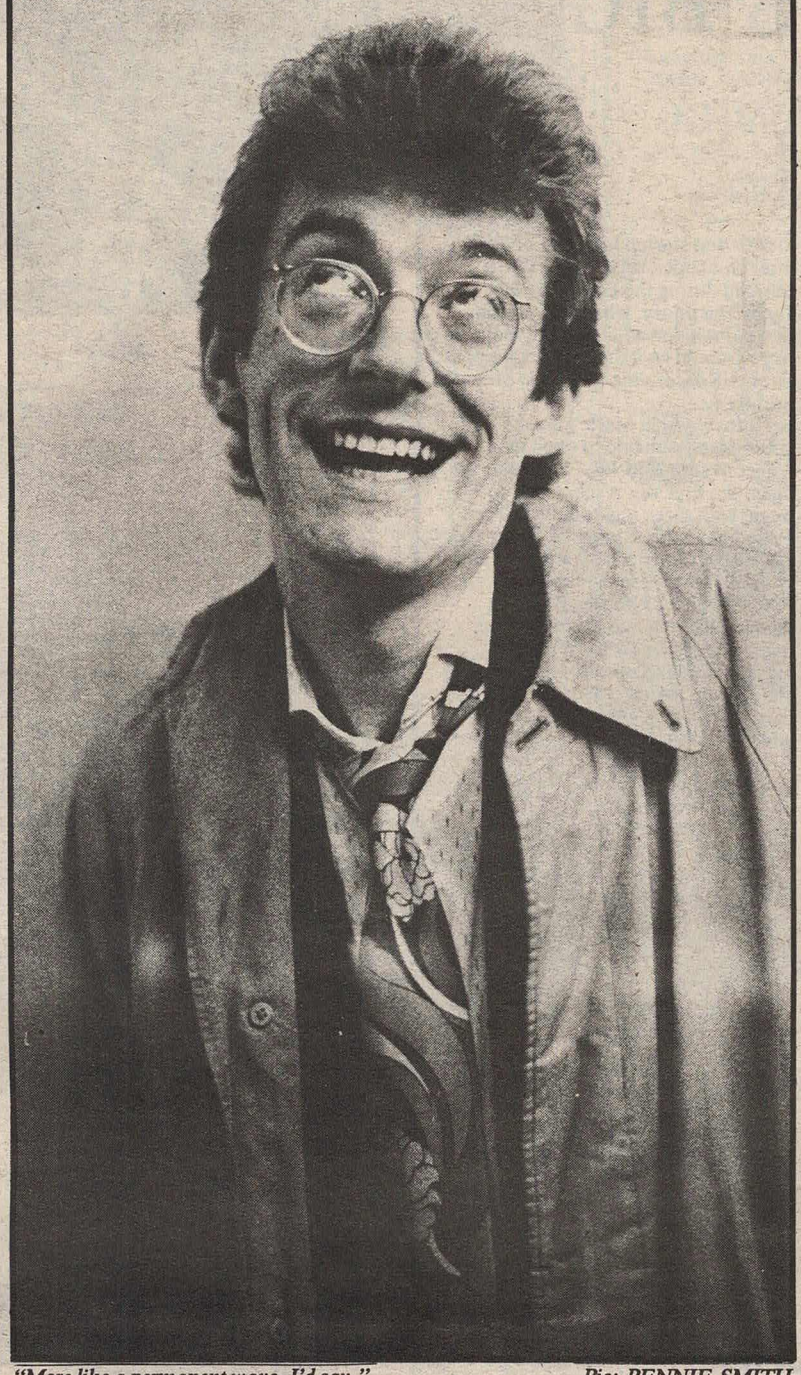
"They'd say: 'Very funny, but they'll never cut it on records'. We used to do this Who piss-take where we'd smash up a ukulele, and we attacked a rubber woman covered in tomato ketchup. It was a bit difficult to transfer those things onto an album. So we wrote more rock songs — which we were already doing anyway — and then we got our deal with Pye."

So what hopes has de Meur for the future? Does he eventually want to make it on the American hard-rock circuit?

He just laughs: "Who doesn't?" he said. "All the new wave bands do. 'I'm just in it for the music, maaan.' Are they really?"

Bob Edmands

THRILLS



"More like a permanent wave, I'd say." *Pic: PENNIE SMITH*

EAST-SIDE WEST-SIDE

SOUTH-LONDON offered two extremes of outdoor fests last weekend. On the one day there was a big deal at Crystal Palace; on the other, a come-as-you-please affair on Clapham Common.

Give or take an excellent set by Southside Johnny & The Asbury Jukes at the former and a few moments of over-zealous foolishness at the latter, Sunday's free bash walked all over Saturday's expensive picnic.

Elsewhere Roy Carr voices his choice betwen the old (Santana) and new (Elvis Costello) breeds of entertainment at the Palace, leaving me to raise a cheer for Southside and his band, who confirmed all the breathless reports of their springtime gigs in Britain.

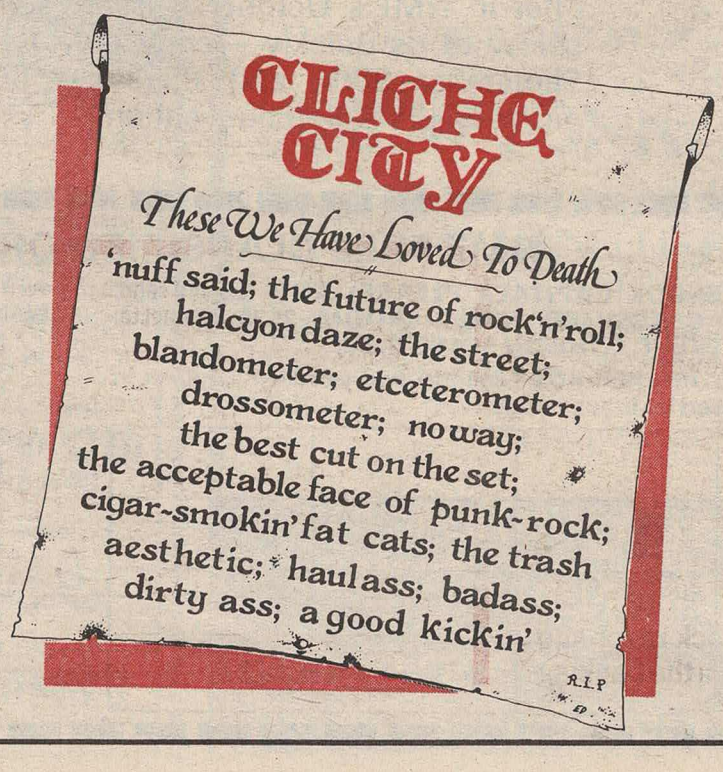
Over on the common, on Sunday, Radio London's *Honky Tonk* party, hosted by Charlie Gillett and incorporating Steve Barnard's *Reggae Time*, kicked off at noon in intimate disarray; quickly slipped into gear as the crowd swelled in about direct proportion to the number of guests who dropped by the proceedings; then blossomed into a major event — at its peak, just short of chaos — as the pubs shut in time for the expelled customers to join with after-dinner arrivals in far exceeding the estimated potential interest.

For about an hour in the mid-afternoon the late arrival of reggae trombonist extraordinaire, Rico, and the stubborn posing of too many stage-hungry dudes from the audience, looked like spoiling the party. But cool was maintained all round — including that of the two or three dozen police in attendance — and by the time Rico finished his set the goodtime vibe was humming again.

Darts and Dire Straights bracketed the reggae with some fine rock 'n' roll (Darts beginning their extensive Autumn tour with two sets — during the lunchtime *Honky Tonk* broadcast and top of the day's bill), while among the notable visitors where Jerry Allison, Joe Mauldin & Sonny Curtis (The Crickets), Ray Sawyer & Dennis Loccoriere (of Dr Hook), who all sparred with Charlie on stage, and Southside Johnny and Roogalator's Danny Adler, both of whom prefered the anonimity of the crowd.

Cliff White

THRILLS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aesthetic; haul ass; badass;
dirty ass; a good kickin'
R.I.P

GROSSTE KOK-UP MEIN HERR

YOU MAY have been intrigued by an ad in *NME* a couple of weeks ago, announcing a huge open-air festival in Scheessel's Speedway Stadium, West Germany.

The bill of fare was an unlikely mixture of bands which were supposed not to exist (The Byrds, Steppenwolf, Quicksilver and Iron Butterfly) with bands who probably wouldn't have played with them if they *did* (The Damned, Rods and Graham Parker's Rumour).

Mix in Golden Earring, Colosseum II, Camel, Nektar, Rufus and Fairport Convention, and you've got one hell of a heady cocktail.

However, the cocktails on hand on festival day tended to be of the Molotov variety. Because only five of the 22 acts put in an appearance, and two of those were unscheduled . . .

It's probably only an unendurable irony that a German rock mag called *Musik Joker* was prominently mentioned in the ads, since as mere sponsors they had no direct involvement with the festival's promotion. The promoter in question was one Jurgen Wiggenhaus, who claimed he had paid an up-front percentage to all the advertised acts.

On the day before the festival was due to take place, however, word was going round among the bands that the gig was doomed.

Wiggenhaus had apparently contracted two groups of Hells Angels to handle on-site security (at a cost of some £15,000) but was only prepared to honour *one* contract (i.e. £7,500). Unsurprisingly, the Angels were slightly miffed — and acted accordingly.

When Wiggenhaus attempted to leave the site with the gate money, he was apparently restrained by either an injunction brought against him by the Angels or by members of the German sound and lighting outfit, Flashlight.

With over 30,000 people in attendance, the abortive festival eventually got underway with (unscheduled) Dutch band Long Tall Ernie & The Shakers. With an understandably harrassed DJ attempting to detail the long list of cancellations between each act — but reasonably being restrained from doing so by those acts present — the "festival" precariously progressed with Van der Graaf, Colosseum II, Camel and Golden Earring.

After Earring's set it was finally announced that the event was officially cancelled. Pandemonium ensued.

The crowd went bananas and the Angels — who had till then been extremely heavy-handed with everyone but the bands — joined in the fray. The stage was burned to the ground, as were the backstage caravans, the various concession stalls, Flashlight's equipment, and Earring's hardware. Approximately £40,000 damage in all.

Wiggenhaus had locked himself in one of the caravans while this was taking place, but was rescued from the Angels by the police — who had, possibly quite sensibly, stood by as the crowd vented their collective spleen on the stadium.

Wiggenhaus's British agents, Odeon Associates, were not available for comment before going to press, but the representatives of the bands which did play were unanimous in their feeling that an undercurrent of violence permeated the festival from the outset.

Alan Hewitt, tour manager of Colosseum II, described it as "the ultimate in disaster festivals."

Van der Graaf's manager Gordian Troeller said that he "could feel in the air that something was going to explode" and that they left the area as soon as they could. All the bands who peformed apparently got paid in full.

Geoff Dukes, manager of Camel, thought it was all "very sad".

The whereabouts of Jurgen Wiggenhaus is presently unknown, though there have been reports that he has either "suffered a nervous breakdown" or is "in police custody for his own protection".

Monty Smith

THRILLS

MARLEY'S BIG TOE IN-A BABYLON

BOB MARLEY is currently in Miami recovering from an operation in which part of his big right toe was removed.

His British record company, Island, say "everything is going to be hunky dory". They hope that later this year Marley and The Wailers will eventually play an American tour which has so far been re-scheduled and postponed three times because of the performer's foot injury.

Bob first started having problems after he banged his tootsie playing football during the Euro-tour last June. The injury, which was causing him pain, led to what was originally hoped would be a short postponement of his US dates, due to start in Miami on July 8.

Unfortunately Marley was subsequently unable to open in Vancouver in Mid-July, and once again the tour was rescheduled to begin with three nights at New York's Palladium from August 18. Then because his toe had still not healed he couldn't play these dates either.

On August 23 Marley flew to a Miami hospital, and two days later was operated on by Dr William Bacon, the surgeon who last year patched up manager Don Taylor who was shot when a gunman stormed Marley's JA home.

Apparently under the impression it was nothing more than a football injury, during surgery Dr Bacon discovered a tumour growth in the toe, and it was quickly removed.

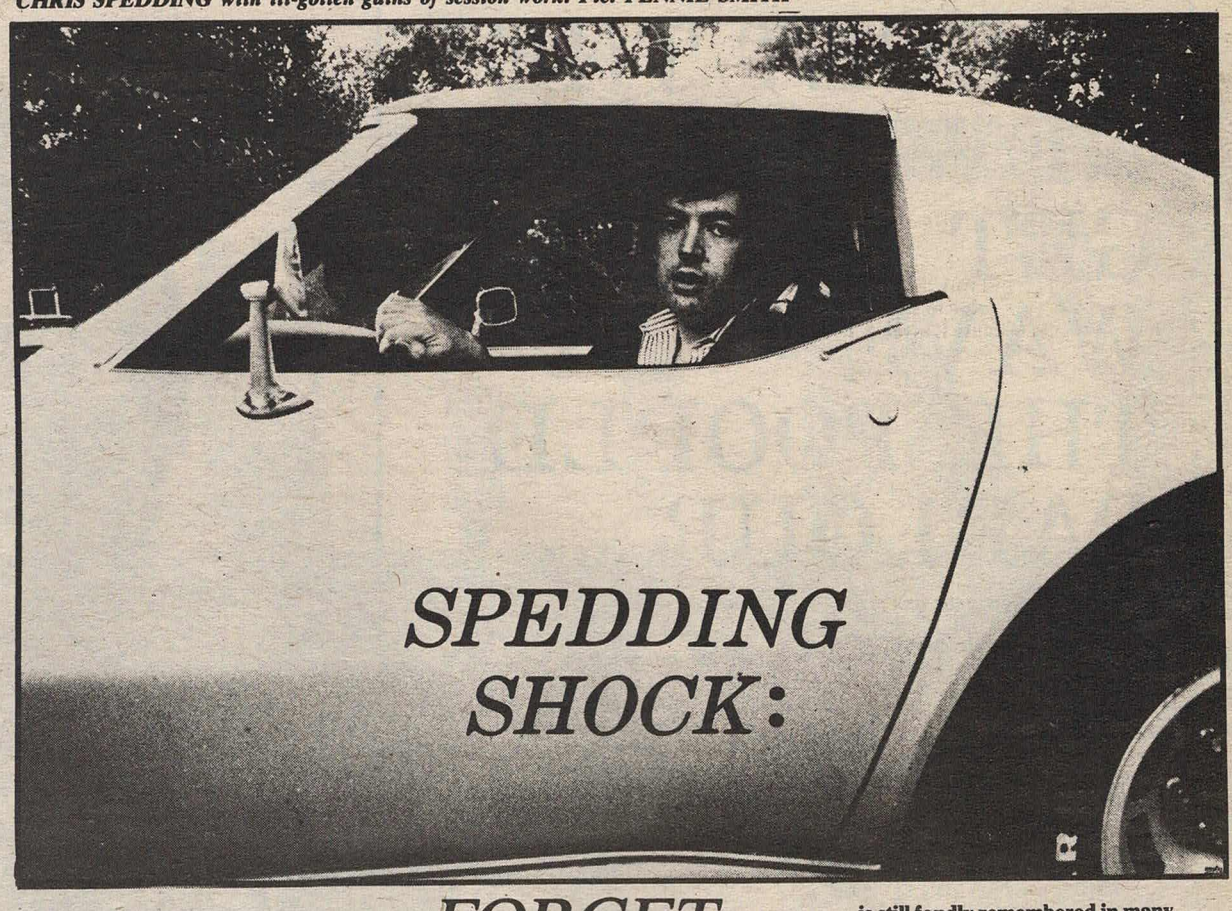
Hopefully Marley will now make a complete recovery and honour his American commitments this year. At present there are tentative plans for him to make a TV appearance there next month.

It is unlikely he will be playing soccer during the current season though.

Tony Stewart

THRILLS

CHRIS SPEDDING with ill-gotten gains of session work. Pic: PENNIE SMITH



SPEDDING SHOCK:

FORGET ALL THAT JAZZ CRAP — GIMME THE WOMBLES

AS BEFITS a man who spends most of his life in recording studios, Chris Spedding's pallor is immediately apparent — a fact accentuated by his discreet rocker regalia.

Maybe when he hits the road at the end of the month, for the first time fronting his own band, the long-awaited spotleight will wash it away. Tired of being Mr Big in the session world, Chris Spedding wants to be a star — and he's determined enough to stick around till it happens.

More importantly, he's *talented* enough to make it in the field he's chosen: The Search for the Perfect Three-Minute Single.

Never mind the fact that Spedding is still fondly remembered in many quarters for his excellent guitar work with the likes of Jack Bruce, Mike Westbrook, Pete Brown and John Cale. He prefers The Wombles.

"I was doing *any* sort of gig; it didn't matter to me," he says flatly, shrugging his shoulders. "It's just not 'hip' to put the musicians' names on the back of bubblegum albums, but they were the ones *I* got off on playing. Everyone wants to know who played tambourine on a Jack Bruce album.

"When I've done something I wanted to do — like those two early solo albums — people didn't like it at all. There's always been a great credibility gap between what I wanted to do and what people expected of me.

"To cap it all, when I did what I

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really wanted to do — 'Motorbikin'' — people thought I was selling out."

The irony is not lost on Spedding. He did all those session gigs to broaden his scope, to challenge his technique — and find out that he really didn't want to play "that jazz stuff". (As recently as last summer he recorded Carla Bley-Mike Mantler's "Silence".)

"Sometimes I think I ought not to do these things, but why the hell shouldn't I? I *am* going to stop doing them, though, because it actually does confuse people. It seems a bit of a shame — I really like to play, but if I've to talk to someone like you and explain *why* I did it, then I ought not to do it.

Unfortunately there are still people who earnestly categorise everything, and Spedding, in their eyes, is an ace guitarist mucking around with pop. Spedding, himself, reckons there's no future in being an ace guitarist.

"I was turned on in the first place, in 1957, by rock 'n' roll. It's just that in that late '60s middle-class rock boom Chris Spedding was safe to listen to if you didn't want your mates to laugh at you. I can't stand that stuff.

"Singles are the life of the music business. I don't want to be boring. Keep it short, keep people at it".

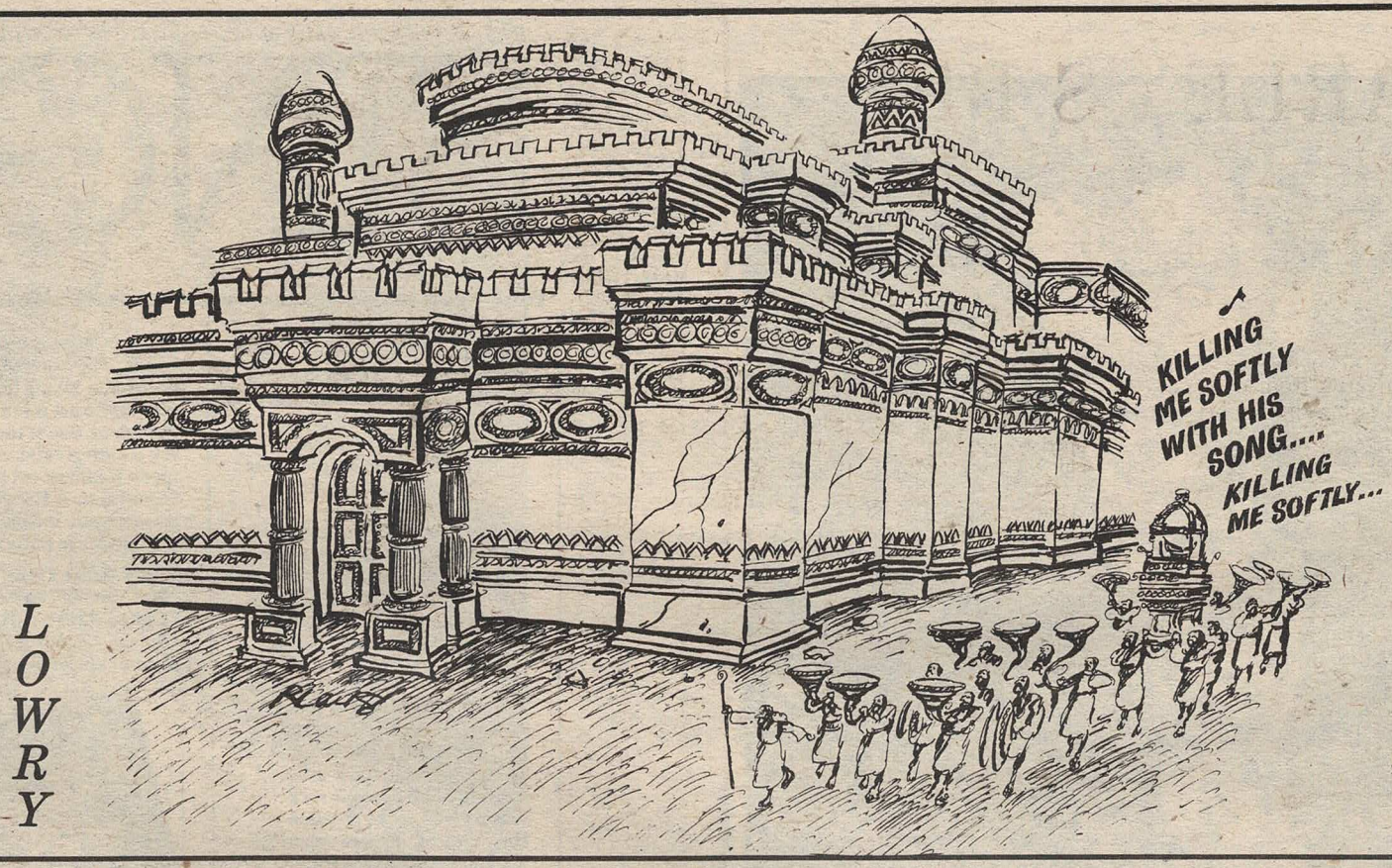
A pretty fair example of the genre is Spedding's latest single, "Get Outa My Pagoda", and the guitar solo is supremely economical, There's no getting away from the fact that it's the work of an extremely accomplished, *tutored* player. Is he playing to his full potential?

"Definitely. I've been limiting myself before, appealing to the culture vultures. Although I will grant you that some people can be economical simply because they haven't got the technique to be otherwise, like The Sex Pistols.

"I can learn things from them because they have enough good taste to know they mustn't overstep their technique but go for maximum effect. I've arrived at the same area from the other way — by knowing from playing all that other shit what to leave out."

Monty Smith

THRILLS



COOPER TAKES HARD LINE IN PAY DISPUTE

IT'S IRONIC that a musician of Ry Cooder's integrity should have to cancel his November British tour because his band have asked for double their wages.

After all, Cooder was the one who brought the Tex-Mex members of The Chicken Skin Band into the open, featuring them on his last album, "Chicken Skin Music", and touring with them four months of the year.

The crunch came after an American tour in August. When the group saw their month-long European itinerary none of them relished the prospect — and gave Cooder an ultimatum: double wages or it was back to Texas for good.

Cooder was aghast, not so much at the amount as at the principle. "They knew they had him over a barrel," comments Paul Fenn, Cooder's British promoter. "And Ry was annoyed at their taking advantage."

In fact, Fenn was prepared to meet the band's demands, which would have meant an additional £3,000 at his expense.

However, he claims the wages Cooder intended to pay were on par with those of other American musicians brought over by his agency this year. And it's not long since Cooder gave his band a £60 a week rise.

Moreover, though the band are now back in Texas earning around £150 a week, they'd have made more with Cooder.

The hardest hit of all is Cooder himself, who, after years as a cult figure, looked set to break big.

Fenn suggested performing solo, but Cooder decided the audience would be cheated seeing as The Chicken Skin were an integral part of his show.

Says Fenn: "It'll be a long time before Ry Cooder performs again."

Steve Clarke

THE END

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5	The Boom Town Rats	3.99	2.99
6	Lust For Life — Iggy Pop	3.50	2.50
7	The Boys	3.50	2.50
8	Rough Mix — Townsend, Lane	3.95	2.95
9	Gone To Earth — Barclay James Harvest	3.95	2.95

FUTURE RELEASES
★ CARPENTERS ★ HEARTBREAKERS ★ STRANGLERS ★ ROLLING STONES ★ STATUS QUO ★ GRAHAM PARKER ★ THIN LIZZY ★ SANTANA ★ LEO SAYER ★ AEROSMITH ★ STEELY DAN ★ NILS LOFGREN ★

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STRANGLER PIC: by GUS STEWART

STRANGLERS KEEP THEIR GRIP

SINGLE OF THE WEEK

THE STRANGLERS: No More Heroes (United Artists). Daft title from The Stranglers, who are the most firmly established heroes of the new wave. They're so solidly fixed on their pedestal it seems like posturing false modesty to issue this sort of disclaimer.

Indeed, for the reviewer, it would be an act of great perversity to deny the song's place as the week's major release. Rather like slagging off "The Last Time" for lacking the ethnic authenticity of "Little Red Rooster". To be accurate, this is not quite as classy a single as the one before it, and that one wasn't quite as ace as "Peaches", but the band's momentum is such that quibbles of that sort are irrelevant. The lyrics are again strongly to the fore. *"Whatever happened to Leon Trotsky?"* they ask. *"He got an ice-pick that made his ears burn,"* they answer. It's the instrumental work that's the selling point, though. American critics may dismiss The Stranglers as retreads of The Doors, but surely Morrison's lot never had this sort of energy. The keyboards are certainly in the patented Ray Manzarek style, a beautiful rolling sound, but the approach is that much more intense. A hook that you could use to scale a cliff compounds the cut's potential. If they can sustain this level of output, it will not only be a miracle, but a cause for celebration. The Stranglers now set the standard against which the rest of the new bands have to measure themselves.

SLAUGHTER AND THE DOGS: Where Have All The Boot Boys Gone? (Decca). Our starter for five. The answer is that all the boot boys have grown up into slipper slobs, spending idle days in cosy armchairs, reflecting upon the glorious, good kickings they gave out in their heyday. Not that Slaughter and The Dogs answer their own question that way. Familiarly enough, the only words you can hear are the hook, so any profundities in the lyrics are lost. And that's a pity, because it was an interesting question to pose in the first place. and the words do matter, as Ted Heath has pointed out. That aside, the cut has its moments, mainly thanks to an impressively ferocious guitarist called Michael Rossi. The opening chords and the solo suggest a younger and crazier Ted Nugent, but the rest of the song is no more than standard gabble-gabble-hey. Still, it is on Decca. Maybe these days, they'd go as far as publishing the toilet wall picture the Stones wanted for "Beggars Banquet". On the other hand, maybe not.

YES: Wonderous Stories (Atlantic). Surprising that Yes should be prepared to compromise their integrity as album artists. When these blokes were lads, the theory was that the album was a higher art form than the single, and that putting out selected tracks was akin to ripping bits off the Mona Lisa. Well, as we know, that particular intellectual hype has had its day, in Britain at least, and here we are. Not just a Yes single, but a Yes single laden with gimmicks. A picture sleeve, a limited edition, 12 inches rather than seven, blue vinyl. If they can't put it into the charts on the strength of that lot, they might as well pawn their synthesisers. They might as well do that, anyway. The music is very pleasant, very skilful, and fairly ambitious, but undeniably alien to the spirit of the times. The A-side is one of Jon Anderson's benign, cosmic ballads. Better than a herbal cigarette for inducing tranquility. The snag is that peace of mind ain't what the doctor's ordering these days. A degree of aggro is obligatory, and you can't expect cocooned millionaires to do it convincingly.

STEVE MILLER BAND: Jungle Love (Mercury). More grist from Miller. The picture sleeve's no doubt an indication of the confidence in the quality of this cut, but it's arguably less impressive than the stuff taken off "Fly Like An Eagle". The band rock along as vigorously as they did on "Rock 'n Me", and there are assorted sound-effects to brighten up a riff that's somewhat predictable. In the end, perhaps, the sheer smoothness of the production is its own worst enemy. This sounds like the output of a self-satisfied hit factory, and the punters don't like to be taken too much for granted these days. Besides which, Miller's no longer in the business of offering sharp insights and intriguing imagery. It might be said that on the way to gaining massive commercial acceptance, he's dumped the aspects of his work that made him so individual. But then, why should he care, if sales are the main priority?

JESS RODEN: Misty Roses (Island). Perhaps it was the only route left open to him, but Roden seems to have suffered the fate of all raucous rock singers who try to broaden their appeal. He's swapped his rough-necked image for cocktail lounge sophistication, and no doubt he'll upset a lot of people in the process. It's true, of course, that cult reputations don't buy hot dinners, but he could find that audiences prefer their crooners to wear tuxedos rather than long-hair and denims.

ALBERTO Y LOST TRIOS PARANOIAS: Snuff Rock (Stiff EP). It's nice that the Albertos have had a big success in the theatre with their snuff rock musical, but it hasn't transferred too well to record.

They do a deadly accurate send-up of punk rock cliches, but then so do lots of punk bands. The irony of a performer killing himself as part of the act is not a new one, though no doubt the Albertos sell it with greater energy than most. Funniest cut here is "Snuffin In A Babylon", which is even more incongruous than the new wave parodies.

JOEY AND THE HOTSHOTS: Skate City Run (United Artists). The notion that skate-boarding has much in common with surfing is a

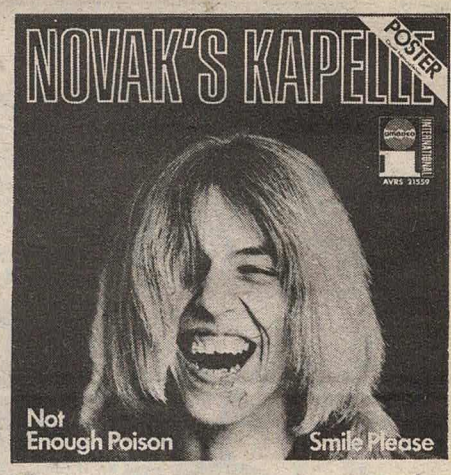
false one. Dodging city traffic is a riskier prospect than rolling in the surf, and back-street asphalt provides a harsher environment than California shorelines. Music designed to cash in on the cult should reflect that. As it happens, this is a clever, exhilarating Beach Boys pastiche, but the softness it implies is something of a handicap.

RINGO: Drowning In The Sea Of Love (Polydor); BILLY J KRAMER: San Diego (EMI). No amount of disco trickery from studio ace Arif Mardin can conceal the fact that Ringo remains a Liverpudlian dumbo. After all, the amiable prole image is still central to his remaining appeal. But it's a long and sad way from "I Wanna Be Your Man" to this feeble attempt.

Meanwhile, another Mersey veteran makes an effort to stage a comeback. Billy J Kramer was never much of a rock singer, and here he's emphatically MOR. This is the sort of lightweight schmaltz that uses the apathy of housewives as the excuse for its existence. What a way to go.

PETER FRAMPTON: Signed, Sealed, Delivered (I'm Yours) (A and M); RITA COOLIDGE (Your Love Has Lifted Me) Higher And Higher (A and M). The way to sell records to ageing ravers in the States is to put out languid versions of songs that once inflamed their youthful passions. Instant nostalgia, made more comfortable by skilful use of cosmetics. A wicked con-trick that leaves the punters looking foolish, it also has a further advantage. There is no obligation for the performers to exert themselves to write or find new material. The pampered rock elite can

Status Singles



MARSEILLES: Do It The French Way (Varese International). Appropriately enough, this is a 12-inch, although experts insist that size doesn't matter.
This is a swaggering singalong that deserves to score a number one. It will outrage scout leaders and vicars and leaders of public opinion, and go down a storm at wife-swapping parties, too. A tough, hard-rocking riff performed on stun guitar, and lip-smacking, cock-snooking, rib-nudging vocals. The superbly salacious lyrics have the edge over anything from the heavy breathing school of disco music. The pleasures of the flesh have rarely been celebrated in such fine style. If Marseilles blow it, it will be a pity. Or not, as the case may be.

THE POPPEES: The Love Of The Loved (Bomp). Reverent rendition of the Lennon and McCartney oldie as first recorded by Cilla Black. The Poppees get the Merseybeat sound off pat, which is quite clever of them, as they're Californian.

THE BRATS: Keep On Doin What You're Doing (Brats). Whoever these Brats may be, they deserve the fate of the ones in The Ramones' song. This is a feeble heavy metal re-tread of that much-abused riff from the Stones' "Honky Tonk Women." There'd be no status for anyone in putting this out.

AMNESIA: Cry Uncle (Amnesia). Strange how these obscure little bands have the same name as their label. Maybe they can't think up more than one name. Perhaps Amnesia thought of one and then forgot it. This is an utterly drab parade of hard rock left-overs. Since it was recorded in Florida, maybe they set up in a retirement home and let the inmates do their worst.

THE CYCLONES: An Audition (Xanadu). The Cyclones are no more than a light breeze, despite the heavy metal scrapings that lead into this featherweight song. They hail from Hollywood, CA, but not very loudly. *"Put me in the movies,"* yodels the high-pitched singer. *"I know I'll be a star / Put me in the movies / I know that I'll go far."* Maybe he'll be the next Jodie Foster. Don't ring us, sweetie.

ASPHALT JUNGLE: Asphalt Jungle (Cobra EP). Ici on parle 'O' level Francais, mais je ne comprehend pas qu'est que these here French punks is on about. N'est ce pas? The titles include: "Never Mind O.D." and "No Escape," so it seems the themes could be the familiar ones of alienation and rebellion. On the other hand, it could all be about escargots et vin rouge for all one knows. Maybe they're just saying what an eiffel time they're having over there.

FACTORY: End Of Night (Cobra). Further French rock, though these guys are into le ballad gros avec le metal heavy, all jumbled up together. The singer is at least as melodramatic as Charles Asnovoice, while the guitarist is both attacking and pompous.

SINGLES REVIEWED THIS WEEK

just sit back and watch the millions roll in, without the need for perspiration.

NONA HENDRYX: Winning (Epic). Ms Hendryx has a big, brash voice, and it would be good to think that she can launch a successful solo career, but it doesn't seem too likely on the strength of this cut. Written by the all-pervasive Russ Ballard, its chorus proclaims: *"I'm winning, now, I'm winning".* A definite case of whistling in the dark.

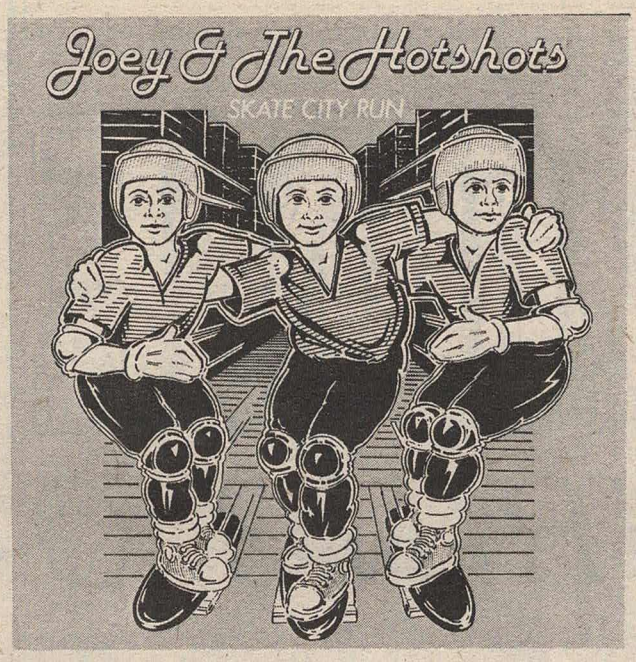
DONNA SUMMER: I Remember Yesterday (GTO). Curious move by Ms Summer. She's abandoned all that aural sex and those rampant electronic rhythms. Instead, her computer has assembled a lightweight 30s dance tune with added disco percussion and a thin melody. It's unlikely to send pulses racing among the young marrieds this time.

MIKE BATT: Don't Let Me Be Misunderstood (Epic). Batt must surely crack it eventually with one of the cuts from his enterprising "Schizophonia" album, but this may not be the one to do it. Fans of The Animals may well consider it to be sacrilege. And, while the likes of Chris Spedding and Kenny Jones beef things up no end, all the strings and special effects may seem a bit twee. The strongest song on the album is an inspired account of a shabby romance called "Railway Hotel". Let's hope that gets released as a single eventually.

DANNY MIRROR: I Remember Elvis Presley (Stone); SKIP JACKSON: The Greatest Star Of All (Alaska). These ghoulish tributes transcend pathos. They both sound as though they were recorded by English manual labourers who dress up as cowboys at the weekend. The cod American accents are the sort that turn up in amateur dramatic productions in church halls. The lyrics are brainless and banal. The attempts at solemnity are farcical. If you're into black comedy, you'll find them hysterically funny. And, all in all, laughter seems to be the healthiest response to this kind of enterprise.

FOREIGNER: Cold As Ice (Atlantic). Foreigner have the same command of the heavy rock vocabulary that has stood Boston in such good stead. Here, though, they just seem to be going through motions without emotions. Immaculate performance, but to no great purpose, other than turning a buck.

THE RICKARD BROTHERS: Broken Hearted Avenue (Polydor). A bid by fresh-faced male models to grab a slice of The Bee Gees audience. A little too wimpish to make it, though. The Brothers Gibb leaven their schmaltz with a little subtlety. These guys pour it straight and sickly. Anyway, whoever heard of a broken hearted avenue? A tear-stained terrace, or a sad-eyed street, or even a ruefully regretful road, but let's keep these things in perspective, guys.



NEW WINE: Introducing New Wine (Spark). Not just an EP, but a double EP. An EEP, in other words. And that's a lot of pasta to eat. These guys are alleged to be Italy's "top, progressive pop group," whatever that maybe. What it seems to be is a band that goes in for soppy, emotional ballads overlaid with electronic effects. A techno-flash version of Demis Rousso, if you can imagine anything so horrific. It's true they also do the odd bits of funk, but overall, four sides of this stuff is like ordering lasagne followed by lasagne followed by lasagne.

Rockers Time

REGGAE SINGLES REVIEWED BY PENNY REEL

AN ITAL CHEW

I ROY: Jah Come Here (Third World). Roots. Crashers. Watch my style! *"Here I come with my brand new fresh Wrigley's spearmint gum; if you love it so much, please come and have some . . ."* An amusing comedy from the chanting accountant, charters a course from JA to UK in fine style, to the rhythm of Dennis Brown's "Here I Come" hit. *"Love and hate can never be friends,"* wails young Den. *"So please step down a Ladbroke Grove,"* interrupts I Roy, *"try to cook some ital on a brand new gas stove."* Slow, moody rhythm, with compelling bass riff from Robert Shakespeare. Considering the success of "Here I Come", this first

CONTINUES PAGE 23

. . . for the reader who prefers something a little different . . . To obtain them, try Andy's Platter stall on page 52.

A few lay-offs would not go amiss at this particular factory.

NOVAK'S KAPELLE: Not Enough Poison (Amadeo). Austrian imitation of early Stones. This slow blues is in the style of "Little Red Rooster," but without the sleazy menace. The singer's command of English is far from perfect, but then there are a lot of us about.

RAMBLERS: Soul Rockers (Hot Stuff). These German punks don't quite seem to have got their blitzkrieg together yet. "Soul Rockers" is a stale Chuck Berry riff, and the nearest they get to new wave outrage is with the title of the slow blues that follows it: "Cocksuckers." Not that there's anything remotely new about the use of the word. It's the very one for which Lenny Bruce got busted way back when. Besides, these guys just don't have the suction to back it up.

GLOOSCAP: Like Gloo (Happy Hippy Records). If Randy Newman ever did a send-up of the Donovan school of love and peace mysticism, the end product would sound much like this. Indeed, it could almost be Randy himself on vocals. There's exactly the same suggestion of strangled sinuses as the singer warbles on, over an acoustic guitar, about *"A happy little boy"* who brings *"news of happiness and joy."* A thoroughly deranged cut. Why it's not out as an album on Virgin is by no means clear.

JOHN LINCOLN WRIGHT AND THE SOUR MASH BOYS: Nothin' But The Rain (Esca). Crude imitation of Kristofferson from an obscure label. Hard to see who needs it, when Kristofferson already parodies himself with such zeal.

JIM ROONEY: Alive And Well And Hanging Out In Bangor, Maine (Esca). More good ole country discomfort. This time, a hymn to the delights of Bangor, Maine, a thoroughly tedious North American city that deserves exactly this sort of thoroughly tedious musical tribute.

By BOB EDMANDS

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10 MANCHESTER, Free Trade Hall
11 SHEFFIELD, City Hall
12 LONDON, Rainbow

SINGLES

■ *From page 21*

version should create some considerable inroad on the reggae market. An Observers production.

NO MAN'S LAND

JOHNNY CLARKE: Up Park Camp (Justice). Another favourite rhythm, currently circulating the scene in some ten different guises. Originally a Heptones rock-steady stepper entitled "Get In The Groove", the tune was resurrected earlier this year; to the further fortunes of John Holt and Channel One, especially. Holt's "Up Park Camp" stayed top of the Jamaican charts for a total of 17 weeks; whilst Cornell Campbell's "No Man's Land" version was a memorable hit in its own right as well. Clarke is less good than either of his predecessors on this delivery; in fact, he sounds decidedly bored. However, as it's the only interpretation to yet garner UK issue . . .

BOB ANDY: Slow Down (Sky Note). Bob Andy is one of JA's top talents. He's an honest singer, with great depth of feeling in his voice; and a consummate songwriter who has penned hits for everyone from Delroy Wilson to Ken Boothe. "Slow Down" is suggestive of what it's like to live under heavy manners: *"Slow down moving through a curfew,"* sings Bob, *"here comes a cop, 'hey what have you got? I've got to check you, slow down!'"* The Revolutionaries have laid a hard, gritty rhythm for Sonia Pottinger, producer, and it is to this that Andy says his pieces — semi-propaganda and semi-genuine concern, the tightrope which society rebel Bob Andy always seems to tread. Dubwise, Sly pounds, and an unidentified bongo player thumps aggressively in the mix, while the organist stays well subtle.

JAH STITCH: Militant Man/Sugar Dandy (Penguin). A driving version of Johnny Clarke's "Dread Natty Congo", spotlighting Sly Dunbar's singular double-drumming. However, Stitch is never inspired as he toasts of being *"a righteous man and a militant man,"* — plus various other stock phrases of similar sentiment. The flip is a further chapter in the continuing "I'm Still In Love" saga, with Johnny Clarke filling in the vocal refrain. A double-sided yawn, suitable only as morecut fodder for sound-systems.

THE ITALS: Brutal (Love). Following up their "Don't Wake The Lion" and "In A Dis A Time" titles, The Itals come forward with another plaintive country-style plea: lead-singer Keith Potter nasaling his way through a lyric that declaims: *"If I should be the one child to starve the others, I'd rather be down with my sisters and brothers."* The Revolutionaries provide deliberate, punchy accompaniment that only really develops a well-charged atmosphere on the dub flip. Moderate.

DENNIS BROWN/I ROY: Take a Trip To Zion/Zion Trip (Third World). With Dennis Brown currently touring the UK in company with Big Youth, Third World have seen it fortuitous to release this year-old Observers production. The tune has proved itself a steady sound-system favourite; and coupled-up with I Roy's toast, will enter many homes. Drifters fans will remark the similarity between this and "On Broadway". Only the lyrics have been partially changed, presumably to protect the righteous. *"For the wicked shall not stand in this judgement, nor sinners in the congregation."*

MUMPLING UK-STYLE

JOHNNIE MAHONEY: Second Cut (Saturn). *"I said I'm just an ordinary guy. I was brought up on flour and rice, you know; but I've got my spice, and baby I'm gonna give you everything that's nice . . ."* An English production, to the rhythm of Les Cliff's "Gonna Tell Everybody". Mahoney's made a few sides for Saturn, including "Love, Love, Love" and "Johnny's Green Pastures", but has never been as inspired as on this I Roy like toast. Kinda chalice in the palace! The production is not over-spectacular, but young Johnny is comical and amazing as he skanks a non-stop stream of nonsense. *"I gotta fistful of dollars; so baby don't want you to strangle me, don't hold me by mi collar, you know; because I'm gonna swallow — sugar dumpling, you know — yeah, gonna make you feel kinda mumpling . . ."*

DENNIS ALCAPONE: Brixton Hall (Ethnic/Fight). Another UK production — to a Jamaican rhythm, Jackie Brown's "Rasta No Born" — finds Mr. Alcapone *"standing ten feet tall in a Brixton Hall, with my back against the wall."* Dennis has never really been able to penetrate the same degree of popularity that escalated him to fame in the early years of the decade; but this topical little toast has gone some distance to rectifying the situation — a huge South London success, especially.

JOHNNY CLARKE

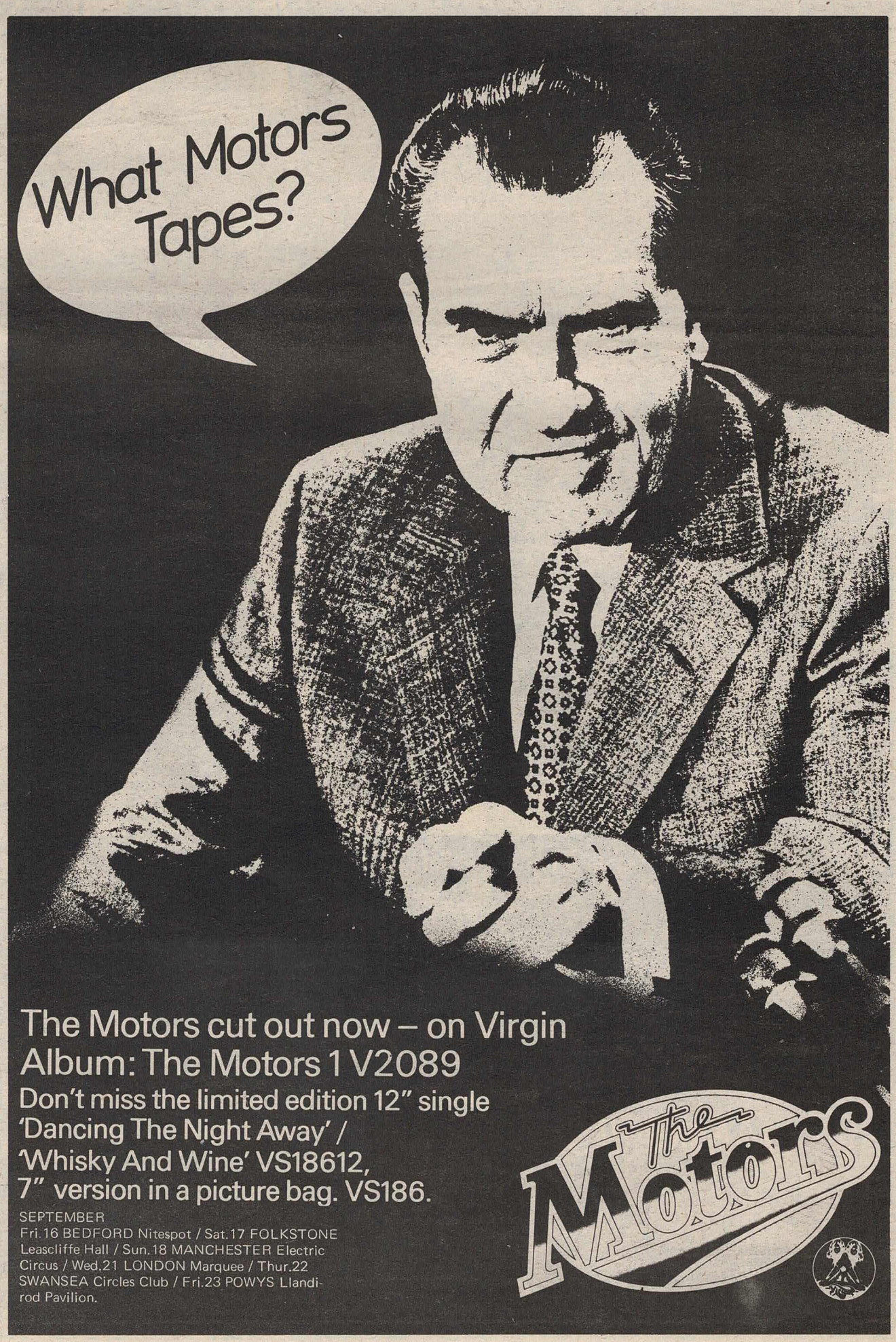
Great sounds that lead the way!

TWELVE INCHERS — DISCOMIXES AND MASTER MIXES

CULTURE/THE REVOLUTIONARIES & RANKING TREVOR: Trod On/Trod On In Dub (Sky Note). Presenting the ballad of Joseph Hill and Culture, when the 12 inches clash. *"This is the time when I and I should be free; keep forwarding on to Jehovah's throne — trod on!"* Following the success of their Joe Gibbs productions, Culture have switched allegiance, with their last two releases emanating out of Treasure Isle Studio under the supervision of Ms. Sonia Pottinger. "Trod On" parades all the ital ingredients that secured the trio their former popularity, including Hill's strangulated vocal style and highly-ingenious lyrics: *"Babylon a burn up 'im box o' wangler; fe keep an open eye fe natty dread and 'im bag o' ganga."* The appearance of masturbatory toaster Ranking Trevor (guess what we call him?) on the flip, is less painful than might be anticipated, mainly due to the warped dub effects. Essential.

THE JEWELLS/LEROY SMART/I ROY: Jah I/Jah Is My Light/Wicked Eat Dirt (Observer Master Mix). Of all the records issued in the discomix format, recently, this has got to be my own special favourite. The Jewells, led by Glansford Manning of "Prophecy" fame, sound not dissimilar to Culture on "Jah I", although producer Niney assures I — man that this was not intentional. What we have is a deep roots prayer, with a stunning rhythm, and moving harmony singing from the group. *"Jah I, have mercy upon I and I."* As ever with an Observer production, the bass line is particularly compelling. The flip reveals Leroy Smart in a figure of recumbent abasement — one can imagine his beringed fingers clutched together in prayer — insisting that Jah is his light and his salvation; before I Roy enters to declare his own position in the argument. As if by way of acknowledgement, Niney utilises the Abyssinians' "Satta Massa Gana" rhythm.

Penny Reel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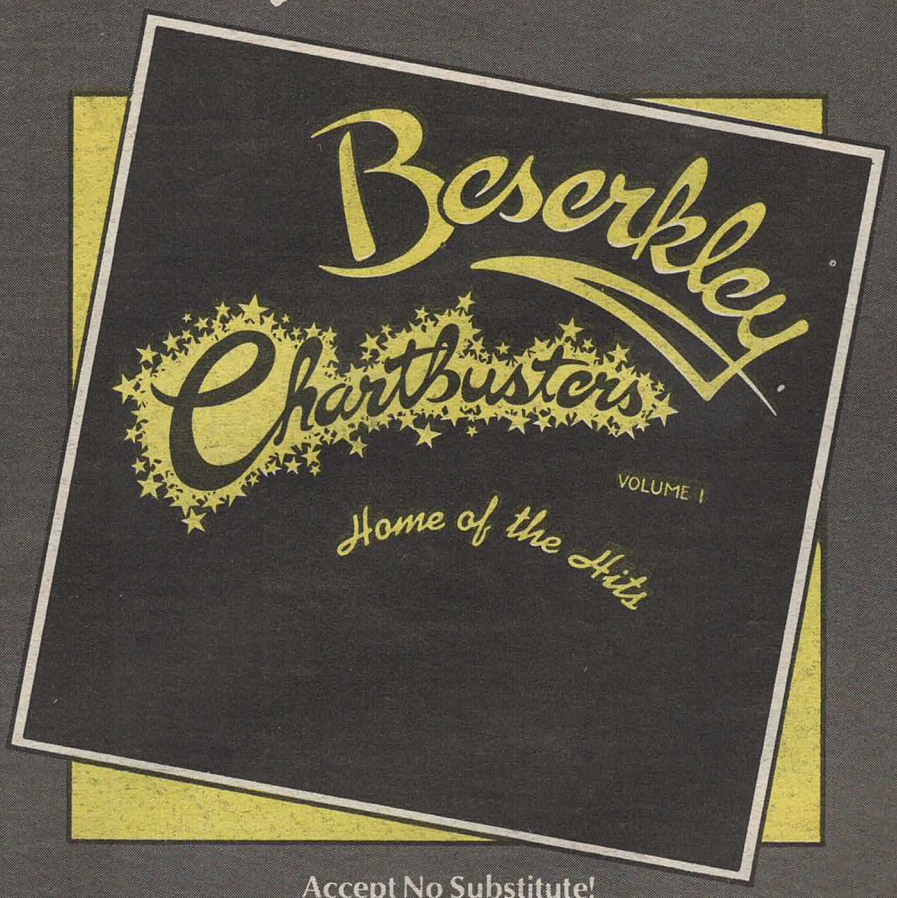
The Motors

"Roadrunners"



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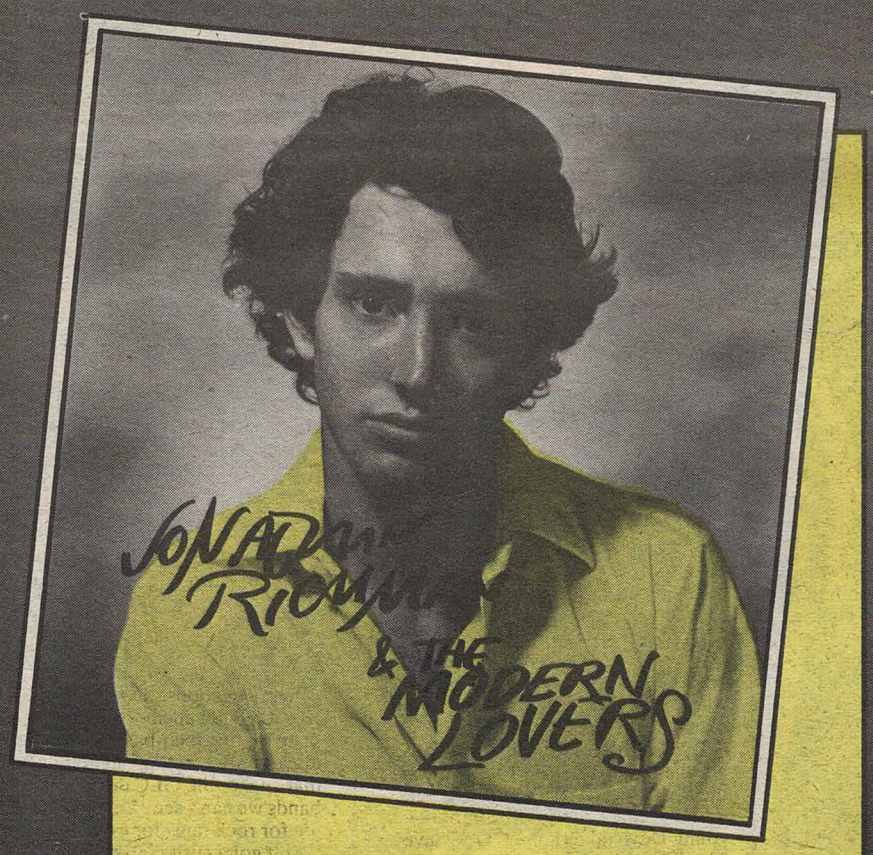

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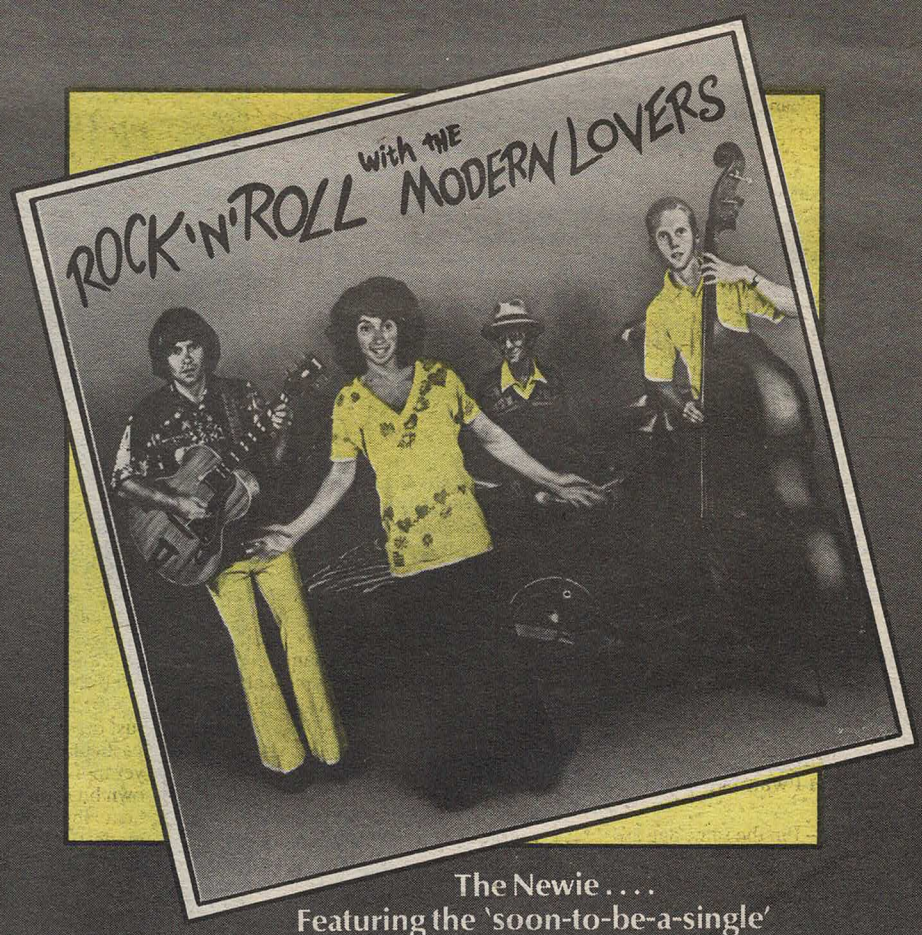

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Your Daddy shouldn't like it

TWO WEEKS ago *NME* had a page called Nelson's Column (by Bill Nelson) about Bill Nelson: well written, like you'd expect from a songwriter of his standing, tho he did ramble a bit. For those of you who missed or forgot it here's a brief summary:

- All print is propaganda.
- Bill is more cynical than even Chris Salewicz and sez it's not worth detailing all the dirty dealings he's seen in the Biz.
- The rough price, content and availability of Bebop's next album.
- True poetry (i.e. song lyrics) should be caught, not written, and not fully understood even by the captor in order to keep the magic more potent; but it's safer not to say so in *NME*.
- Anything remotely adventurous is currently known as New Wave and anything older than six months as Old Wave.
- Extending "political consciousness" into the glossy realm of popular music is . . . uh . . . somewhat dubious (oh — oh, here we go) because . . .

(a) You're automatically doomed once you collaborate with Big Biznis, and . . .

(b) It's just fashionable posturing anyway — on dangerous ground — and you only end up with unnecessary overtones of violence.

- Bill himself just wants to make his own music freely and without outside interference: he compromises with the Biz (as everyone must) for that reason pure and simple.

NOW BILL Nelson's a good bloke — anyone who can call Ted Nugent "the Liberace of the Guitar" hasta have his heart in the right place — but some of those points of his worry me and I wanna reply to 'em.

To explain — I'm the same age as Bill, and my band's just signed to the same record company as him; he knows what lies in store for us at EMI — we don't; he plays guitar much better than me — but then I write better lyrics than him, what the hell. His band sell lots of albums — we haven't even made one yet; he's not in it to make a lotta money, just a lotta music. (So long as he doesn't havta go back to his ol' day job.)

I believe him — feel the same way meself — somewhere to live, something to eat, a grey Cortina and that's me happy. So apart from tryna get my oar in plus some free publicity for my band, what's the problem?

Well y'see the TRB's one of them silly bands who've allowed POLITICS (gulp) to contaminate our particular brand of glossy popular music *and* we just bin absorbed into the dark confines of Big Biznis . . . so, reading Nelson's Column, it looks like our demise is imminent. (Me, I'd naively imagined making records would just be a good way of letting more people hear what we're doing.) So here's a last letter before we finally succumb . . .

Pic: PENNIE SMITH

A couple of weeks ago, you may remember, BILL NELSON of Bebop Deluxe wrote a feature for this paper expounding on his personal brand of rock philosophy. Well, TOM ROBINSON of the Tom Robinson Band didn't like it. Disagrees violently, in fact. So in the interests of free speech this week we proudly present . . .

THE TOM ROBINSON FEATURE

By TOM ROBINSON

DEAR BILL,

Anything I say will go down in print and may be used in six months time against me: you have full permission to rub my nose in this page if it is. At the moment, tho, I'm wide-eyed and optimistic: you don't sound like a cynic to me either, in your piece, more an embittered romantic.

Sure, any artist gets cynical about the music press and specially the *NME:* if *you're* cynical about Salewicz, I have my doubts about Tony Stewart. Why, I talked to the man for nearly an hour about how much the press have distorted and sensationalised aspects of my band, with him agreeing and sympathising over the phone. Five days later there's the usual rubbish plastered all over

page three complete with sensationalist headline. *(T.S. innocent of headline charge — Ed.)*

Still ya can't complain (gotta keep right side of these journalists aintcha?) — matter of fact I was grateful for the coverage — but the band were FURIOUS. Yep, us artists get v.wary of writers at *NME* but then I reckon yer rock fan on the street gets pretty cynical about all those Yes men (geddit?) who write whatever blandouts the record companies tell 'em to.

The kids at the Fford Green Hotel are real cynical: last time ya played your home town they hadta wait till 1.00 am to get your autograph. Embittered romantics? No question.

Sure all print's propaganda — it just depends on whose behalf the particular propaganda is. You pays yer money and takes yer choice. Your own bit of propaganda 'bout Bebop's next album was tastefully done: short, modest and to the point. Our band runs off its own propaganda too: Roneo'd bulletins about what we're doing and where we're playing, as well as what to do if arrested, how to contact Rock Against Racism or the National Abortion Campaign, etc.

It sounds like trendy bandwagonning I know, but spreading the word's more important than worrying bout all that crap. They don't cost anything — it is propaganda after all — and we hand 'em out at gigs: the idea's just to give people in the audience something to take home with them that might be helpful in their daily lives. Bah, selfrighteous humbug, Robinson.

As for the so-called New Wave those nasty sex persons are UNQUESTIONABLY the most important British band since The Beatles, with the Stones and Clash coming a close second. (All depends what Clash do next.)

Love em or loathe em the Pistols are the only band in the entire history of rock'n'roll to take on the Biznis Establishment at its own game and win — time and time again. Whether they eventually sell out, explode, or wind up in jail hardly matters — the achievement remains.

The Beatles led us all up one big blind musical alley of cleverness, sophistication and respectability and it took ten years of bland brilliance before reggae and punk blasted the whole thing back wide open — youth music, rebel music again. At last.

By definition rock is for rock fans, not their bloody parents: the reason the Pistols get more *NME* coverage than Bebop or the TRB? Simple — young Dave takes home "God Save The Queen" and his dad won't have it in the house. Dave brings back "Live In The Air Age" and dad doesn't care one way or the other.

Worse, he might even like it.

Christ Bill, Parker's bebop was to swing as punk is to the current rock scene. Musically Rotten's no Yardbird but within his medium he achieves the same effect.

As to your definition of Old Wave as anything older than six months . . . there's no need to be that flippant/embittered about it. It's quite interesting that Bowie and Cale retain New Wave credibility while people like Bob Fripp don't. It's interesting that wily ol' fox Alex Harvey is still as in touch with the streets as ever, and interesting to watch other dinosaur bands lumbering on as if the last 18 months had never happened . . .

Poetry. Ah yes. Wonder why that's a dirty word at *NME?* I personally prefer to leave all that to the poets — I mean it woulda bin a bit much if Ezra Pound had bought a Strat and started banging out 12-bars wouldn't it? Sure, I enjoy Bebop for its own sake, it's nice sophisticated music; but for potent and mysterious poetry I'll stick to *The Waste Land*. Eliot at least knew what it was he was grappling to say.

Song lyrics are something else again, and personally I like them accessible in the great English tradition: Townshend / Thompson / Jagger / Davies / Gabriel. I'm a sucker for lyrics, a good song can change people's lives. It's a heavy responsibility, and it's a shame so much in punk is really negative compared with, say, Marley — who can still burn everything else around to a cinder while giving out incredible solidarity and optimism at the same time.

But now the nitty-gritty — this "using a fashionable political stance to sell one's art" bit, egged on by managers and publicists. Not a chance, sunbeam. I dunno bout Bernie and Malcolm but all I ever get from *my* manager and publicist is shuttupansitdown or you'll "alienate your product from certain sectors of the market". Bleagh! (Wait till they read all this!)

As for "fashionable": jeezus, bands like Bethnal and us who try an be honest onstage never know from night to night whether we're gonna get autograph books or bottles after a gig. Politics isn't party broadcasts and general elections, it's yer kid sister who can't get an abortion, yer best mate getting paki-bashed, or sent down for possessing one joint of marijuana, the GLC deciding which bands we can't see . . . it's everyday life for rock fans, for everyone who hasn't got a cushy job or rich parents.

A band's lyrics have gotta be about *something,* and some of us are trying to make our songs relevant to the lives of our audience. Don't knock it, Bill.

I got no illusions about the political left any more than the right: just a shrewd idea which of the two side's gonna stomp on us first. All of us — you, me, rock'n'rollers, punks, longhairs, dope smokers, squatters, students, unmarried mothers, prisoners, gays, the jobless, immigrants, gipsies . . . to stand aside is to take sides. If music can ease even a tiny fraction of the prejudice and intolerance in this world, then it's worth trying. I don't call that "unnecessary overtones of violence." I call it standing up for your rights.

And if we fail, if we all get swallowed up by big biznis before we achieve a thing, then you're right and we'll havta face the scorn of tomorrow's generation. But we're gonna have a good try. Fancy joining us?

Love,
TOM ROBINSON

NB. The TRB bulletins mentioned above are available free from Linda Cooke, 25 Montpelier Grove, London NW5 (send SAE).

BILL NELSON ATTACKED BY AN IRATE EXPONENT OF SOCIAL-CONSCIENCE ROCK

Information CITY

EDITED BY FRED DELLAR

Provincial punk prices probed

OUR TOWN is bit backward when it comes to obtaining new wave records. However, one local store recently woke up and began stocking some worthwhile releases. But here's the crunch — they're charging £1.00 for Chiswick singles and other similar items which can be obtained for only 70p elsewhere. Can they get away with charging such prices? **DENIS O'DRISCOLL, Lillington, Leamington Spa.**

● **We contacted Honest Ted Carroll, who runs Chiswick Records, and asked for his comments on what seemed a highly undesirable situation. Said Ted: "The recommended retail price for our old 'S' series of singles and the more recent 'SM' range is 70p, while the 'SW' series of EPs should retail at £1 and our 'CH' and 'WIK' albums for £2.25 and £3.39 respectively. I should imagine that the Leamington dealer is probably over-charging due to accident rather than by design — we've had several reports of shops actually *under-charging* for our special Motorhead single because they didn't know it was supposed to sell at a pound a time. But, on the other hand, it's perfectly legal for dealers to charge what they like for discs since the abolition of retail price maintenance, so if the guy in Leamington wants to charge over the odds, then he's within his rights.**

"However, I ought to point out that Chsiwick discs can be ordered from *any* shop — they are available through Anchor or CBS distribution — and that many of the mail order shops that advertise in *NME* offer our singles for as low as 65p."

COULD YOU list all the Status Quo albums released before the band signed to Vertigo Records, stating their availability? **RITCHIE STEVENS, Uphill, Weston-Super-Mare, Avon.**

● **Rossi, Coughlan and Co — who originally recorded as The Spectres and Traffic Jam — sparked off their album career as Status Quo with "Picturesque Matchstickable Messages" on Pye NSPL 18220 in 1968. This was followed by "Status Quotations" (Marble Arch MAL 1193), basically a re-issue of "Messages" but with some different tracks, and "Spare Parts" (Pye NSPL 18301), both 1969 releases. Since then we've had "Ma Kelly's Greasy Spoon" (Pye NSPL 18344 - 1971), "Dog Of Two Heads" (Pye NSPL 18371 - 1972), and such re-issues as "A Golden Hour Of Status Quo (Golden Hour GH 556 - 1973), "Down The Dustpipe" (Golden Hour GH 604 - 1975), "The Best Of Status Quo" (Pye NSPL 18402 — 1973) and "The Rest Of Status Quo" (Pye PKL 5546 — 1976). The Quo were also one of the bands who appeared on "Live At The Reading Festival" (Gemini GML 1008 - 1973). "Best Of", "Rest Of", both the Golden Hour releases, and "Dog Of Two Heads" are still available.**

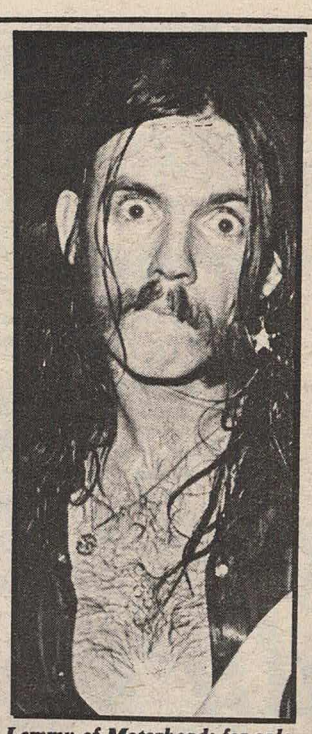
I RECENTLY bought "Joe Ely", an MCA album which *NME* so rightly raved about a few months ago. I want to know if you have any info on this artist — such as has he any other records available and where the hell a talent like his sprang from? Also, can you tell me if Jerry Jeff Walker's "Viva Terlingua" album has been issued in this country? — **J. DAVIES, Darenth, Nr Dartford, Kent.**

● **Ely's a country-rocker from Lubbock, Texas, the town that also spawned Buddy Holly. Though he once formed part of a Broadway show cast, his main gigs have been in the clubs and honky-tonks of the South-western States, where he's worked both as a solo act and, during the past three years, as the leader of a band. If he made any albums prior to "Joe Ely" — which features songs mainly penned by Ely and an Austin-based songwriter named Butch Holland — then I haven't heard about 'em. As for Jerry Jeff, his "Viva Terlingua" was never actually released here, though EMI Imports did bring copies in, the catalogue number being MAPS 7164.**

I RECENTLY saw an advertisement for the soundtrack of the movie *Star Wars,* which referred to "double-play tape". I have been told that such tape can only be played on a special machine and I'd like to know if this is true because I only have a Pye Radiorecorder and cannot afford an expensive stereo machine due to the fact that I'm unemployed — which also means that I cannot afford to buy the double-album! — **SIMON CUNNINGTON, Hammersmith, London W.6.**

● **The info that double-plays can only be played on a special cassette deck is a right load of old rhubarb. The truth is, that the tape used is merely a little thinner than that utilised in standard-play cassettes — thus allowing the manufacturer to pack twice as much tape (and therefore, twice as much music) into a unit of normal size — which means that it can be played on *any* standard cassette machine.**

The only cassettes which must *not* be used on an unsophisticated machine are of the CRO2 or Chromium-Dioxide type (these are always marked as such) which are extremely abrasive.



Lemmy of Motorhead: for sale — £1

THE OTHER day I picked up a copy of "The Baby" by The Hollies. It's the only Hollies record I've ever remotely liked and the reason is that I love the song, which was written by Chip Taylor. He's a great, great, songwriter and Phil Spector should have recorded his songs back in the '60s. Can you list some of the other compositions Taylor has penned? — **PAUL WEBB, London, NW11.**

● **Chip Taylor, who is, as you probably know, really James Voight, brother of *Midnight Cowboy* star Jon Voight, wrote "Wild Thing" (a hit for the Troggs in 1966), "Anyway That You Want Me" (The Troggs, 1966 and American Breed, 1968), "Angel Of The Morning" (Merrilee Rush, 1968), "Storybook Children" (Billy Vera and Judy Clay, 1967), "I Can't Let Go" (Hollies, 1966) and "Take Me For a Little While" (Vanilla Fudge, 1968). In recent years, Taylor has switched to more country-oriented material, penning "Sweet Dream Woman" (Waylon Jennings), "Just A Little Bit Lower On Down The Line" (Bobby Bare), "The Long Walk Home" (Floyd Cramer), "If You Were Mine, Mary (Eddie Arnold) and a corral-full of other Nashville goodies.**

FOLLOWING YOUR Eric Clapton guitar item in Information City (23.7.77), I feel that Cliff Gater should be made aware of the following gaps in his knowledge of the Big C's axe list.

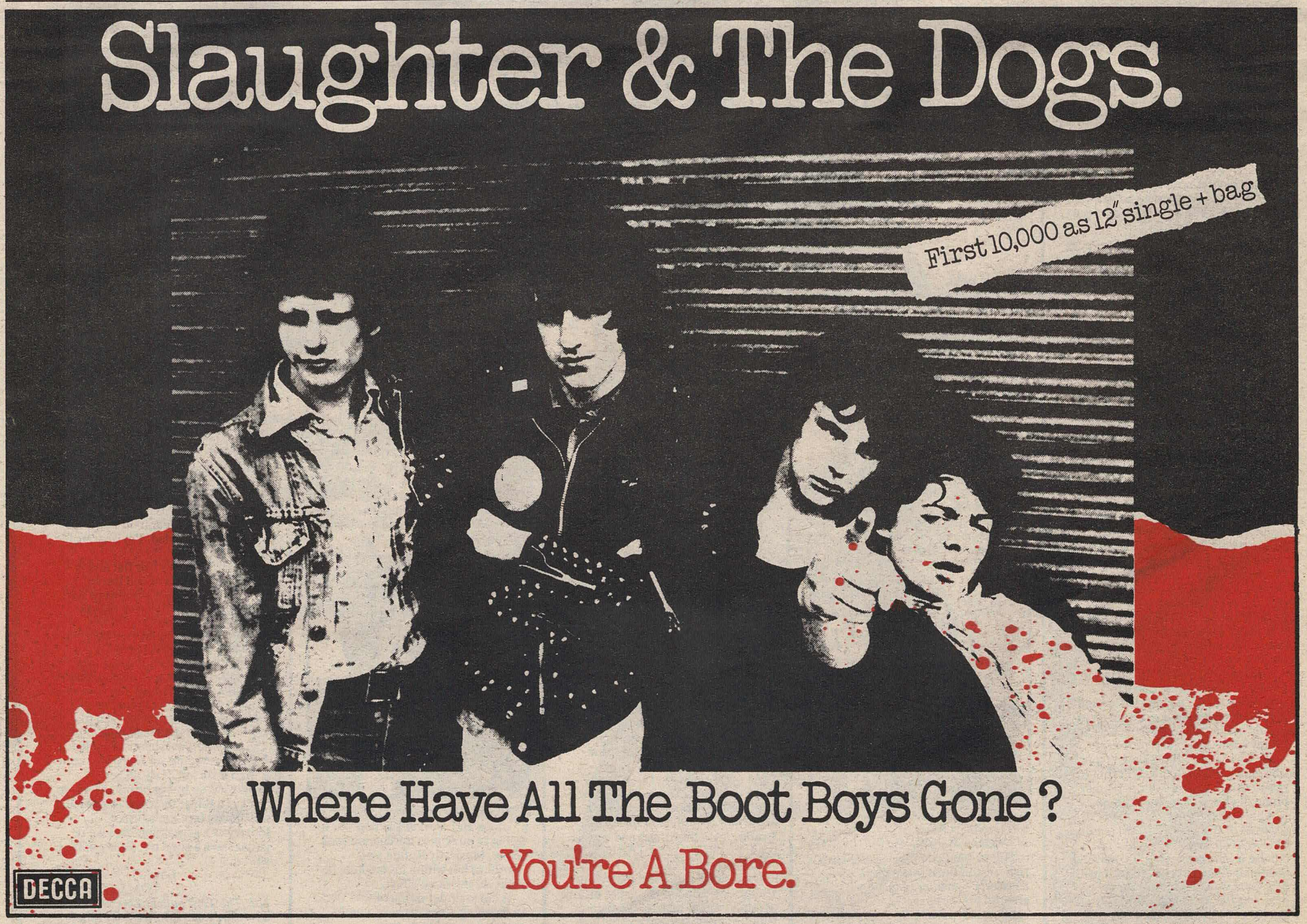
(1) While in the States with Cream during '68, Clapton acquired a Les Paul, black with white ivory edges, from Paul Kossoff, who was on Free's first U.S. tour.

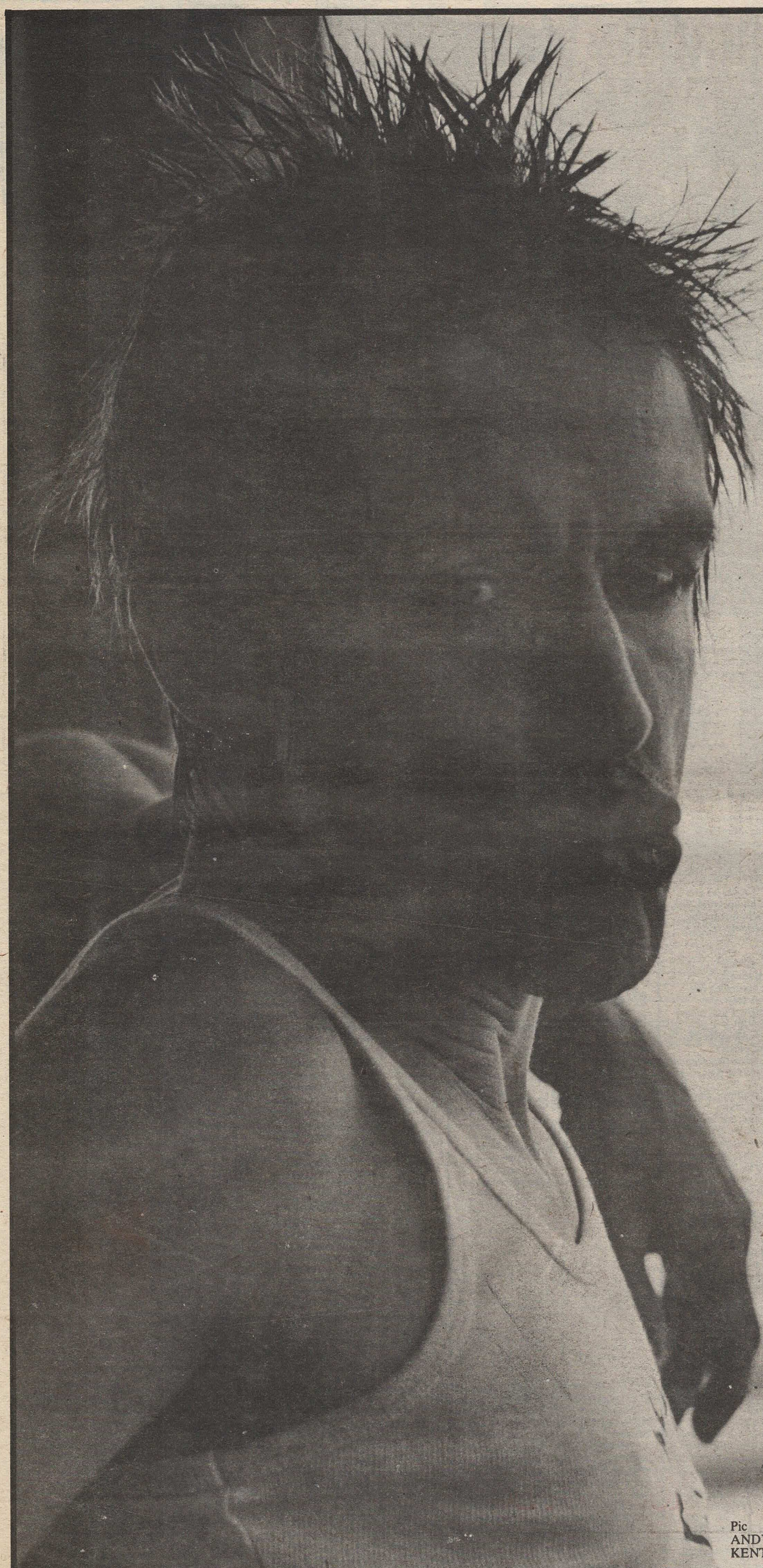
(2) A Danelectro guitar was used during the Blind Faith era — and I have a personal photograph to prove the point.

(3) During Clapton's comeback appearance at the Hammersmith Odeon, he strapped on a Gibson Explorer.

I mean, if Gater reckons he's Clappo's A. J. Webberman, then I must be Patti Harrison — which I ain't! — **BLUES-WAILIN' ANDREW BLANN, London NW10.**

● **Though Cliff Gater went all glassy-eyed at the extra info provided and began babbling inanities about switching his allegiance to George Formby, he was later given a sedative and eventually proved up to remembering such items as the fact that Eric C unsuccessfully tried to purchase Charlie Whitney's twin-necked Gibson during the early days of Family. However, Gater again became totally unstable and we finally wheeled him off home to play with his pile of bootlegs until the shock subsided.**





IGGY POP WALKS TALL

The Shaman Idiot Of The Rock Apocalypse Learns Self Respect

"*HERE WE GO-AHHHH!*"

His eyes are luminous steel-green orbs that glow with ecstatic malevolence and just a hint of mayhem, and the walls of the hotel room shake under the heavy manners of howling atonement . . .

"A little bit a-nooor-rol-ogeeee!"

The intricate side-shuffle dance-steps are those of an amphetamined Ali, the pneumatic physique is pure Bruce Lee, the face is Alfred E Neuman grinning like a psychotic icon . . .

"Suuum faaaak-ologeee!"

Fists jab-jab-jab the air. Feet dance with animal grace over the debris on the floor . . .

"Noooooo fuuuuuuunnnn!!!!!!"

The vindicated roar from the mighty lungs of Iggy Pop, dateline September 1977.

THE BIG IG LAUGHS happily, and carefully messes his cropped barnet once Peroxide-Platinum Gold, now Dry-Rot Brown) into a worthy carbon of Johnny Rotten's birds-nest spikerama.

"I can do it real good, can't I?" The World's Forgotten Boy wants my opinion on his impromptu rendition of The Pistols' interpretation of his own nihilism *meisterwerk*, "No Fun", and I'm slumped there *convinced* this is a put-on, and that I'm being set-up for a work-out of Iggy's notorious verbal pyrotechnics — an experience akin to trimming the hairs in one's nostrils with a Detroit City chain-saw.

It can be real hard telling with this geezer.

"I can do Johnny good, can do it *purr-fect!* I can do his hair, too. I go like this. I might wear it on stage like dat, I haven't decided. I'm wearing it down this week . . ."

Iggy smoothes his hair flat and is momentarily subdued and lost in thought. Then an equally abrupt shift of mood and he once more breaks into song.

"NOO FUUUUNNNN! DON' WANNA BE A-LONE!"

Didya see those crazy eyes? Will you still place your bets against The Neighbourhood Threat?

"I LOVE THAT," he says with genuine warmth. "That band (The Pistols) *walk tall.*"

"It's like looking at a pile of rubbish and knowing *you* made it rubbish," he giggles sinking into an armchair and curling his muscle power into relaxed repose as Iggy Pop shifts ground to Jimmy Osterberg.

He sips a Carlsberg and refutes my suggestion that the debt the present

Pic ANDY KENT

By TONY PARSONS

WORLD DOMINATION BY ~~1968~~, ~~1969~~, ~~1970~~, ~~1971~~

● *From previous page*

generation owe his influence is equalled by that of only the Dolls and Bowie.

"They don't owe me anything." Zen-calm. "I did it all for myself . . ."

Even at this opening stage of the tour ("Don't forget it's only my second ever!") Iggy is attacking a ball-breaking schedule of constant interviews, photo sessions, business meetings, TV shows and sundry other road periphera with total disregard for the laws of human endurance. Just like the old days.

Iggy springs to his feet, wound-up tight with excited nervous energy, and announces he wants to sing me an old song of his that he wants to put out on the follow-up album to "Lust For Life" entitled, "Housebroken".

"I'm thinking about a tantrum, / A real biiiiig tantrum, / Am I still a regular guy? / I want a thousand horsemen, / Horsemen from Mongolia sweeping across the plains. / And I'll tell them where to go and who to get / Am I still a regular guy? / Don't EVER let me get housebroken, God / Please, God, don't ever let me get joyless, loveless, rotten, HOUSEBROKEN . . ."

Ever gonna do gigs in real small dives again, Jimmy?

"Did last night, didn't I?" Iggy reminds me with a smile. And I realise that it *had* all really happened. That set, in a Copenhagen cellar in front of about 50 people, was worthy of Iggy legends; the Anti-Christ walking offstage onto the outstretched hands of delirious disciples, shredding that immaculate torso with broken glass, pouring burning wax over himself; y'know, the whole cataclysmic self-immolation movie that only one man in rock had the bottle to live out in flesh and blood . . . James Jewel Osterberg a.k.a. THE MIGHTY POP.

NACHT SPIELING as The Midnight Hour chimes. 'The House' is Copenhagen's answer to the Greenwich Village musical workshop / twilight bohemia zone.

Into the vapid atmosphere of candle-lit blonde bozos and stripped wooden furniture pour Iggy and his band, the Mongolian Horsemen. They've decided that tonight they play the first gig of the 1977 Lust For Life Iggy Pop tour. All Copenhagen's young musicians come here to, how you say, *jam,* so the venue for the band has to be The House. Naturally, no-one there knows about it. Just Ig, me, and the Horsemen.

There's about three or four dozen long-haired hep cats watching some dire jazz-rock schlock up on the low, minute stage. Their set seems interminable and Iggy can't wait. Bites lip, pounds his legs with his fists and turns away from the lucky *bastards* on stage to snatch up an empty beer bottle and lash out repeatedly at the table's candle-wax encrusted champagne bottle.

Every goddamn time the piston-propelled beer bottle misses the champagne bottle by, I swear it, an eighth of an inch. Iggy's eyes watch hypnotised. No-one at the table says anything to him, just hold their breath and wait for the inevitable explosion of glass.

My eyes, Lord, that's Iggy Pop.

But with quiet authority his publicist Barbara de Witt ("She taught me a lot about this business") finally takes the beer bottle away from him. Iggy stretches like a street walking cheetah across the table, hungrily stares at the band on stage and points out that everybody in the Pop camp is wearing a black leather jacket tonight. He says this is a good sign. I wanna see him play and I'm smashing my fist into a table-leg as hard and fast as I can unawares until Iggy whispers, "I know how you feel . . ."

When he stands on our table singing *Deutschland, Deutschland, Uber Alles,* the Danes start to hate him. This makes him laugh and do it all the more. He lives in Berlin these days, speaks German very well.

"They laughed at me when I was learning," he had told me earlier in the evening, not long after we met, "but I tried, I tried, and I *tried* and wouldn't give up . . ." Alfred E Neuman nutty grin. "Now I talk as well as a German but put the words together in a much more charming way."

The band on stage try threats, sarcasm and fumbling attempts at humour to get him to shut his mouth. Nothing works. I can see every muscle in his body screaming.

"Let's start a FIGHT!" He shouts at me, joyous-evil. "I could hit you but I like you, could hit my band, like them too . . ." He sighs unhappily, but lights up when he looks at the stage. "THEM!"

Okay, Ig, awright.

He grabs my arm, serious-concerned. "They're *too big.*"

(Thinks: All your heroes let you down . . .) I sneer; no they *ain't.*

Iggy roars with laughter and jumps on his chair. "I KNOW!"

The band on stage have agreed to loan their equipment, partly graciously, partly because they wanna see this Fritz Von Flash fall flat on his face.

Ig's bursting with gratitude and excitement and forgets about hostilities with the band, but he can't avoid aggravation with the jealous Locker-Room-macho creeps at the bar with their beer-guts sagging as Iggy Pop tears off his leather jacket. He's wearing nothing underneath it and his incredible physique tenses with fierce, natural self-pride.

Want trouble? Right place. Ig wants to take them on but gets dragged out of a brawl by a friend and pointed in the direction of the stage. He strides up to the microphone as his Horsemen tune-up their borrowed weapons. The audience remain locked in their boredom while I can't believe I'm seeing all this and Iggy burns them with his eyes until there's some of them trying to laugh it off.

Nervous, strained, most uncertain laughter.

He's been egged by better than you I think. I climb on a table as the band slash out the opening chords of the tour's opener — tonight! — "Sweet Sixteen". The sound's good but it ain't until Iggy screams a declaration of intent into the mike that the rush hits the Central Nervous System and . . . shudder as if someone just stepped on your grave.

"I MAY LOOK LIKE A PUNK BUT I SING LIKE A *MAN!*"

AT LAST the beauty-beast is in his element and his metabolism erupts into total patented Iggy Pop *Donner und Blitzen.* Hell-fire desperation, narcissistic pop exorcism. I flash that this means blood and that most likely it will belong to the dancer.

"I threw it away for muself twice with drugs . . . "I only met my son recently, though he's nine now, before then I wasn't good enough. I didn't need a junkie, a pill addict, or a slobbering quaalude IDIOT hanging around him."

Heroes can never letcha down, this latest satori asserts as I shin-up the long cord dangling the table-lamp so I can witness every second, they can only sell-out to themselves and Iggy's done that twice. That's enough. Now he's stronger, more ruthless than ever, his visions of omnipotence more obsessive than ever.

Earlier he told me he wasn't Jesus Christ. Now he puts on a show of subversive martyrdom more memorable than the first hippy's gig at Calvary. He lashes the floor and the vanguard tables of stunned Danes with his leather jacket, discards it, and the band react as one Horseman when they feel Iggy at full-throttle. The club management get worried, then revert to pure terror as Iggy smashes a sturdy metal-and-wood chair into total disintegration.

The band possess both bottle and a palpable technical ability that operates on strict reflex action, their source of electricity the front-man. It's exhilirating and whiteline fast, that's why "Lust For Life" is Iggy's best album since the apocalyptic "Raw Power." It's also why the whole album was done in a mere two weeks.

The band comprises ex-Stooges keyboards man Scott Thurston; ("I went thru the Stooges so nothing can phase me now"); the Sales brothers Tony and Hunt on bass and drums respectively-a rhythm section redolent of the twins in Peckinpah's *The Wild Bunch,* their powers meshing with intuitive synch; and Stacey Heydon on guitar, another of Nature's aristocrats. He provides vicious slabs of beautiful noise surpassed only by one instrument in the band — the voice of Iggy. It rings out with mad purity and the mortals stare with wide-eyed shock as Adonis executes a perfect swan-dive into their midst.

He hits his target — a table ten feet away covered with glasses, bottles, burning cigarettes in ashtrays and lit by a low-hung metal lamp like the one I'm hanging from — and he's the only person in the joint who doesn't flinch with pain as he slams the mass of glass, wood and fire into his bare neck / chest / abdomen. The people at the table recoil with absolute horror because — did ya see those eyes? — at no point does he loosen his fist gripping the mike or acknowledge that he has hurt himself in any way. The debris is scattered as he forces himself up onto his knees and . . . DOES NOT STOP SINGING HIS TORTURE FILM!

"Ah go out to the funky bar an' ah git HURT! / Crying inside coz everybody's SO FINE! / An' they don't need ME! / Tell me what can ah DO! / AH, SWEEEET SIXTEEEEN!"

You're beyond the law when you're as hungry and crazy and unrepentant as that. Godless and glorious he launches himself into an act of defiance of the laws of gravity? He lands on the table after swinging through the club's atmosphere on a lamp cord and lands in a 100 metre starting-block crouch singing wild-eyed dementoid to a teenage girl both stone-rigid petrified and full of repulsion for this display. Iggy howls in her face, the cold Scandinavian lines do not melt under his spell, so he grabs her by the neck and shakes her furiously.

Suddenly aware that Iggy is as uncontrollable as an epileptic King Of The Jungle on a very bad trip, several people rush to get him off the girl. Sadistic serenade right into the eyes, her neck is surely made of rubber. The good-guys bringing rescue to the damsel still have a few tables to push over before they can intervene. I remember Iggy swearing to me that he always crooned Sinatra songs around *Chez Pop.*

"Now, baybee, ah know that's not normal / But ah love you . . ."

The posse arrives but the lone Apache is back out front ripping through "Lust For Life" with a numbing display of footwork, striking poses like a ballet dancer capable of G.B.H.

The girl at the table is shaken but breathing, and taking more interest in the show. The Danes wearing White Stetsons move towards Ig for vigilante action but get their path blocked by members of the Pop camp.

"My heart been hurtin' since I bought the gimmick / 'bout sump'n called LOVE . . ."

The Scandies denied their pound of Pop flesh glare at him with undiluted hatred. Significantly, the girl they wanted to avenge is now as completely won over by Iggy as nearly everybody else lucky enough to be present; and the pocket of resentment reminds me of Iggy's righteous tirade as the lynch-mob crowd at the last ever Stooges gig (recorded in Detroit and vinylised on side two of the great "Metallic K.O." album) showered the stage with a strange rain of broken glass and jagged metal:

"You can throw your goddamn COCKS ah don't care! / You pricks can throw everything in the goddamn WORLD and your gurl-friend will STILL LOVE ME! / Sooooo-screw ya, ya jealous cocksuckers . . ."

By the end of that battered set he'd been beaten senseless by some biker meathead, had his head split open by a broken bottle and suffered countless minor cuts and bruises. But when the potential Saint Pop addressed the heathen hordes at the end of the set, the end of the *band,* the most dominant quality in his voice is blind fury at the crowd's stupidity.

"YA NEARLY KILLED ME BUT YA MISSED AGAIN! SO IF YA KEEP TRYING — NEXT WEEK!"

The last words at a Stooges gig. Iggy's anger evolved through disgust, bitterness, breakdown for the idiot realising *he* blew it for himself. Only one person cared enough about him to stand by as he started to claw his way back: Bowie.

WHEN TONIGHT'S set's over Iggy drapes his leather jacket over his sweat-drenched torso like a fighter after going fifteen rounds, and he hasn't had enough, he wants to get back up on that goddamn stage more than anything in the world . . .

The idea is dropped when Iggy admits that the equipment he and the band borrowed would be trashed for sure if they did some more, and he's too grateful to the, uh, *support band* to wanna dish 'em any dirt.

"It'd be a cheap shot," he tells me, his state of euphoria making him forget his exhaustion. Like a dumb pop-kid I blurt my secret fear that I'm frightened of what's gonna happen to him if there ever comes a day when he knows he'll never perform live again.

He smiles understandingly and puts his arm round my shoulder trying to console me. Then he takes a deep breath, screws up his eyes and opens them, and tells it like he sees it through his crazy steel-green orbs.

"I needed it bad tonight, I didn't realise *how* bad," he says. "But junk didn't kill me! Neither did barbs!" He's silent for a moment. Obviously,

1972, 1973, 1974, 1975, 1976, 1977 !!!!

the subject ain't no stranger, but it just won't quit. "Maybe this won't either."

Iggy turns away to go look for the night. "It's too early to say," he shouts over his shoulder. The bird's-nest coiffure bobs out of sight.

A FEW hours later I'm stumbling back to my hotel-bed as the sky starts turning light and the early main-road traffic bolts within gobbing distance of two young lovers locked in passionate embrace in the middle of the road.

I watch them for a minute wondering why Iggy and his Dane dame don't get run over. No logical reason why they should escape. Then I realise he'll get out unharmed and I turn away, feeling grateful for the devastating set and real glad somebody up there likes him.

"In the last ditch I'll think of you / In the last ditch I will be true / Here comes success."

Will you *still* place your bets against The Neighbourhood Threat?

AS HE SITS smiling at my hangover in his hotel-room the next day, the short but brutal gig at the club looks like it killed ninety-nine per cent of all Pop demons, at least temporarily. Complete Control.

He offers some advice about avoiding the skin on my face becoming the light green colour that it is at this moment.

"Did ya get fucked?"

Saving meself for the girl back home, I quip, bringing on a bout of painful retching. The Legend offers sound parental advice as I vomit out the window.

"Ah, see, I got fucked a lot; it helps. Anxious little girl, she was, kept saying, (Iggy adopts hysterical falsetto) 'I'm not pretty! Why me? I'm not pretty!' And I kept saying, 'You're *nuts,* lil girl, you *are* pretty . . .' I guess she didn't believe I meant it, just coz she didn't have a face like some gunko schtuck-head that models," mounting contempt in his voice dissolving into helpless giggles when he thinks of a suitable product for wax-fruit beauties to model.

"Poo-poo," he chuckles mischievously, just like my cousin Sally, who is just turned five . . .

I mention that last night he had struck me as the mercurial speed-of-life Neal Cassady incarnate; passions running riot as he assaulted life for everything he could steal from it, talking in wild, elliptic Lenny Bruce-type spiels, running through a staggering number of topics from disgust for food, living in Berlin, politics, rock, art (he did a great portrait of me on the restaurant table-cloth), deliberately racist jokes, suitable people to beat up, and much more. When he told of things he loved his whole body shuddered with contagious joy, and when he aimed his telescopic sights on the things he hated his eyes burned with a savage ferocity which he wouldn't hesitate to use on anyone he suspected of deserving it.

He thinks the comparison appropriate and he likes it.

Welcome back. He's lived all over the world, he's left every place.

He shows me his paintings, the ones that will be the Ig-created works used for the tour back-drop. He's been painting for six months now, totally obsessed with having a strong involvement in areas he's never previously invaded. The vast expanse of raw powered material available from his thirty years on this planet are also gradually evolving into his autobiography. Originally, Iggy was gonna title it *Fun.* He's changed it to *Too Stoned To Die.*

"Coz that's the truth," he concedes. "Sometimes I was just too stoned to drop dead and people would look at me and wonder how I kept on living and why my arms have no scars . . ." He tenses the muscles in his right arm and rubs his other hand across the unblemished sheen, smooth as Katie Boyle's bum.

"I don't know *why* there's no scars, this skin is like a twelve-year old kid."

He's right. We stare at his golden arm in wonder. "And yet I'm still screwed up from the junk, not even from the pills that came past the junk. Sometimes it can be ninety degrees and I have to take a pee and every hair *on my body* will stand on end like . . . a cat."

He kicked heroin via a methadone substitute, and has only taken it twice in the last three years, both of them small snorts that kept him up for four days and nights. The thing he hated most about revisiting junk was that it made him over-emotional and he couldn't stop crying.

"Since I've kicked junk I've only just learned to start having a tear again — for anything. I lost the ability to be soppy and that's a good thing to lose. Americans in general tend towards emotional sagginess."

He affirms that this is the reason he lives in Berlin, a city he calls "the last neighbourhood" to which David Bowie first introduced him. "Americans are just a bunch of slouchers," he says contemptuously, and repeats the phrase he frequently comes out with. "The machine will always outlast the man."

He says that the only thing worse than H is love, which he asserts is a con invented by women. *"Love's like hypnotising chickens."*

I tell him bullshit, and he doesn't really believe that.

He smiles. "ACH! I try to get it past ya!"

THE GERMANIC steel Iggy has acquired is to counteract his natural chemical / emotional excesses that he reckons were inherited from Amerika's affluent / tortured brow and that screwed it up for him in the past.

It comes down to the man wanting to succeed so bad that it hurts. He's gathering as much survival equipment as he can lay his hands on. He keeps reminding you that he's a guy, just a modern guy, who was unemployed for four years and just scored a job driving a pizza truck. He wants to make the egg-throwers choke on their own yoke, be a credit to the person he's doing it all for — himself — and use any weapon he can get his hands on. WIN.

"I threw it away for myself twice with drugs. That is, too much drugs for no good reason, dumb chicks, stupid fuckin' Hollywood *schists,* all different crazy shit."

Now Ig puts a screen around himself either by having the kind of security around him that kept him in a safely locked life with bullet-proof glass (as happened on the last tour of these isles) or else Iggy himself runs numbers on new faces to suss out their motives. There'll be no more parasites for the man who got bled so dry he ended up totally disgusted with himself trying to get straight in a mental institution. He went there of his own free will. There was nowhere left to go.

"Bowie and I have a very abrasive relationship, it's a clash. How can two friends make an album sound like that?

"When Bowie plays guitar he gets nuts. His fingers start cramping after a while and he's yelling 'I don't know why I'm doing this for you, you jerk!' "

The reason he's never talked about it before is probably because nobody asked him. The years before the clinic hold more pain for him; afterwards the light was at the end of the tunnel.

"'Jim, look Jim!' I says to myself, 'You're a drag, a bore, just a fuckin' arsehole.' I only met my son recently because, though he's nine now, before then I wasn't good enough. I didn't need a junkie, a pill-addict or a slobbering quaalude IDIOT hanging around him."

The doctor who treated Iggy at the psychiatric clinic has since become a good friend. Jimmy / Iggy went to the clinic saying he needed to learn self-discipline, self-protection, and enough self respect to meet his son. At first the clinic was dubious about even letting him in.

"Usually you have to be a certified loon," he grins. "But it was sort of an experiment for them, coz I was the only guy *in* who was *straight,* everybody else was on tons of these zombie drugs, they never gave me a thing . . ."

I'M SURPRISED, nay STUNNED! — when Iggy continues to open up his heart to matters previously considered too dangerous to the success of The Cause to discuss, especially when he talks about Bowie's influence and friendship, which — contrary to snide rumour — is no svengali / puppet routine. More like two blood-relatives who love each other a fraction more than they want to be better than each other.

The balance of power fluctuates, it's a very abrasive relationship in the studio, and it makes for an output of constantly evolving creativity; like "The Idiot" with its Modern World relentless, heartless, technical precision, quasi-Bowie's "Low" discomat soundtrack for mutants.

The only visitor Iggy got in the clinic has earned himself Iggy's unswerving total loyalty. Bowie had the undoubtably more influential side of the partnership at the time, and introducing Iggy to Berlin was a logical extension of the discipline he was seeking in the clinic, although sometimes the Teutonic Superman bit smells suspiciously of Fascist salutes at Victoria Station. Iggy's *"visions of swastikas"* confessed in "China Girl" are more complex though, than Bowie's; not surprising when you remember that Jimmy Osterberg is Jewish.

The previous night he had recited a speech to me in German and asked me if I knew who said it and what it meant. I told him that I only knew he'd said something about needing more room to live, *lebensraum* — living space — and that I heard him mention Moshe Dayan in there somewhere.

Jimmy's child-like smile had a vaguely sinister aura and he nodded and said: "That was one of Hitler's speeches. I recited it in the German *exactly.* The only thing I changed from the original was that I substiuted Adolf Hitler with Moshe Dayan. He's going to be *running* Israel soon. AND ANYONE WHO DOESN'T GET ON WITH THE JEWS BETTER WATCH OUT!"

Sure, there's something inside all of us that desires an omnipotent figure in our lives who will never let us down, to whom we can devote loving, unswerving loyalty. Especially when you've come to think that you're the only child. You want someone more powerful than your inadequate, miserable, wretched self. *(Don't follow leaders, remember — Ed).*

Unfortunately, such figures inevitably turn out to be catalysts of inherent evil. But his doesn't diminish our lust. What do you think, David?

"Someone to claim us, / Someone to follow, / Someone to shame us, / Some brave Apollo, / Someone to rule us, / Someone like you, / We want you Big Brother."

"I was over the park today, trying to make friends," Jimmy says. "Sometimes I frighten people. I try not to frighten them *too much* in case my face *freezes* that way! Did your Mom used to say that to you when you were a kid?"

Yeah, except we say fix instead of freeze. Do you want this Pistols tee-shirt I'm wearing, Jimmy? (It's the "God Save The Sex Pistols" one.)

"YEAH!" He jumps up and rips off the white silk shirt he's got draped over his shoulders then changes his mind and dances over to his wardrobe and starts diving into a heap of clothes.

"Give you an ORIGINAL Iggy Pop shirt *if* I can find it . . . got my very favourite picture of me on it . . . *got it!"*

I take the shirt gratefully and think of Muhammed Ali and his Olympic Gold Medal. Because I don't intend to take it off for a few days. Not at all.

That's why it's not until I get back to London that I notice that — on the back of the shirt Iggy gave me — is some of his stained blood . . . and also a small, black, swastika.

Lewisham. Sick with pointless guilt, wanting to scream "I DIDN'T KNOW!" The girl down the hallway scrubs out the symbol . . .

At dinner — before he liked me a little bit — Jimmy told me most vehemently that I worked for Uncle Sam.

I told him where to go and said I worked for Ol' Nick.

"Well, one day you're gonna be working for COUSIN IGGY, boy, and the guys I'm gonna crack down hardest on are guys like YEW!"

You're gonna *have* to, I hissed.

Iggy laughed happily. "I KNOW!" he said.

On The Stooges last-stand Jimmy Osterberg's introduction to "Rich Bitch" smacked of both anti-semitism and self-hate.

"Our next selection for all you HEBREW LADIES in the audience is entitled RICH BITCH!"

You better explain yourself *fast,* Mister Osterberg.

"I don't know if I'm Jewish or *not,"* Iggy tells me. "It drives me crazy. Y'see my Dad was adopted by a German Jewish lady and so he doesn't know what *he* is. He knows he's from England. My Dad's English. He was a ship baby, right. Coming over from England and a sailor dumped the chick and said, 'Wait on the dock, honey, I'll be back after the next *crooose,'* AND NEVER CAME BACK. It's been driving me nuts for years and so finally I gave up. I don't care. I have an affinity for Jews, y'know? Always seem to get along with them in a certain way. And I got this other thing for Christians, I like them a lot. But I don't know which one I am . . ."

"Rich Bitch" was written for a specific Detroit girl, Iggy reveals, while telling me my observations about the introduction to the song on

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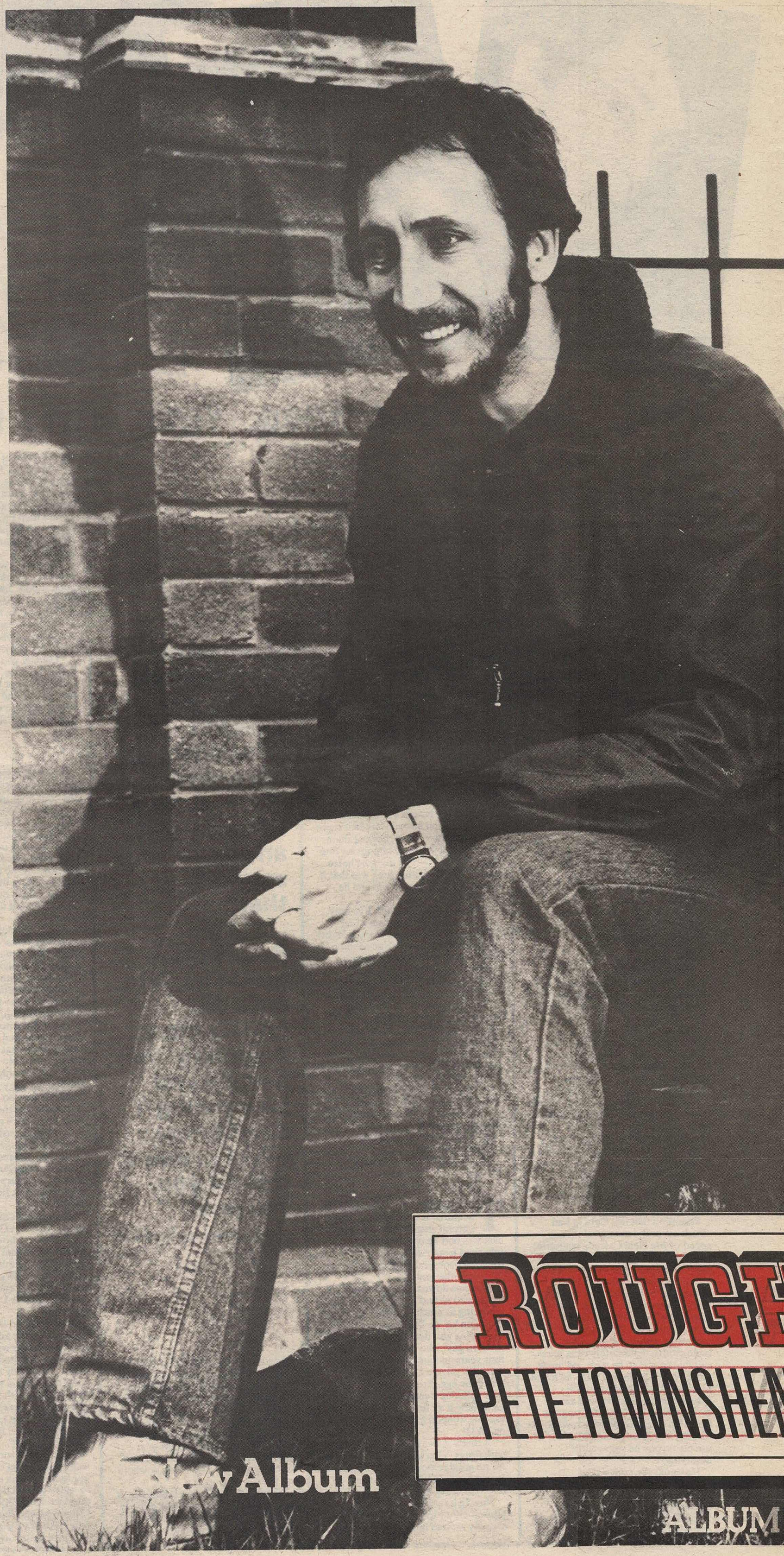
Rough it ain't

Ronnie Lane · Pete Townshend · Pete



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● *Continued from page 29*

"Metallic K.O." are on the nail.

"That's what they're *like* out there," pleads Iggy, the secret of his glamour rooted in despair. "I wrote that impromptu during a practise, I was so pissed off with my girlfriend and her *little red car* and her *little yellow panties*, and all her fuckin' *stooopid* values."

Further into The Stooges last stand Iggy stands at the front of the stage being pelted by bottles, bricks, lightbulbs and countless eggs and issues another statement to the females out there beyond the footlights . . .

"IS IT TIME FOR A RIIIIIOT, GIRLS? RIIIIIIIIIIIOT!!!"

Thinking of a tantrum, a real big tantrum . . .

"Will you still place your bets against The Neighbourhood Threat? / Somewhere a baby's feeding, / Somewhere a mother's needing, / Outside her boy is trying, / But mostly he's just crying, / Did you see his eyes? / Did you see his crazy eyes?"

Is he still a regular guy?

"SISTER MIDNIGHT" was the first studio collaberation Iggy did with Bowie after leaving the psychiatric institute. It's the opening cut on "The Idiot".

"Calling Sister Midnight, / I'm breakage inside, / Calling Sister Midnight, / You know I had a dream last night, / Mother was in my bed and I made love to her, / Father he gunned for me, / Hunted me with his six guns, / Calling Sister Midnight, / What can I do about my dreams?"

"BOWIE GAVE me a chance to apply myself because he thinks I have some talent . . ." Iggy admits to missing Bowie a great deal. He correctly guesses what part of London my accent is from.

"David's from Brixton," Iggy tells me.

That's why his eyes are different colours. (Bowie nearly lost the sight of one eye as a child when he got kicked in it during a fight).

"Bowie gave me a chance to apply myself because he thinks I have some talent . . . originally we were just gonna do "Sister Midnight" but I think he respected me for putting *myself* in a loony bin . . ."

"He was the only guy who came to visit me . . . nobody else came . . . nobody. Not even my *so-called* friends in L.A. . . . but David came."

Bowie has never failed to acknowledge the esteem in which he holds Iggy Pop. The difference between "The Idiot" and "Lust For Life" can be attributed to Iggy's maniac hard-graft to constantly remain one step ahead of everyone else in the studio, as well as Bowie's longtime yearning to work with the Pop on "one of your *brash* albums."

Only "Raw Power" has surpassed "Lust For Life" in sheer dynamic intensity Pop-Rock. When I ask Iggy how much he misses the presence of James Williamson he tells me that he prefers David Bowie's guitar-playing.

"David played most of the guitar on 'The Idiot'," Iggy reminisces with obvious warmth. "He plays better Angry Young Guitar BETTER than any Angry Young Guitar player I've ever heard . . . *including* James Williamson. The only guy who cuts Williamson to pieces."

What about The Boy From Noo Yawk City?

"Except for Thunders," Iggy concedes, then considers. "Although Johnny's in a different bag because he's more of a songwriter. He does some great stuff . . ." Thunders has known Iggy since he was seventeen and in LA for the first time with The New York Dolls.

"When Bowie plays guitar he gets *nutz!*" Iggy chants. "You know that little part on 'Dum Dum Boys'? That, BOWEEEEEEEE-WAAAAAAHHH!? That's his part. That's David doing that! Phil Palmer was doubling with him but David's part was *much* raunchier. *Very* raunchy."

Iggy jumps up and demonstrates how David Bowie picks his axe.

"He *struggles* with the thing like *that* when he plays-UH! *Struggles* to the C chord. His fingers start cramping after a while and we have to stop halfway through and he's yelling, *'I DON'T KNOW WHY THE FUCK I'M DOING THIS FOR YOU, YOU JERK!'"*

I mention that there's no way two friends could work on something great without spending some time clawing at each other's jugular vein.

Iggy agrees.

"We have a very abrasive relationship, it's a clash. How can two friends make an album sound like that? By the time we got out of that studio . . . and rightly so. He has a lot to say to me and he knows when I'm fulla shit and vice versa. And I can't stand for anyone to know when I'm fulla shit and call me on it! I hate that. Like any guy does, to be nailed. And I can nail *him* too!"

The grin on Iggy's face shows he loves every second of it.

"And sometimes you get confused and you're not sure *who's* right. Plus there's something called an ego . . . but I don't know about *those*."

I'm remembering The Stooges last-stand when Iggy introduced the band and claimed, quite rightfully, I thought, *"I AM The Greatest!"*

"LUST FOR LIFE" was finished completely after a mere two-and-a-half weeks in the studio. Iggy stayed on to work when everyone else had gone home because he wanted the record to be *his*.

"See, Bowie's helluva fast guy," he explains, rapidly striking his open palm with his fist. "Quick-quick. Very quick thinker, very quick action, very active person, very sharp — I realised that *I had to be quicker than him otherwise whose* album was it gonna be?"

Iggy reckons the best analogy is The Tortoise And The Hare.

"I just saved up and saved up and saved and during *that* album the guys and he'd leave the studio to go to sleep . . . but not me."

Iggy's determination to be master of his own destiny is probably the biggest driving force in his life.

"I was working to be one jump ahead of them for the next day. So I was always one jump ahead of *everybody*."

Another ploy he used to maintain his lion's share of the power was by singing all the tracks recorded absolutely live, with none of the technical overkill Iggy calls "studio schmoz".

By cutting in this way, Iggy says the band was constantly hyped-up working on totally fresh material which reached its most perfect expression when recording "The Passenger".

"I'd never let anyone hear the song. Not David, not anybody."

He says he didn't even let *himself* hear it, by which he means he never wrote the words down on paper, (in fact he never does, he keeps all his lyrics in his head). No overdubbing at all was used on the album, and when Iggy wanted to start playing with the buttons it was Bowie who jumped on him. Iggy slips into his Bowie impersonation with affectionate fury.

"Noooooo! Don't you touch it, you little nurd! Don't touch it, you FOOL! YOU FOOL! THAT STUNK!"

Iggy also demonstrates Bowie's voice when the anger is ice-cold. "Next try. Get the hook." He draws comparison to *The Gang Show*, an American TV show where contestants get a gong struck when the panel of guests can take no more.

"GONG!" Iggy shouts. "Sorry, Mister Osterberg, perhaps next week with that *schtuck!*"

His ultimate words on the subject of the emotional bond that will *always* hold The Thin White Duke and The World's Forgotten Boy into a team ready to fight the planet together irrespective of how much they fight amongst themselves: "The reason why I came back and did 'The Idiot' with David was because he was *my last ditch* — he was the only guy who in my *gut* I knew personally, who I really respected and really thought had done some—" he claps his hands three times, very loudly — "HOT MUSIC! But we didn't have a band, there was just the two of us on that whole album. Like a couple of little old ladies with knitting needles or something . . ."

Here comes success, / In the last ditch, / I'll think of you."

HIS Austrian girlfriend Heidi accompanied him on the last tour of the U.K. He stopped making-love to her after the second gig because he "gave at the offfice, baybee." Just can't choose ya . . . genius is loneliness, not mere pain.

It's no understatement to say his need for performing is total terminal addiction. Iggy asked me to take off my shirt and take his place at the microphone while the band went through "Lust For Life" and he worked out the lights he wants used and I was fascinated by the huge mirror in front of the stage . . .

"When somebody's on junk they don't care if you care about them because they don't care about you," Iggy concluded on Heroin. "Unless they're on junk. As long as they're on junk they care about you, as soon as they're off they don't care about *nobody*. That's what junk's all about. You might just as well take a mirror and just look at yourself for all day and all night."

But he's got a son now. Eric Osterberg has nine summers. When Iggy felt worthy enough to meet him for the very first time recently they spent three days together in Michigan motel.

"A motel in Michigan for a little kid from Detroit is — WOW!" he laughs happily.

"Swimming pool, pool tables, look at *my* Dad's muscles, wow, Dad's got a big dick! It's important to a kid . . . and I had on one of my show's tapes and when he got bored watching me shave he wandered off to another room. When I finished and came out he was in front of the mirror doing *ME* better than *ME!* I mean he had it *DOWN!* He'd only seen me work twice, and *nobody* can do me." The steel-green eyes are wide with genuine awe. "But now there's *someone else* who can, y'know?"

The tour is the next stage of the third and final attempt to avoid crucifixion. Only once while we talked did Iggy's confidence in his new-found self-discipline slip for a few telling moments of panic and joy.

"I used to just dive right into ANYTHING! . . . I'm still that way — *totally!!!* I haven't changed A BIT." Laughs, ruefully. "Not a FUCKIN' BIT!"

He laughs one more time with much less conviction and then shakes his head and sits in deep thoughtful silence, his body clenched like an embryonic fist.

"Which is scary for me," he says quietly, and you believe him.

But the next day I fly back to London knowing the self-immolation nagging doubt will save his soul. "If you got a bust for life *wham!* You get it right in the ear," he had told me.

Well, The World's Forgotten Boy has took it in the ear for too long. And he feels lucky tonight. Got a torture film worth a million in prizes and he's primed to collect. Can ya FEEEEL IT?

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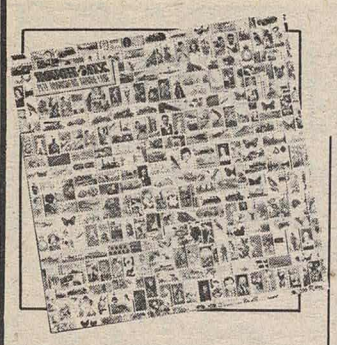


TOWNSHEND/LANE
Rough Mix (Polydor)

STEVE MARRIOTT, out on the road with the new Small Faces, and Keith Richard, traipsing through the world's courts as usual, seem to want to pretend it isn't happening.

Ray Davies, jetting around the States to promote his would-be renaissance album, and Paul McCartney, tailoring his records to each passing moment, seem to want to regain and retain status quo despite it.

Growing old, of course.

Apparently it's best if you've got someone else to grow old with — and so Ronnie Lane and Pete Townshend have cut this album which, although it's unstated, seems like a celebration of mellowing out.

It makes sense — not just because "All Around The World" is the best Who single since "Pictures Of Lily", but also because Townshend and Lane have both been admirably resolute in facing up to being over thirty these past few years.

Ronnie Lane forsook the circus antics of The Faces in '73 to etch out his singular brand of amiable English music. Pete Townshend, meanwhile, despite still running the best live band on the planet (when they play), has scratched his head and thankfully eschewed the grandiose options that were open to him; The Who's only album in the past four years, "By Numbers", bravely faces up with bitterness and bemusement to the sheer stupidity of the rock'n'roll deathstyle.

The only flaw in Lane and Townshend recording together is that they appear to have nothing in common except their attitude (and a mutual respect for Meher Baba). On the cover they sit on a tree stump, smiling beatifically — and facing in opposite directions. Their history of mod rock and superstardom, disillusionment and reassessment, may link them like Siamese twins, but the only musical evidence lies in the album's predominantly low-key style.

Far from being the mod-rock album to show this year's young upstarts the way to the exit, "Rough Mix" demonstrates a conscious search for an expression relevant to a generation of artists who have tasted too much too soon, and have turned *"hope I die before I grow old"* on its head. At thirty most musicians are only just approaching their prime, but for the rock'n'roll star it's almost retirement age.

Flailing chords and deafening feedback would be ludicrous for Townshend now. So he nurtures the quieter side of his own legacy, the quasi-acoustic rhythm guitar and the sardonic humour. Lane simply ploughs the rustic furrow he's worked in these past four years.

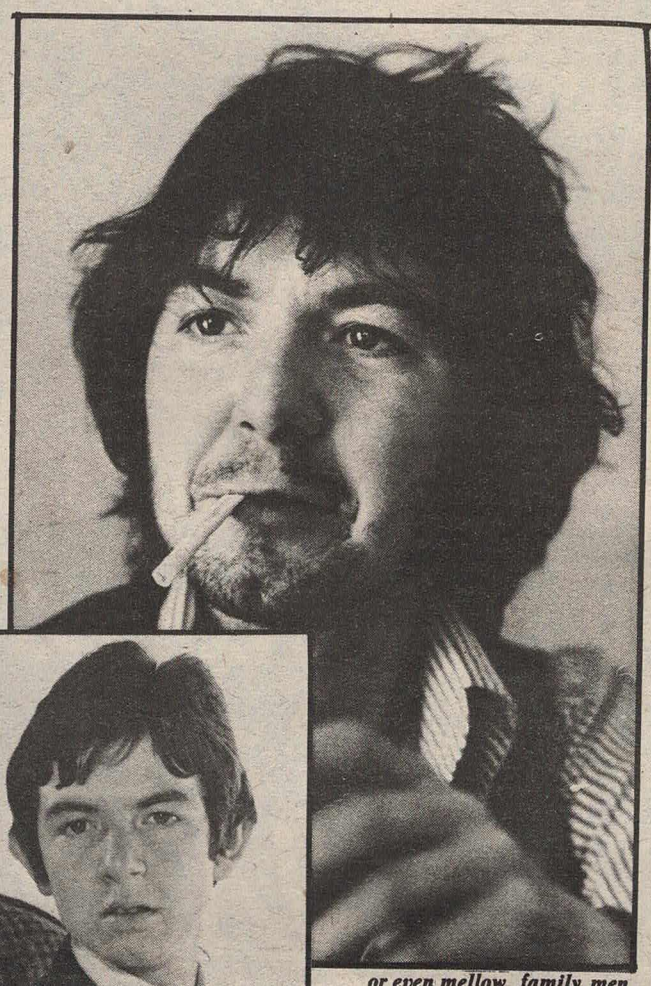
Despite a large selection of guest musicians — including Charlie Watts, Eric Clapton, Rabbit Bundrick, drummer Henry Spinetti, Gallagher and Lyle, Boz Burrell, Medicine Head harpist Peter Hope Evans and violinist Charlie Hart — this is very much Ron and Pete's album. They play numerous guitars, mandolins and basses, and their performance usually only requires sparse melodic embellishment and the services of a drummer.

The album breaks down into three categories.

First, Ronnie Lane's ongoing *Wind In The Willows* soundtrack: three songs which emphasise Lane's mastery of his chosen wandering woodsman's music and his ever improving command of the vocal stylisation required. Slim Chance's rural stance tends to reach overdose proportions over a whole album, but scattered through this sympathetic company, Lane's *oeuvre* takes on an impressive and attractive definition.

Hope I Grow Old Gracefully Before I Die

Being Rock gods . . .



or even mellow family men

ain't as good as being mods . . .

Secondly, there are three songs which don't fit instantly into either Lane or Townshend's pigeon hole — though it would come as no surprise to find them on a Slim Chance set. Lane's "Catmelody" is a booting R&B song, while the only Townshend-Lane composition, the title track, is a downhome R&B instrumental featuring pleasantly biting Clapton lead guitar. The one non-original, "Till The Rivers All Run Dry", would also not be out of place in Slim Chance's repertoire, despite its Townshend vocal.

Finally, sprinkled among those six predominantly Lane-influenced tracks are five Pete Townshend songs. Lane has had four years to hone *his* rough mix; Townshend, on the other hand, is experimenting, and whatever overall pattern there is to his five new songs is diffuse and defused in this format.

They range from the completely trivial to the extremely sad, from time-worn rockaboogie to orchestral experimentation. Townshend's music is far more personalised than Lane's. While it could be argued that what Townshend loses in impact through the present mix he gains in the mellow ambience Lane brings to everything he touches, the album's overall glow of rural amiability undoubtedly takes the edge off Townshend's more incisive work.

"My Baby Gives It Away" is a neat boogie motored by Charlie Watts' stylish snare; "Keep Me Turning" is an irresistible downhome pop song seemingly about — ahem — going to heaven. Townshend's treatment is subtle and sardonic.

"Misunderstood" is a mildly amusing and somewhat strained portrait of a man who desires the charisma of being moody and misunderstood, while "Street In The City" sets a string section against Townshend's solo folk blues guitar in a manner reminiscent of Donovan's Goodge Street opus of ten years ago. Lyrically it recalls "Penny Lane" — the street this time is Fleet Street. As in Misunderstood", Townshend's bitterness obtrudes from a veneer of indolent observation; unfortunately, the deliberately fragmented technique disguises Townshend's purpose a little *too* well.

Pete's one major song here is "Heart To Hang Onto", Lane singing verses and Townshend choruses on a relentless circular progression, the only song with an explicitly aggressive dynamic. The lyrical vision is bleak and sad; one of the lonely characters in the song wants to become a rock star, not realising that *"his whole life is just another try"*.

Despite its patchy composition, "Rough Mix" is a fine, if unsensational, album, held together by a sense of calm consideration. It has its weak points, particularly those moments when it verges on triteness or sentimentality, but Townshend/Lane always avoid the traps they set themselves.

Restrained but not bland, it's a lesson in growing up gracefully.

Phil McNeill

FEELGOODS: Prisoners of Rock ?

DR. FEELGOOD
Be Seeing You (United Artists)

MAYBE IT'S Freudian. The Feelgoods have picked up on a motif from *The Prisoner* for the title of this album and, in some ways, they're rather comfortably imprisoned by their own unique position in British rock and roll.

The fact is that the band, in certain respects, is on its own. They're still new enough not to be part of the rock establishment who've seen it all and done it all.

On the other hand they ain't the new whatever, still able to enjoy simple buzz saw overkill. The new wave have yet to tackle the problems of texture and progression that come with making a second, third or fourth album.

This, however, is the good Doctor's fifth album and I'm sorry to say they still haven't managed to plot a creative direction for themselves.

They still play basic, ballsy R & B. But once you've said that, you've said it all — and in the long run that's hardly good enough. The band may whip up a passing excellent storm at a live show, but as recording artists they're clinging, with what now seems like a certain desperation, to square one. They've built such a super solid foundation that it's starting to hurt when there's no sign of the house going up..

I know parallels with ten years ago are shaky, but they do scream out to be drawn when you're talking about Dr. Feelgood. The Stones, the Yardbirds and even the Who all set out from the same point as Lee and the lads. With all those bands, though, their R & B roots were a launch pad for all kinds of adventurous and occasionally absurd ideas.

By the time the Stones, the Yardbirds and the Who had sweated out five albums they'd covered a lot of space time. The Stones were well past "Satisfaction" and coasting into the dodgy sphere of all out satanic majesty. The Yardbirds had confused themselves with Gregorian chants and let Beck wring scarcely human utterances, undreamed of by Buddy Guy, from an electric guitar. The Who had completed "Tommy" (God help us all) and were wondering what to do next.

So what have the Feelgoods achieved? It's a good question. Sadly, there isn't a good answer. After one of the most promising starts I've had the pleasure to witness, they seem to have bogged down in break-neck bouts of The Formula As Before.

Maybe this isn't quite fair. They did part company with Wilko Johnson at what was probably a very crucial point. Wilko was by far the most innovative of the original team; You might say he innovated himself clean out of the band.

Nor is it strictly fair to heap undue criticism on this record. Taken as a whole there's not too much wrong with it. The Nick Lowe production has its hair neatly brushed and clean fingernails. John Mayo, although he doesn't have Wilko's idiosyncratic power, more than holds his end up. Lee Brilleaux doesn't do a single thing to make me revise my opinion that he's one of the best homegrown shouters we've got. Sparko and Figure underpin the whole exercise with the solid capability we've come to expect of them.

With the possible exception of "Hi-Rise", a rather lightweight instrumental jam that for some mysterious reason opens side one, it's impossible to pour scorn on the songs.

It's a nice idea to include oldies like "Ninety Nine And A Half", "Looking Back" and Muddy's "Blues Had A Baby And They Called It Rock And Roll", but at this stage the Feelgoods ought to be pointing up the power of the new material.

And the hits just keep coming . . .

Unfortunately they don't. Those three songs and "Buddy Buddy Friends" are the most powerful items here. The others — "She's A Wind Up", "That's It, I Quit" and "Baby Jane" — all hark back much too obviously to the early compositions. There are too many familiar flashes of "Back In The Night" /"All Through The City".

Familiarity breeds, if not contempt, at least cosiness, and the Feelgoods aren't the kind of band who can afford to be cosy. Their original power stemmed from their sounding dangerous. The music sounded like they'd strip you from ear to ear as soon as look at you.

All that's left now is a lot of R&B. Sure it's hard and tight, but the bargain bins are full of hard, tight R&B.

I think it's indicative of the crossroads the Feelgoods have reached that the only track which still holds traces of the old East End thug menace is the custom-built Larry Wallis composition "As Long As The Price Is Right."

There's a kind of conservatism creeping into the Feelgoods' work. Conservatism (with a small c) may be okay if you're a merchant banker. If you're a rock and roll band it's the path to stagnation.

And that would be a crying shame.

Mick Farren

Farewell Batman & Robin

"Holy Chinamen Darryl, this critic's plastered our new platter." *Pic: PENNIE SMITH*

DARYL HALL AND JOHN OATES
Beauty on a Back Street (RCA)

IF HALL and Oates do indeed split up, then Daryl Hall seems the man more likely to succeed — though whether it will be on the level he's used to is another matter.

Hall's songs are this new album's major assets. His tunes take up the first three tracks on both sides, with Oates left to pad out the space remaining.

Neither man has come up with anything that quite matches their work on the "Bigger Than Both Of Us". There's nothing to place alongside that memorable sequence of "Back Together Again", "Rich Girl" and "Crazy Eyes". Most of the melodies here simply don't linger in the same way.

This is in part due, perhaps, to a curious shift in policy. Hall and Oates have abandoned disco music. That either suggests they've shrewdly anticipated the end of the boom, or that they've badly misjudged it.

Given the duo's track record, this news ought to be enough to cause panic at the funk factory. If Hall and Oates think disco is a shaky commodity, then the stampede will surely be on for safer investments.

But before record producers start to throw themselves from skyscrapers, it's as well to examine Hall and Oates' own predicament with more care. Hall has developed an obsession with heavy-handed guitar riffs and solos. He seems not merely to have opted out of funk, but to have abandoned black music altogether.

The opening "Don't Change" is a classic example. The chorus has some pleasant vocal harmonies, the theme is stated by remorselessly snarling guitar. The net effect is reminiscent of those British bands circa 1970 who plodded along in the wake of Cream and their ilk. In fact, it's just the sort of music that U.K. record companies are busily dumping from their catalogues to appease the new wave.

Further excessive guitar introduces "Why Do Lovers Break Each Others Heart" a pity, because the melody and the hook are the strongest on the album. The song's the sort of thing that black vocal groups did with such panache in the Fifties. Heavy metal guitar just seems out of place.

In contrast Hall's consecutive song, "You Must Be Good For Something", survives almost entirely on the strength of its riff, with the chorus not quite resolved.

Oates' first contribution is a maudlin piano-based ballad, "The Emptyness". Self-pity prevails: *"I feel the emptyness inside me, the emptyness inside me"*. Okay, okay, you're empty. "Love Hurts (Love Heals)" is more of the same, but with some light relief provided by Tom Scott's sax.

"Bigger Than Both Of Us" opens side two back to the title of the last album. The lyrics, on which both men collaborated, seem to be an explanation of why they're drifting apart. A pleasant ballad with nicely swirling strings, but nothing special.

An account of the occupational hazards faced by rock stars follows. It's called "Bad Habits and Infections", and seems to be a misogynist's revenge. Ah well.

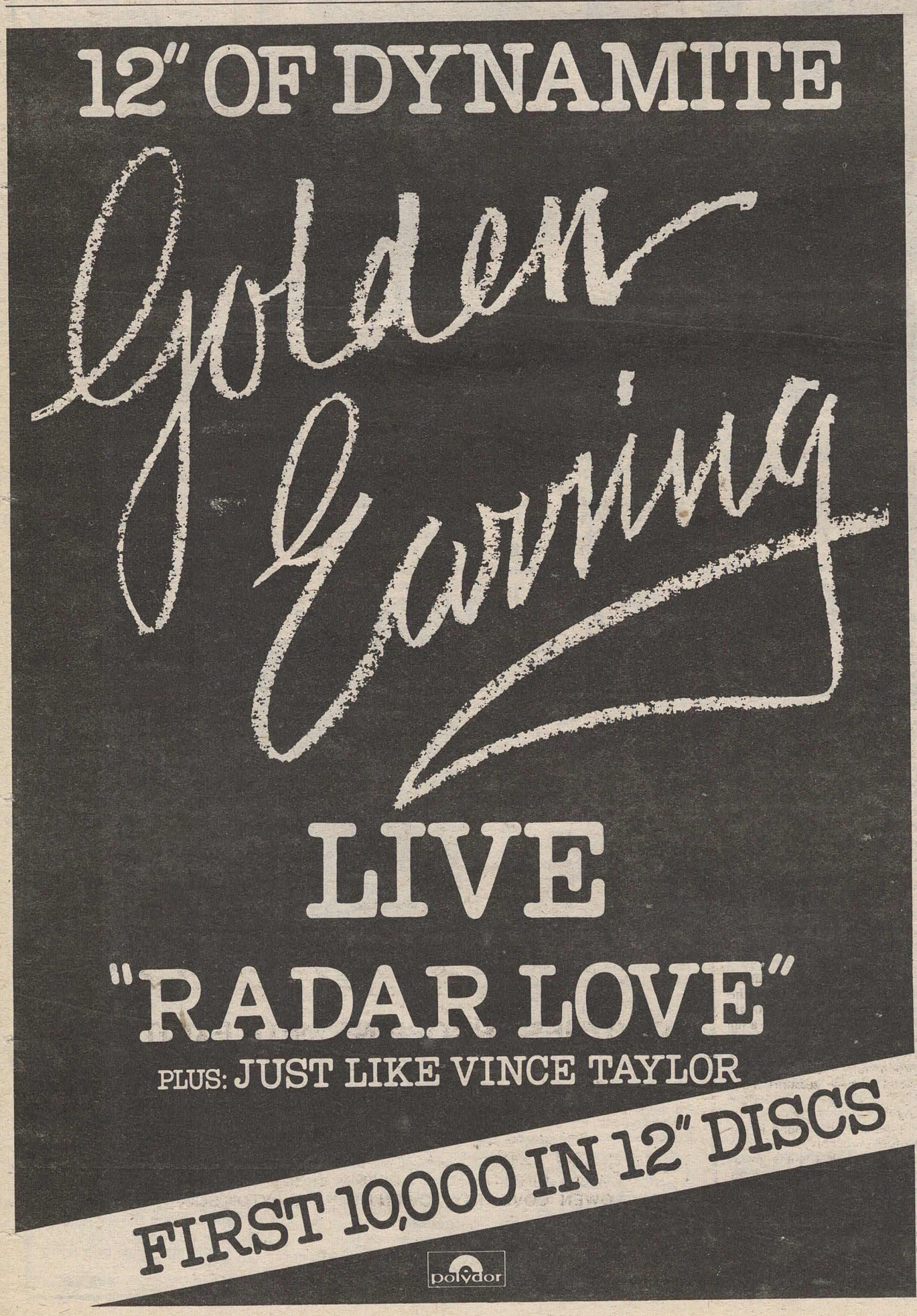
Strangely enough, both Hall and Oates seem to have stored up their most ambitious songs for the final tracks. "Winged Bull" is some kind of arranger's epic. It owes a little to Led Zeppelin's "Kashmir", even more to those endless experiments with Indian sounds in the Sixties. Suitably enough, Hall's lyrics are concerned with mythology and mysticism; the whole song is an impressive piece of drama.

Oates' "The Girl Who Used to Be" finally finds him on form. An instrument called a "mando guitar" provides a distinctive intro, establishing a mood of poignant melancholy.

The following that Hall and Oates have established in the States will probably be enough to ensure massive sales for this set; there's a single of great potential in "Why Do Lovers". But on balance, this album strengthens reports of the rift between them. If they had a joyless three months assembling these songs, then it's certainly reflected.

That easy grasp of a commercial melody seems to have gone, even if temporarily. The atmosphere, overall, is a downer. But then all artists have to evolve. This bout of anguish is probably a necessary preliminary to the next advance.

Bob Edmands



ROBERT GORDON with LINK WRAY
Robert Gordon with Link Wray (Private Stock Import)

WHEN AN established musician makes an album of the music he grew up with the results are often excellent.

Lennon's "Rock 'n' Roll", The Band's "Moondog Matinee" and Bowie's "Pin Ups" were great; none of them were trying to make a statement with the music, simply to rip it up with the songs they loved.

But when somebody largely unknown makes the same kind of album the result is usually listenable (because those old songs are always good to hear) although strangely cold and incomplete — like walking through a museum.

For all their technique and respect, Dave Edmunds' "Get It" and now "Robert Gordon with Link Wray" sound that way.

Robert Gordon is the former singer with Tuff Darts, who had some tracks on the "Live At CBGB's" album. After such an ignominous start Gordon proudly asserts that he didn't relate at all to the 60's (never mind the 70's) and with the help of producer Richard Gettehrer and guitarist Link Wray he sets about recreating some sounds of the 50's for his first album.

Aside from three sloppy Wray originals, all, of the songs are oldies: Billy Lee Riley's "Red Hot" and "Flying Saucers Rock'n'Roll" are easyily the best cuts, followed by Carl Perkins' "Boppin The Blues", Eddie Cochran's "Summertime Blues" and three lesser known country ballads.

Gordon's voice is almost authentic, hiccups and all. He passes off a good Presley / Charlie Rich style on the ballads and fairly yelps away on the up tempo stuff.

Richard Gottehrer gets the same crisp Amusement Park sound that he contributed to Blondie's album and the band includes bassist Rob Stoner and drummers Howie Wyeth, both from Dylan's Rolling Thunder band) all play well if a little on the perfunctory side. Link Wray dumps his squawking, overamped Fender all over the record.

As Gordon sings on "Boppin The Blues", a handful of nickels and a jukebox will cure all your ills. His album will cost more than a handful of nickels, though it's certainly cheaper than a jukebox — but I know which I'd rather have.

Paul Rambali

GEORGE FAITH
Be A Lover (Have Mercy) (Black Swan).

JAMAICAN PRODUCER Lee "Scratch" Perry can usually be relied on to introduce strong new talent or to re-energise established names in forthright fashion.

Perry's 'discovery' of the sweet-voiced Junior Murvin last year gave rise to a superfine single and album in "Police And Thieves"; his collaborations with Max Romeo ("War Ina Babylon"), The Heptones ("Party Time") and others were equally fruitful.

Caught in this glare, "Be A Lover (Have Mercy)" is a disappointment. Nobody seems to know who George Faith is — or if they do, they're not telling. On this evidence, I'm not bothered either way.

Faith's voice is worryingly nondescript, at times *vaguely* reminiscent of Taj Mahal's 'smokey' vocals, but lacking any of the former bluesman's authority or commitment to his themes.

And authority Faith needs, given the choice material he (or Perry) has selected. "Be A Lover" includes workouts of Gamble and Huff's "I've Got The Groove", Daniels and Thompson's "Turn Back The Hands Of Time" (you might recall the Tyrone Davis version), also a medley of Wilson Pickett's "Midnight Hour" and Lee Dorsey's "Ya Ya".

Faith however seems unable to carry the weight of these gemsongs. His soul reggae treatments are slight; they

strike me as cursory and dispiriting. As for Paul Anka's "Diana", a brittle sugarlump of a song, it's simply misplaced here.

Faith himself claims four credits. One of these, "So Fine", sounds pretty much like the 50's Johnny Otis number. The title song, "Opportunity" and "All The Love I've Got" are hardly memorable, lyrically or otherwise.

The main attractions of "Be A Lover" rest with Perry's Black Ark production. Bass and drums are mostly quick-snap rockers, guitars and keyboards strictly chords, with only sax given any furtive solo space. Mainforce rhythms.

Horns and backing vocals veer inscrutably through the mix whilst everything's washed in liberal echo and phase. Fool though I am for Perry's studio liquisonics, I'd rather hear them supporting a more distinctive vocal lead.

Not a major upset from Perry The Upsetter then. "Be A Lover" is as good a dance-track as it's a further example of Perry's recording artistry — but that's all.

Angus MacKinnon

CITY BOY
Young Men Gone West (Vertigo)

THIS MUST be the coldest record I've heard this year.

Perhaps it suits the endless, insipid summer of '77. I keep playing it but I still can't find one spark of feeling. No anger, no joy, no excitement. Some good tunes, plenty of clever lyrics, all well performed with crisp, clean, Rockfield studio sound. Just nothing more than a sort of detached, light-hearted cynicism to pull them together.

"Dear Jean" sounds like a self-indulgent Queen single. "Honeymooners", "Run-around" and "She's Got Style" (the new 45) are smooth, appealing songs that might grow on me if I gave them the chance. This group could be England's answer to Steely Dan.

It's a five man combo, Lol Mason and Steve Broughton sharing vocals, with guitar, keyboards and bass back-up but no full-member drummer. They've got the kind of talent that could reel off intelligent, easy-listening chart singles at the same rate as 10CC. It's a smug, self-satisfied kind of talent.

I haven't tapped my feet while I've been listening to "Young Men". It hasn't moved me either. It hasn't even made me laugh. This album does nothing but produce the same tunes, the same reactions, over and over again. It's almost hypnotic.

There's nothing wrong with the music itself and there must be a huge audience for it. It you like well constructed, clinical pop-rock, go and buy it. You'll like it. Hum the tunes to your friends.

It's got a neat lyric sheet as well, multi-coloured, but I'm not going to let that fool me.

Kim Davis

LINDA RONSTADT
Simple Dreams (Asylum)

ANOTHER TIME, another place, Linda Ronstadt would no doubt be cutting such titles as "Sings All-Time Italian Favourites" or "I Remeber Patsy Cline" instead of seeming the victim of an identity crisis.

The Lovely Linda may claim in interviews to harbour no pretentions other than being the Connie Francis of the'70s, but nevertheless she's still foisted as some heavy-duty lady or terminal heartbreaker.

Looks are also very misleading. If La Ronstadt didn't push the *ingenue,* her albums would still be racked under "Girl Vocalists — Miscellaneous R".

Her highly-professional stage show aside, such albums as "Don't Cry Now", "Heart Like A Wheel" and "Prisoner In Disguise" affirmed that as a recording artist, she's only as appealing as the songs that are selected for her, and the skilful manner in which they are arranged.

"Hasten Down The Wind" was the first indication that the formula was showing signs of stress whilst "Simple Dreams" confirms that it's in need of a complete overhaul.

That "Simple Dreams" is *product* is emphasised by the lacklustre manner in which Ronstadt skips from track to track trying to decide whether to remain Connie Francis or become Tammy Wynette or Marianne Faithfull. She comes across sounding detached and dispassionate.

Much of the failure of "Simple Dreams" is due to the fact that as bandleader and guitarist and imaginative rhythm arranger, Andrew Gold is conspicuous by his absence. Without Gold's invaluable assistance, Ronstadt's regular policy of dragging together a few choice oldies in Buddy Holly's "It' So Easy", Roy Orbison's "Blue Bayou" and The Rolling Stones' "Tumbling Dice", interspersing these with songs from stablemates Warren Zevon and J.D. Souther, adding traditional airs and sundry other songs . . . well, it just doesn't have the desired effect.

Sure, the notes are played correctly and Linda sings each song in tune but apart from perfunctory pathos and forced enthusiasm, there's a total lack of any real commitment. "Simple Dreams" suffers from too much clinical Californian studio expertise. The problem manifests itself right away on "It's So Easy". Whereas in the past Andrew Gold could take an old pot-boiler like "You're No Good" and craft it to enhance Ronstadt's limited style, under guitarist Waddy Wachtel's guidance such exercises are treated with flat-footed tact.

Similarly, "Blue Bayou" is bereft of the subtle charm and atmospherics of The Big O's original whilst "Tumbling Dice" (one of the Stones' most underrated gems) should have been well left alone. On stage, Linda may giggle that "Mick taught me the lyrics", but Jagger should really have dissuaded her from attempting to record the song. Sloppy slide guitar and synthesised drums are no substitute for the gut-level raunch that Keith Richard smeared over the prototype.

In person La Ronstadt may appear *tres* foxy but there's not forgiving her acute lack of passion when tackling Warren Zevon's "Carmelita". A tragic story of terminal drug withdrawal, she coos it with precious little concern.

"Simple Dreams" is the kind of album that makes easy listening a chore.

Roy Carr

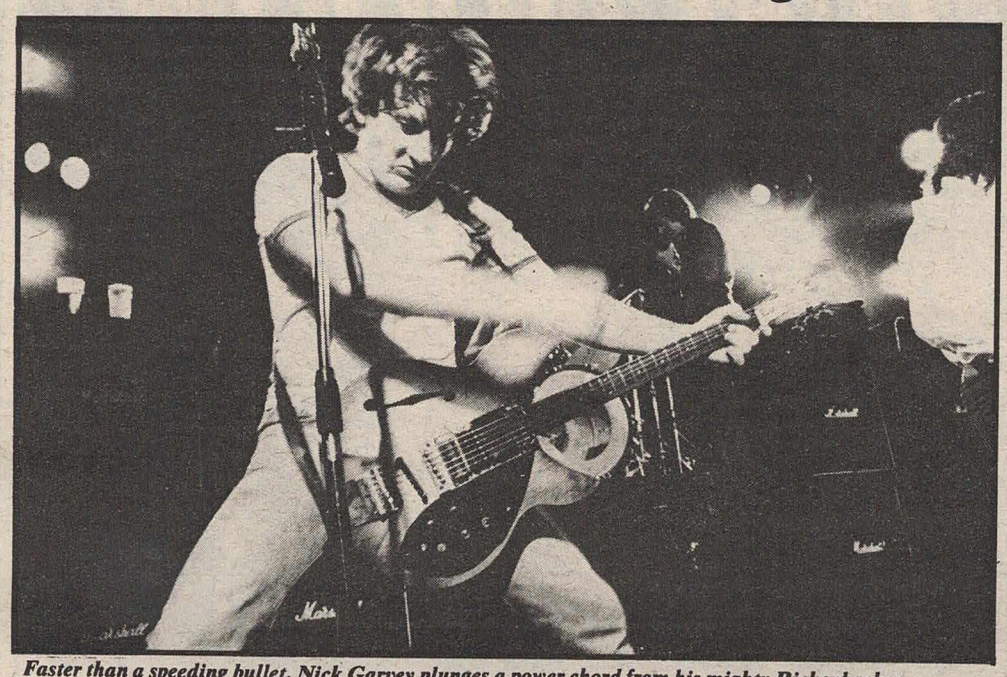
THE FLOATERS
The Floaters (ABC)

ABOUT 30 secs of "Float On" would make a workable intro for a decent soul ballad. 11 mins 49 secs of "Float On" is enough to give all but the least sensitive individuals the screaming abdabs.

The unexpurgated "Float On" has soared up the American and British pop charts and is alleged to be ABC's fastest selling single ever. Here endeth a brief indictment (as if you needed one) of the mental, spiritual and emotional poverty of 2 or 3 million floatees.

And that's to say nothing of the offensively saccharine twitterings of The Floaters themselves, who "Thank God for all the love shared in the making of this LP" and "Thank you for

Howdy Nick & Andy . . .



Faster than a speeding bullet, Nick Garvey plunges a power chord from his mighty Rickenbacker.

giving and sharing love with us" because "Love is wonderful, but to be loved is what it's all about."

Yeccchhhhhhhh. Incidentally, six of the other tracks on this album are only marginally more bearable than "Float On" while the seventh, a version of "You Don't Have To Say You Love Me" that makes The Stylistics sound butch in comparison, is of a peculiarly sickly quality that I'm sure Jonathan King would have been proud to have created.

The whole thing is obviously bound for glory.

Cliff White

THE MOTORS:
1 (Virgin)

NOW THIS isn't bad at all.

The Motors are a new group, their only slight claim to fame being their formation around two ex-Ducks Deluxers, namely Nick Garvey and Andy McMasters. These two players' previous position — sharing a rather awkward "democratic" spotlight with the boisterous ego of Sean Tyla — has now become a clearly defined dictatorship.

The eight songs here all boast the duo's joint credits and the sound is highlit by Garvey's lead vocals and a striking Rickenbacker resonance to the guitar work.

"Dancing The Night Away" is the group's first single, but it's the opening, full six minute version here that provides the set's tour de force. "Dancing" has a good basic structure shaped into small masterpiecedom by dint of a thorough, masterful arrangement and choice of dynamics.

The sound itself immediately smacks of other influences. That perfect Rickenbacker chime picks out a sound obviously close to the texture of those first, vital Byrds recordings.

The song's pace is relentless powerdrive stuff not unlike the monomanic Status Quo boogie "plod" — but fused with a far superior widescreen ambiance by way of Robert John Lange's production, itself a move into metal menace territory inhabited principally by Blue Oyster Cult.

Ultimately the sound is the Motors', indelibly. Its triumph is that of such a young group gaining such a potent, assured feel.

The rest of "1" shows the group to have a fine grip on its own, personalised rock bearings despite their having a slightly disturbing penchant for maintaining similar pacing throughout; the Motors run the risk of seeming too one — dimensional in their vision.

Their finely textured extreme hard rock is given full rein. Unfortunately, by the conclusion of "Summertime" one has become somewhat oversated with the head on pacing and bully boy vocalese that was at first so invigorating on "Dancing". And that despite the odd sidetrack, as in the reggaefied on-beat insistence of "Cold Love".

Lyrically the band sound adequate. Visually they're none too striking. The same problem blighted the Ducks. The group's sound will either fall uncomfortably between the New Wave and the mindless ploddings of this month's Quo-Zep-Queen imitators or else pick up on the crossover audience sick of the latter but ill at ease in the presence of the former's rough edges.

As for the album, I'm impressed by its establishing a patent Motors sound; the potential is obvious enough. As was pointed out in reference to the single, the Byrds never really followed up the full potential of their cataclysmic entries into hard rock ("Eight Miles High" and "So You Want To Be A Rock 'N' Roll Star"), but on that abandoned frontier lies a gold mine of great rock music to be unearthed.

At their best The Motors, like The Rods with their new single, have their spades dug firmly into that terrain whilst at the same time maintaining their own identity. All shortcomings aside, this is a more than worthwhile debut.

Nick Kent

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DISCODOOM
Get Down, Stay Down

Space: But what do we play when the oxygen runs out?

MASS PRODUCTION
Believe (Cotillion)
SPACE
Magic Fly (Pye)

WORKING ON Bowie's "Low" and Ian MacDonald's theory that the only sincere trick the artiste can pull is to disappear — or rather, having failed again in its errant revolutionary errand, music should now strive to mutate into either perfect dancing matter or perfect wallpaper (or both, as in The Clash album, the cold-blooded excellence of which is the obligatory backing track to any New Wave cocktail party).

Dancing madness — your feet are the furthest point from your head, right? You think that was a whim of nature? No, that's the way God planned it; when you're dancing you don't have to think or care about a thing. The 1971 resurgence of Manhattan Disco Fever was the psychotic reaction to a decade of campus-crusading.

Here we have two brilliant discotheque records, both very dull, meaningless and often very beautiful in a strung-out-automaton manner. A darkened room, a straitjacket and a discotheque record — what better way to anaesthetize your irritating perceptions?

"Believe" is the second self-created long player from the ten-piece technical-ecstacy Virginia band Mass Production. How divinely upfront — a band that will kiss and tell all in a title! The wonders of the technological age! Say it loud — I'm mass-produced and I'm proud!

The frenetic itchy-twitchy opener "Free And Happy" might fool you into thinking the title is literal, but the machine-music which keeps the people under its smooth iron thumb knows the truth: "Do Your Thing!", "Get It On!" Technology is like drugs; it was invented to be used by Man, but it turned the tables and it's too late to stop now. Records for the sake of records. Science gone too far.

The instrumental passages of "Free And Happy" recall nothing so much as Chicago's 1970 smooth and mechanical excursion, "Chicago II"; the mood is identical with just a hint of computerised gospel handclapping.

When Mass Production perform "I Believe In Music", you have to admire them. Really. Like when Lou Reed sings "I Love You."

"Music is my life and my salvation/It helps my troubles, relieves my frustrations." In other words, music is a wrist-job or an arm-jab depending on your own little whim.

"Keeping My Heart Together" is numb fluid beauty that ends after one chorus, knowing that less is more; "Cosmic Lust" is the "Star Trek" theme making love to a piece of plush elevator musick.

The bows to emotion here are mere motions to be moved through like a cool, stylised Cakewalk; Love is often referred to, but never with any pretensions to Sincerity. The hang-up of most disco acts, especially (sneer) girls is that they harp on too much about their broken hearts. We're all broken now; what matters is camouflage.

While never less than mesmerising (especially the horn section of James Drumgole and Gregory McCoy), the chrome-in-my-veins quality of this product is sometimes slightly blurred by the vocalising. For some reason the human voice conjures up Humanity, which is certainly the last thing this record, this world of disko is about.

When the instruments and machines are restored to their rightful stage-centre, they're total discotheque perfection. Remember — Mass Production Means Mass Entertainment! Strength Through Joy!

While Mass Production like to play at being People, Space are really into the Cosmos, maaan. If you reckoned calling your combo Mass Production was a brave "Death To The Individual" backlash on the Me Generation, Space take it one step further, the only photographs adorning the sleeve being those of empty space-suits jamming. No musicians, instruments or hairdressers are credited beyond "All compositions by Ecama. Produced by Jean-Phillipe ILIESCO."

Space's claim to fame is their Top Ten single "Magic Fly", the mystical properties of which comprise spooky Moog minor violations and spattered carcrashes of brass shooting up into one long smooth relentless THUMP. If I was still a tacky teeny, I could certainly ignite an urban dancefloor to it.

Because this music is so essentially empty (just one track possesses words, and comes off the worst for it) and so superficially intricate, I would be wary of attempting description. Just imagine a "Magic Fly" by any other name and at several varied tempos.

"Fasten Seat Belt" is a fast-moving single-minded dive in at the deep end; "Ballad For Space Lovers" is a junior, dehumanised "Un Homme Et Une Femme" for the dead-eyed modern lovers of today; "Tango In Space" is quick-silver irrelevance and evasion; "Flying Nightmare" goes higher and higher in an ambitious, awkward kind of way.

"Magic Fly" itself, is followed by the chilling, callous requiem "Velvet Rape" while "Carry On Turn Me On" is shimmering, shiftless, self-absorbed Terpsichorean indulgence for advanced dancers spoiled by an effeminate whining mortal voice. Why can't they leave the machines to fight it out?

So smooth, cool and inhumane as to mean nothing at all. As such surely a worthy soundtrack for most of our lives. Mass Production and Space — superfine, superhype, hypertense or just skinpopping? Who knows or cares? Sink into *your* 1977 stupor in style!

Julie Burchill

RENAISSANCE
Novella (Warner Bros)

THE LIGHTS dim, strings roll out of the PA, lasers criss-cross the auditorium, dry ice rolls across the stage and — Renaissance!! Ready when you are Mr de Mille.

On this album they sound like a second-rate Steeleye

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Span crossed with Yes at their most pretentious and self indulgent. It's the sort of music which was dubbed 'progressive' about seven years ago, except now it's about as adventurous as a stale Cornish pastie.

Renaissance my Botticelli!

Patrick Humphries

NOVA
Wings Of Love (Arista)

CATCH THE traces. Nova are a three-fifths Italian jazz rock outfit. After a hesitant and undistinguished opening gambit in "Blink", they found sudden maturity in time for "Vimana", their second album — largely through the good offices of guests Brand X bassist Percy Jones and Mahavishnork drummer Michael Walden, who's now produced "Wings Of Love".

Nova are shamelessly derivative but somehow manage to rework their influences with an enthusiasm, energy and (as near as dammit) an *originality* that sets them apart from so many practitioners of fusion folly.

The paradox is intriguing. Anyone familiar with Weather Report, the Mahavishnu Orchestra, Return To Forever et al. will have little difficulty in hounding Nova's every note back to its ancestral home.

I remember crying off Brand X's "Moroccan Roll" for similar reasons, but in Nova's case I cite the sources not as criticism but as descriptive markers.

Thus guitarist Carrado Rustici's electric modal scales on the brisk "You Are Light" and his acoustic crossfire on the reflective "Beauty Dream Beauty Flame" are (what else?) undiluted "Birds Of Fire" John McLaughlin. Likewise Elio D'Anna's saxes are strongly reminiscent of Wayne Shorter's and Renato Rosset's keyboards of both Josef Zawinul and Chick Corea. Bassist Barry Johnson and drummer Rick Parnell are the archetypal jazzrock rhythm section: fast flexible and haplessly obsessed with precision.

But none of this matters especially. Nova avoid the gratuitous complexity that mars so much of X's work. Their arrangements are ridiculously regenerative, redeeming material that would otherwise seem merely disposable. Even "Marshall Dillon", the obligatory funkout, is delivered with such resolute attack that any structural failings are readily forgiven.

Nova thrive on a sophisticated dynamic sense, juxtaposing gentle melodic cadence with overwhelming riff sequences to excellent effect. Walden's understanding production emphasises as much and more; Parnell's drum rolls are panned to erupt at strategic moments — false studio melodrama distorted to perfection.

In many respects Nova are the most unselfconscious jazz *and* rock aggregation I've heard; Rustici obviously relishes his propulsive rock soloing as much as D'Anna his jazzwize reed commentaries. Of the eight pieces, the mock-Chinoiseries of "Blue Lake" and the benign tranquility of "Last Silence" are the most appealing. Elsewhere Rustici's curious near-falsetto vocals and Johnson's more soulful timbres strengthen rather than distract from the moods evoked.

Naturally Nova don't stand a ghost's against Weather Report, but that doesn't prevent "Wings Of Love" from seeming preferable to *n* number of Stanley Clarke, George Duke, Alphonso Johnson or whoever offerings. You could wish for much, much worse.

Angus MacKinnon

ERIC CARMEN
Boats Against The Current (Arista)
ANDY PRATT
Shiver In The Night (Nemperor)

THE WHOLESOME, attractive and purposely acceptable face of American pop rears its pretty head again.

Both of these albums are by relative newcomers to the game. Both are crafted for and aimed at mass consumer appeal — one deliberately, with a chosen target area, the other just deliberately, but with less contrivance and more shooting in the dark. Both threaten to pay off.

Eric Carmen will be successful because he writes a good tune, because American companies don't give their artists four studios to play with unless they're going to be successful. Andy Pratt will make it because he writes a better tune.

Taking Carmen first, we find him easing out of a predicament and into a career. Carmen has some kind of track record — a few hits with the Raspberries (a mild sensation as the Who Do You Do of English 60's pop groups) and one on his own. In a decidedly fickle market that's no guarantee of success, so certain precautions have been taken.

Carmen's been given a big budget amd free artistic reign — up to a point. He's allowed to indulge with symphonic epics such as "Run Away", but arranger Paul Buckmaster is brought in to ensure a sound commercial basis.

His pop infatuations are only indulged twice "Take It Or Leave It" is a Faces steal and an excuse for Carmen to exercise his best Stewart/Marriott voice, "She Did It" is a Beach Boys steal with arrangements by ex-Beach Boy Bruce Johnston for authenticity.

The rest of the album is clean, sophisticated pop — mostly romantic ballads that echo Carmen's moody cover expression, songs you can lock yourself away in the bedroom and sob along to. He isn't David Cassidy yet but he's working on it.

But as we all know, the teen idol market is notoriously short and sweet. There's no predicting whether it will take to Carmen's mug, so "Boats" has failsafe in the over-riding 'serious' aura. The tear-stained ballads are never cheap and not *too* soppy (though soppy they are) whilst lyrically Carmen strikes a mature, I-have - loved - and- lost - now - I'm - strong pose throughout. He isn't the new Barry Manilow yet, but he's working on that too.

You have to admire them really. Eric Carmen is carefully set to tug at the heartstrings of adolescent girls across the USA. If he doesn't, then there are always the housewives. If he's very lucky, he might get both. I won't wish him luck, I'll leave that to the marketing department.

I won't wish Andy Pratt luck either, because he's already had a full page review in Rolling Stone and strong US airplay for "Shiver In The Night".

"Shiver" is his second album for Nemperor, and as a piece of commercial contemporary pop it's very good indeed. It has a natural richness that Carmen, for all his syrupy arrangements, can't match; Pratt can spin out a fluent and charming melody to order.

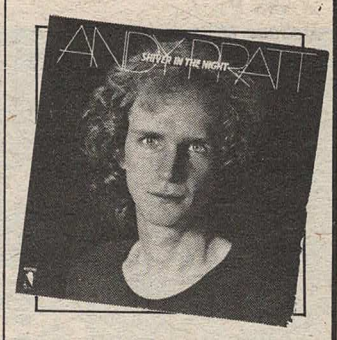
But ultimately it's just as vacuous as Carmen's album, even if a lot prettier. "Boats" is dull the first time you hear it, "Shiver" becomes dull after half a dozen plays.

Pratt's songs are clean, sophisticated pop once again, but, unlike Carmen's they're also unique and unusual. Pratt (unfortunate name that) has opted for a sound that smartly combines the current vogue in American pop just as surely as Carmen has gone for another particular market.

Using the not inconsiderable talents of Arif Mardin as producer he's come up with some sweet, blue-eyed Philly soul, redolent of Andrew Gold, Leo Sayer and Hall and Oates (especially "Abandoned Luncheonette") without pointing too strongly at any of them and with just enough of himself showing to sound fresh.

A glance at the American charts will show this sound is currently not without its audience. Pratt does add some twists to the game though, most noticeably in the curious way he arranges his songs. The melodies and progressions are

PRETTY POP FOR NOW PEOPLE
(So What's In A Face?)



never glib; on the best songs the thread is almost inspired.

Although it's clever and initially different, underneath it's still a well-conceived shot at the market. Witness, for instance, the conclusion of three disco tunes, also the fact that his last album was more eclectic, Rundgrenish pop.

Andy Pratt deserves his success more than Eric Carmen, but neither deserve praise for their astute consumer analysis.

Paul Rambali

VARIOUS
The Deep (Original Motion Picture Soundtrack) (Casablanca)

"THE INSCRUTABLE is the thing I chiefly hate". Thus spake Captain Ahab, the Jack Kerouac of the Seven Seas.

He'd have a whale of a time with this rip off soundtrack album. You can listen to it while you're reading the book of what promises to be an awful film.

Side one is taken up with "a ballet based on the score" for Chrissakes while most of side two is taken up with Donna Summer's latest single (two vocal and one instrumental versions).

There's not even a decent picture of Jacqueline Bisset on the sleeve. It's pressed on blue vinyl — atmosphere you see — and is extremely wet.

Patrick Humphries

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(see music press for dates)

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"OK you birds, back home before them bullying rabbits show up on their Harleys."

BO HANSSON
Music Inspired by "Watership Down" (Charisma)

BIGWIG CAME bounding up the side of the slope through the new grass, his ears joggling against his head and the strange white tuft on top of his skull — it was this which gave him his nickname — shining in the early sun.

"Are you there, Hazel?" he asked. "I've been on *silflay*. Look what I've found".

He displayed a pile of carrots and old lettuces. On top of the heap was a black, flat, circular object. Hazel sniffed it. "I shouldn't think you can eat that", he said. "What is it? Where did you find it, Bigwig?"

"On the rubbish dump across the Iron Road", replied Bigwig, nibbling a piece of mouldering carrot.

In the meantime Hazel was trying to make out the meaning of the strange marks on the circular white section in the middle of the black, foul-smelling disc.

"I've got it!" he said suddenly. "This is a long-playing record!"

Weird Scenes Inside The Great Burrow

"Embleer hraka!" interrupted Dandelion, who was sucking on his own pellets. "The last one of these we had was at the Sandleford Warren. Do you remember, Hazel? We played it one night and all the *embleer elil* for an *embleer* kilometre in any direction split prontissimo for parts unknown?"

"Yes, Dandelion," Fiver, who was biting into a cowpat, interjected quietly, "but *that* was the latest hot waxing by Ted Nugent. My highly psychic senses tell me this acquisition of Bigwig's is in an altogether gentler mode.

"Keen, witty and warm, it unerringly portrays the life of the Common English Rabbit — as depicted by the egocentric but talented Richard Adams in his fascinating and moving novel *Watership Down* — in a variety of understated musical devices, albeit with a certain Scandinavian blockheadedness which adds credence to the widely-held belief that the composer's homeland is also the *patria* of suicide, inflation and rampant alcoholism."

"Let's get it on the deck, Hazel", said Buckthorn, who had finished the lettuce and was now coughing on to the grass and eagerly licking up the glutinous residue.

Immediately all the rabbits hopped down the entrance of the burrow. In ten seconds all was silent on the Down, save for the wind which rippled the long grass and drove the gleaming clouds eastwards into the unknown.

Down below in the great burrow, Hazel placed the record on the deck, flipped the switch, and carefully placed the stylus on the groove. They all settled back to listen. In the corner Blackberry began to eat Pipkin, who pretended not to notice.

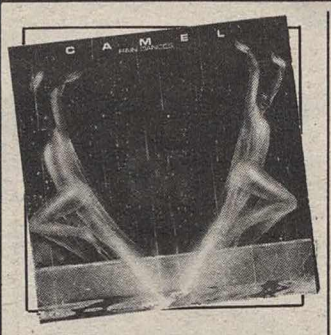
Forty minutes or so later Hazel took the stylus off the record, stopped the motor, and turned to the other rabbits.

"Well?" he enquired.

"Undistinguished, really," said Dandelion.

"Boring as *hraka,*" grumbled Bigwig.

"Can't think why they



CAMEL
Rain Dances (Decca)

CAMEL RECKON this is the best thing they've ever done — and they may well be right.

With Richard Sinclair (ex-Caravan and Hatfields) drafted in for the bass and vocals, Camel have gone a long way toward solving their singing problem (most drastically 'resolved' by their previous "Snow Goose" album, which was wordless).

They're still heavily involved on spritely, ethereal instrumentals but when the vocal tracks do come — there are four here — they are now delivered with some authority.

"Rain Dances" opens unpromisingly; the conservatively developed density of "First Light" displays a soothingly unadventurous spirit, even if the use of rhythmic synthesizers is superficially impressive and Mel Collins contributes, as always, entirely apposite alto over the tightly controlled mayhem.

The first vocal piece, "Metrognome", starts as Kindergarten King Crimson (all cringingly simplistic 'aware' lyrics with effective injections of musical melodrama), ends as Stan Getz at 78 rpm.

But "Tell Me", with Andrew Latimer forsaking his (excellent) lead guitar for a languidly liquid fretless bass (a la Eberhard Weber) and Sinclair's richly resonant port-and-lemon vocal (a la Cyrus Faryar), shows that Camel can deliver delightful surprises.

Much of side two confirms the audacious promise of "Tell Me" particularly Latimer's distantly haunting "Elke", which points the way in which Camel might usefully progress.

With Eno's delicate helping hands on various keyboards, "Elke" is an exquisite cross-breeding of, say, Satie's precious melodic sense with the inherently, sinisterly disquieting quality of the moog. The title track, co-written with Peter Bardens, is an imperious reiteration of Latimer's "Elke" theme, beautifully developed and regally arranged.

It provides a fetching coda to an album which, at its best, assertively transcends the evanescence of its lesser parts.

Monty Smith

DAVID ESSEX
Gold and Ivory (CBS)

I USED to like David Essex, used to think he possessed some subtly virtuous shifting

IMPORTS

AT FIRST glance **"Karla Bonoff",** Columbia's debut album by singer-songwriter Bonoff, would appear to be almost a reissue of Linda Ronstadt's "Hasten Down The Wind".

Both albums contain "Someone To Lay Down Beside Me", "If He's Ever Near" and "Lose Again", all Bonoff compositions that first surfaced on "Hasten". The back-up credits also seem remarkably alike, Karla being flanked by Andrew Gold, Kenny Edwards, Waddy, Dan Dugmore, Russ Kunkel, Mike Botts and Wendy Waldman — all of whom put in an appearance on the delectable ex-Stoney Poney's last Asylum set.

However, this time around Ms Ronstadt has elected to do the harmony vocal chores, thus reversing the situation that occurred on "Hasten", while other Asylum inmates such as John David Souther and Glenn Frey have also put in their two cents worth.

The result leaves one wondering if Ronstadt's offer to let Bonoff take the limelight is not somewhat akin to John (Kristofferson) Norman's helpful push forward for Esther (Streisand) Hoffman in "A Star Is Born", for Bonoff is very good indeed and could end up being bigger than Ronstadt herself. Watch her closely now.

Due in at Flyover Records is a triple-album boxed-set titled "Eleven Years In The Life Of **Bob Dylan**" (CBS/Sony). Apparently it contains no previously unreleased Zimmerman schmutter but it's packed in spectacular fashion and comes replete with a large portrait of Duluth's hero, plus enough other trimmings to fully decorate a large fall-out shelter. The price could prove a trifle prohibitive though — this working out at 21.50, pounds not yen!

Also on the "coming shortly" at Hammersmith's House of The Rising Sun are some 80 different **Beatles** singles, all in picture sleeves; various Nip **Beach Boys** and **Rolling Stones** compilations; live "In Japan" shots by **Deep Purple** and **Joan Baez;** a **Bowie** collection listed as "Golden Special Double"; and even quad singles ("El Condor Paso" and "The Boxer") by **S.&G.**

All very exciting stuff, you'll agree, and only matched by the news that Virgin — who located all those Longbranch-

release it," said Blackberry.

Hazel was thinking deeply. "I heard something like this once before. In the massage parlour at nearby Chipping Sodbury".

"What were you doing there, Hazel?" asked Dandelion interestedly. Quite properly, the other rabbits ignored this breach of warren etiquette.

Only Fiver had a good word to say for the hapless Swede. "Hansson", he pointed out, "is an Anglophile, at least so far as modern anthropomorphic novels go. Remember his similar effort based on *Lord of the Rings* about five years ago?

"And he's a romantic. Having therefore been influenced in the Romance node of his forebrain by these elegant examples of writing, he then proceeds to do his best to react to the feelings of intense pleasure they stimulate within him by echoing these impressions in his own creative form, musical composition.

"The fact that these, his compositions, stand not a vole's chance in the current record market should not disbar him from doing so, providing he can persuade a record company to release his efforts as part of their annual catalogue. My uncanny clairvoyance tells me this likeable but loopy Skand does the whole thing for his own enjoyment, rather than for realistic hope of monetary gain. And who are we to say nay to this admirable impulse?"

"But what are we to *do* with it, Fiver?" asked Hazel.

"We could always eat it," suggested Fiver. "We've eaten worse."

They all relapsed into a gloomy silence, broken only by the crunching of bones as Blackberry finished devouring the unfortunate Pipkin. Outside, night fell on Watership Down. The stars came out, hard and clear. The wind hissed through the long grass. Far away, on the horizon, the rumble and flare of heavy artillery added a distant and unknowable note of menace to the rural scene.

Tony Tyler

pop-psyche, that if the camera slipped away from the magnetic hold of the smile and teeth and eyes and hair all would be revealed.

Nothing shattered the knowing-love affair. A matter of time, I assured myself as I confronted his too-maximalist-to-be-Dada silly songs, live doubles and unintentionally manipulative live shows, before Essex makes radically creative use of those cream musicians too long insulted and restrained (such as Alan Wakeman and Ronnie Leahy) and his teenybop transcendental abstract atmospheric songwriting tendency.

"Rock On", "Lamplight", "Rolling Stone" must have only hinted: lingering, strange, gentle and tough. Faced with the curious Essex listlessness of recent years my infatuation was fed by a straw theory: that more suss popsters just have us on, digress well away from any justification for existing, then scoot round the back and deliver a killer.

But the futility of it all has, in fact, totally softened Essex's mentality. "Gold And Ivory" has given me nightmares — little furry creatures called 'love' picking and pulling the hairs on my legs. Essex can't give a damn about making that killer album.

Despite the solidity of his position, itself strengthened further by the TV series, Essex declines to fulfil or to experiment. Is the man scared that, after all, he hasn't the talent or the authority to come clean and arise resurrected?

"Gold And Ivory" is a series of neo-musical styles, composed by Essex, inanely worded (odes to fluffy street romanticism, love and affection) and tiredly sung. It offers even fewer tantalising glimpses of what might have been than the last couple of studio albums.

"Gold And Ivory" is either bouncy and fluent or sad and string swamped; there are full token fiddly bits, but all the space, loops, echoes and hold of the best early Essex are long lost. I almost cry when I think how much the Rollers have improved and how much Essex has degenerated.

The affair is off even if it's true that Essex just made a bad album because he's leaving CBS. And to think that I bought his first album in preference to the Dolls'. Someone turn out the light, I'm sobbing on the pillow.

Paul Morley

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Bionic Gold (Big Sound Import)

THE BASIC premise of this album — updated versions of Spector classics — held the promise of its being a real turkey.

Most attempts at rebuilding the Wall Of Sound tread carefully and reverently in the man's shadow, hoping at best for a facsimile. If they succeed at all it's on the strength of the songs. But comparison is also inevitable; alongside the original the copies nearly always pale.

"Bionic Gold" neatly sidesteps this problem by throwing the Wall Of Sound out the window and approaching the songs from an entirely new angle. Big Sound replace the tubes with transistors, the echo with digital delay and the old world with a fresh aesthetic.

The central perpetrators seem to be the Big Sound Orchestra, lesser known still as Prix, a new American band with a single out on New York's ORK records. Prix are led by Writer Jon Tiven, who plays guitar and sax and is co-credited with Doug Snyder, Prix's bass player, also one Thomas Cavalier for 'direction' (there is no actual production credit).

Prix back eight of the twelve performances, with various unknown raw talents (including Philip Rambow, once of the misinterpreted Winkies) handling vocals. The Scratch Band and the Nelsen Adelard Band (whoever they may be) cover the remaining songs two apiece. Apart from the Beatles' "Two Of Us", all of the songs were once Spector extravanganzas.

The first notable thing about "Bionic Gold" is what isn't there. There are no impenetrable echoey depths, for instance, and at no time can you hear fifty instruments crammed together for the rhythm tracks. Instead the sound is spartan and strangely perverse.

The dialectic is fascinating. Almost everything is electronically treated and strange use is made of instruments and arrangements. On "He Hit Me (And It Felt Like A Kiss)", the vocals are faint and eerie, treated, atonal guitars turn the song into something as bizarre as the title.

The rest of the record is just as sacreligious. Spector enthusiasts will wonder what the hell it's about, but "Bionic Gold" has nothing to do with them. Although indirectly it's a great tribute, "Bionic Gold" is for people who couldnt care less about Phil Spector. Yesterday's sound tomorrow.

Finally, though all of the tracks deserve mention and praise (notably those by the Nelson Adelard Band — Nelsen himself sounds like a cross between Richard Manuel and Stevie Winwood) one is especially er, inspired.

The 'occasionally sober' Mick Farren (our very own) stands up long enough to assail the Teddy Bears' "To Know Him Is To Love Him" with blind, awesome passion — and in a manner as irreverent as the rest of "Bionic Gold".

Paul Rambali

The Thin One compiled

Pennywhistle, Beau Brummel and Question Mark rarities in recent times — have now discovered a U.S. warehouse stacked with copies of "Gliding Bird", **Emmylou Harris'** largely forgotten first album, which came out on Jubilee back in '69. We'll keep you informed.

Up in the heart of Haggisland, Ezy Ryder Records of Edinburgh are currently proffering U.S. copies of **Badfinger's** "Ass", "No Dice", "Magic Christian Music" and "Wish You Were Here" for just £6.00 a set. Also on offer are bargain price stocks of **Judy Henske** and **Jerry Yester's** "Farewell Aldebaran" and "Rosebud" (Reprise); **Kathy Dalton's** "One Night Stands And Boogie Bands" which features Little Feat; **The Wacker's** "Hot Wacks" (Elektra) and **The Byrds'** "Preflyte" on the Together label. A full listing of these and other goodies — including a bootleg discography — can be obtained from Ezy Ryder at 14 Forrest Road, Edinburgh EH1 2QN.

So much for the bargain basement bit — up on the main floor newies include **Jay Ferguson's** "Thunder Island" (Asylum) featuring lead guitar by "Wah Wah" Walsh and a song called "Losing Control" that's dedicated to Bill (call me unpronounceable) Szymcyk; **Johnny Taylor's** "Reflections", which finds the "Disco Lady" hitmaker switching allegiance to RCA after his extra-ordinaire stay with CBS; "Happy The Man" (Arista), a group whose stock in trade includes such snappy titles as "Time As A Helix Of Precious Laughs"; and **Boots Randolph's** "Sax Appeal" (Monument) which on the face of things would appear to be pretty lame, the one-time tasty saxman rehashing "Raunchy", "Honky Tonk" and similar items for the umpteenth time around.

"Gary Ogan" (Paradise), a singer-songwriter who not only has Leon Russell to produce and play on his album but also has the Mad Dog providing his sleeve illustration, is okay but little more. "Osamu" (Island) by guitarist-koto player and vocalist **Osamu Kitajima** is fine if you're into musical interpretations of Japanese watercolours; guest artist Minnie Ripperton is quite incredible on a track titled "Yesterday and Karma", employing her multi-octave voice in a stratospheric manner which is guaranteed to amaze critics and cause all dogs within a two-mile area to howl appreciatively.

And while I wait for **The Dead Boys'** "Loud Young And Snotty", **Richard Hell and The Voidoids'** "Blank Generation" and **Talking Heads'** "Talking Heads '77" (all on Sire) to be shipped in — by the time this gets into print they should be in the shops — I'll sit around and play a few tracks from **Happy Traum's** "Relax Your Mind" (Kicking Mule).

I mean, anyone whose studied both with Brownie McGhee and classical Mexican guitarist Gustavo Lopez, must have something going for them — which is probably why Dylan used Happy on those "More Greatest Hit" tracks.

Fred Dellar

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TV RADIO

IT'S A GOOD WEEK on the box — not from the quantity viewpoint, but certainly in terms of quality — because it marks the return of BBC-2's two regular rock series. "The Old Grey Whistle Test" is back in its regular Tuesday night spot and, as exclusively reported by NME last week, the first edition is devoted to the **Rolling Stones** in concert. It was filmed at Paris Olympia during their last European tour, and it must rate as one of the year's TV rock highlights,

"Sight And Sound In Concert" returns for a 26-week run on October 1 but, as a foretaste, BBC-2 is slipping in a couple of specials at 6.30pm on Saturdays in order to re-establish that time as a regular rock spot. The first, this Saturday, is a repeat of the **Eric Clapton Band** in concert at Hemel Hempstead Pavilion — which was first

CLAPTON...BBC-2 Saturday

screened as the final programme in the last "Whistle Test" series. Even if you caught it the first time, it's well worth seeing again.

TV's two other main contributions this week are the third **David Essex** show (BBC-1 Tuesday) which has **The Real Thing,** who were originally his backing group, guesting . . . and ITV's networked "Marc" on Wednesday, when **Thin Lizzy, Blue, Radio Stars** and **Rosetta Stone** join **Marc Bolan and T. Rex.**

There's not much else of any significance, unless you count the decrepit "Top Of The Pops" with **Jimmy Saville** (Thursday) and the banal **Osmonds** show with **Paul Anka** (Tuesday), both on BBC-1. It ain't rock, but the same channel has the Last Night of the Proms on Saturday, with all its usual trappings and flag-waving (no doubt the Sex Pistols will be watching).

Two horrors on ITV: "The World of **Pam Ayres"** (Friday) proves that, though she may be a hit recording artist, she lacks the flair to sustain her own show . . . and on Saturday's we're again saddled with **"New Faces",** which I might be tempted to watch occasionally if only they'd dispense with that self-righteous panel.

Off-beat show of the week is "It'll Be All Right On The Night" (ITV network, 7.45pm Sunday) in which **Denis Norden** has got together an hour of scenes which viewers have never seen — all those

STONES...BBC-2 Tuesday

fluffed lines and blow-ups that originally landed on the cutting-room floor.

Over on Radio 1 on Saturday, good ole rock 'n' roll occupies "In Concert", when the **Pirates** and **Clayson & the Argonauts** are featured. And Sunday's "Summer Of 67" is devoted to the British scene with **Cat Stevens, the Alan Price Set, Donovan, Georgie Fame, Small Faces, the Hollies, the Who, the Kinks** and **the Bee Gees,** among others.

On Radio 2 tonight (Thursday), **Kelly's Eye** and the **Acme Country Band** are in **David Allan's** "Country Club", followed by "Folkweave" with **Tony Capstick** and **Sean Cannon.**

Radio Luxembourg's "Sound System" album chart, based upon preferences expressed by 208 listeners in their letters, is aired as usual at midnight on Friday. And this is the Top Twenty from which **Stuart Henry** will be playing extracts this week:

1. "The Best of **ROD STEWART**"; 2. **YES** "Going For The One"; 3. **"NEW WAVE"**; 4 **STEVE HARLEY** "Face To Face"; 5. **BROTHERS JOHNSON** "Right On Time"; 6. **GRATEFUL DEAD** "Terrapin Station"; 7. **AVERAGE WHITE & BEN. E. KING** "Benny & Us"; 8. **DONNA SUMMER** "I Remember Yesterday"; 9. **STEVE WINWOOD"**; 10. **FLEETWOOD MAC** "Rumours"; 11. **"MINK DE VILLE"**; 12. **"THE FLOATERS"**; 13. **JOHN OTWAY & WILD WILLY BARRETT** "Otway & Barrett"; 14. **BONEY M** "Love For Sale"; 15. **RITA COOLIDGE** "Anytime Anywhere"; 16. **BE-BOP DELUXE** "Live! In The Air Age"; 17. **ELKIE BROOKS** "Two Days Away"; 18. **BOB MARLEY** "Exodus"; 19. **CANDI STATON** "Music Speaks Louder Than Words; 20. **ELP** "Works".

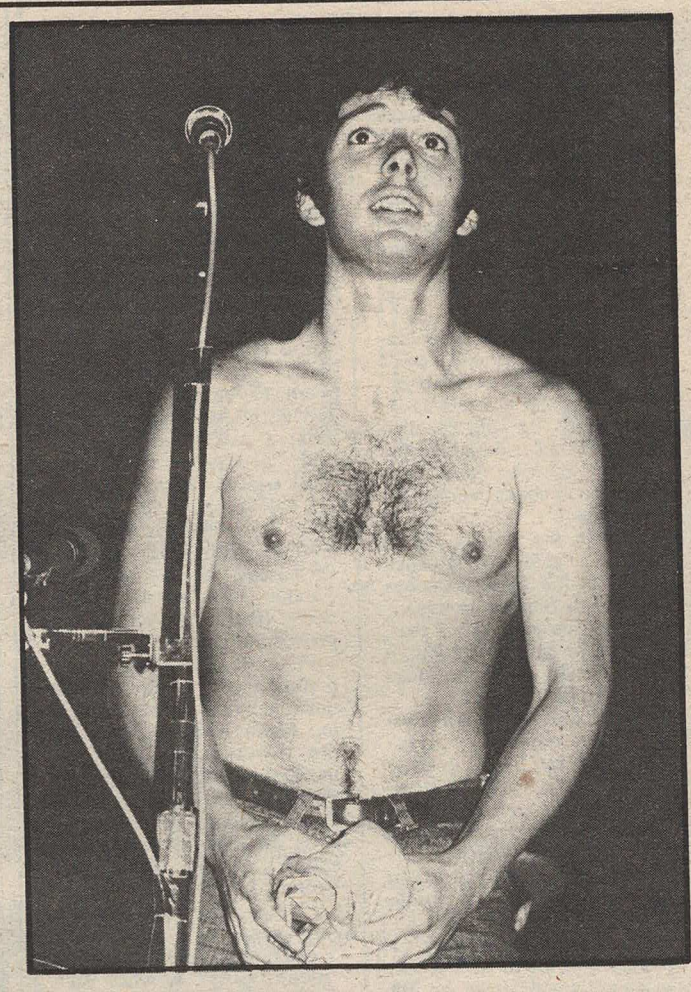
DEREK JOHNSON

THURSDAY

BARNSLEY Civic Theatre: MIKE HARDING
BARROW Maxim's Disco: JENNY HAAN'S LION
BASILDON Double Six: SIDEWINDER
BIRMINGHAM Golden Eagle: SHOOP SHOOP
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: MAGNUM
BIRMINGHAM Rebecca's: SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS/THE DRONES
BIRMINGHAM Snobs: JENNY DARREN
BRIGHTON Alhambra: DARKEARTH
BRIGHTON Conference Centre: BING CROSBY
BRISTOL Crockers: ROUGH JUSTICE
BRISTOL The Glen: RED HOT
BRISTOL Granary: TRICKSTER
CASTLEFORD Civic Hall: THE SNEAKERS
CHELMSFORD City Tavern: STORMY MONDAY
CLIFTONVILLE Wheatsheaf Inn: BERT JANSCH
COVENTRY Bulls Head: MIKE OSBORNE QUINTET
COVENTRY Robin Hood Club: CRAZY CAVAN 'N' THE RHYTHM ROCKERS
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
DONCASTER First Aid: STEREO GRAFFITI
EXETER Zhivago's: MACARTHUR PARK
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: PETER GABRIEL/NONA HENDRYX
GLASGOW Burns Howff: CHOU PAHROT
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Great Harry: PETER OUT & THE FADERS
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head: PETE BROWN'S BACK TO THE FRONT
HUDDERSFIELD Singing Jenny: WENDY GROSSMAN
HUDDERSFIELD West Indians Club: JAB-JAB/THE FALL
LEEDS Polytechnic: 999
LEICESTER Blublows: SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES
LIVERPOOL Empire Theatre: DON WILLIAMS
LIVERPOOL Gregson's Well: TOM ANDERSON & WILLIE JOHNSON
LIVERPOOL Moonstone: MONTANA
LONDON BARNES Red Lion: FRED RICKSHAW'S HOT GOOLIES
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: BURLESQUE
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: CADO BELLE
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Crawfords: THUNDERCLAP NEWMAN & BOB FLAG
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: XTC
LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Swan: GRAND HOTEL
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: AMERICAN TRAIN
LONDON HIGHBURY Roundhouse: CHARGE
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: BUSTER CRABBE
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: TYLA GANG/THE TABLE
LONDON Marquee Club: NO DICE
LONDON OLD BROMPTON ROAD Troubador: DAVE EVANS & SAMMY MITCHELL
LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: ASWAD
LONDON PADDINGTON Western Counties: J. J. JAMESON
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: MATCHBOX
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: DEAD FINGERS TALK
LONDON TOOTING The Castle: PAINTED LADY
LONDON W.14. The Kensington: THE STUKAS
MANCHESTER Free Trade Hall: JONATHAN RICHMAN & THE MODERN LOVERS
MANCHESTER Rafters Club: FABULOUS POODLES
MONMOUTH White Swan Hotel: NIGHT BIRD
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: PELICAN
PENZANCE The Garden: STRIFE
ROCHESTER Nags Head: JERRY THE FERRET
ROMFORD White Hart: RESTLESS ROCKERS
ROTHERHAM Windmill: THE ADVERTS
SOUTHEND Bread & Cheese: HYMIE BLOWS IT
SUTTON Red Lion Club: SPREDTHICK
SWANSEA Top Rank: SHAKIN STEVENS & THE SUNSETS
TAMWORTH Polesworth Club: STAGE FRIGHT
WAKEFIELD Unity Hall: THE PIRATES/STRANGEWAYS
WELLINGBOROUGH British Rail Club: WHIRLWIND
WISBECH Isle of Ely College: BUSTER JAMES BAND

FRIDAY

BARNSLEY Civic Theatre: THE SNEAKERS
BASILDON Double Six: GRAND HOTEL/SIDEWINDER
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: CADO BELLE
BIRMINGHAM Hippodrome: ELKIE BROOKS
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: JONATHAN RICHMAN & THE MODERN LOVERS
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: SPITFIRE
BOURNEMOUTH Town Hall: GEORGE HATCHER BAND/RUSTY BLADE
BRACKNELL South Hill Park Arts Centre: ERROL DIXON
BRADFORD Topic Folk Club: WENDY GROSSMAN
BRISTOL Exhibition Centre: BIG YOUTH & THE ARK ANGELS/DENNIS BROWN
BRISTOL The Stonehouse: MICHAEL MOORE
BURNLEY Bank Hall: WILDFIRE
CARDIFF Top Rank: HEAVY METAL KIDS/SON OF A BITCH
CARLISLE Melody Club: THE RIP
CROMER West Runton Pavilion: SAM APPLE PIE/NO DICE
DISS Scole Inn: THE CRABS
DONCASTER First Aid: STEREO GRAFFITI
EDINBURGH Usher Hall: SYDNEY DEVINE
FARNWORTH Veterans Club: CRAZY CAVAN 'N' THE RHYTHM ROCKERS
GLASGOW Amphora: THE MOTELS
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: SMALL FACES/BLUE
HEDNESFORD The Moonraker: FORCE
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Old Town Hall: THERAPY
ILFORD Town Hall: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
INVERGORDON Social Club: KEITH MANIFOLD
IPSWICH Copdock Hotel: SCREAMIN' LORD SUTCH
KIDDERMINSTER Stone Manor: JENNY DARREN
KNARESBOROUGH Folk Club: ALLAN TAYLOR
LEEDS Grobs Wine Bar: SPYDER BLUES BAND
LEIGHTON BUZZARD Bossard Hall: SIDEWINDER
LIVERPOOL Eric's Club: THE ADVERTS
LLANDIDROD WELLS Grand Pavilion: SHAKIN' STEVENS & THE SUNSETS
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: ROKOTTO/BRETT MARVIN & THE BLIMPS
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: NUTZ
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Crawfords: ROGER & TONY
LONDON ELTHAM Avery Hill College: BURLESQUE
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: WARSAW PAKT
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: PRAIRIE OYSTER
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: PLUMMET AIRLINES
LONDON Marquee Club: FABULOUS POODLES
LONDON NEW BARNET Duke of Lancaster: PEKOE ORANGE



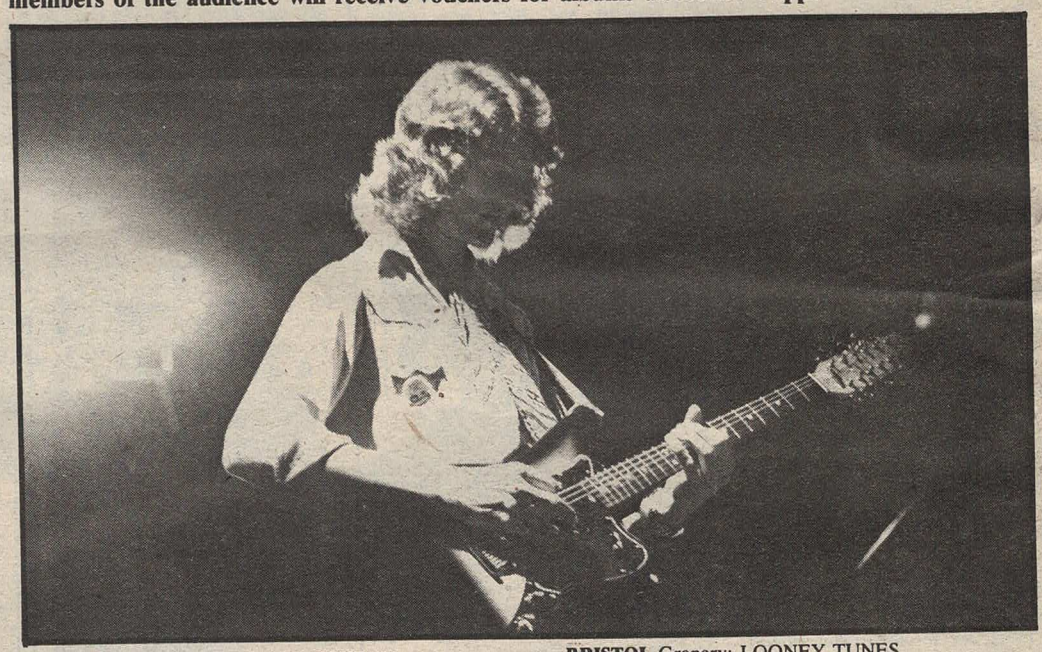
Richman arrives to play 4 dates

THE HIGHLY acclaimed Jonathan Richman and his band, the Modern Lovers, make their first-ever British appearances this weekend — and very welcome they are too. They've already created a considerable impact on the charts with their "Roadrunner" single, and look like having similar success with their "Rock-'n'Roll" album. They play Manchester (Thursday), Birmingham (Friday) and London (Saturday and Sunday).

●Only other major tour starting this week, not covered pictorially on these pages, is by country single Don Willams. He's at Liverpool (Thursday), Middlesbrough (Friday), Coventry (Saturday), Bournemouth (Sunday), Portsmouth (Monday) and Belfast (Tuesday and Wednesday). Altogether he's playing 30 concerts around the country, so there'll be plenty of opportunity for C-&-W enthusiasts to see him in action. Watch the Gig Guide for details of subsequent dates.

NATIONWIDE

CARAVAN, whose leader Pye Hastings is pictured above, open their tour this week at Bristol (Monday) and Birmingham (Tuesday). It's their first British outing since they acquired their latest recruit Dek Messecar (vocals and bass). Admission at all provincial gigs is limited to £1, and all members of the audience will receive vouchers for albums discounts. Support act is Nova.



LONDON N.17 White Hart: MATCHBOX
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: FANTASTICS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: DOWNLINERS SECT
LONDON Upstair's at Ronnie Scotts: SPITERI
LONDON WATERLOO The Wellington: RINGWRATH
LONDON WILLESDEN White Horse: FLIGHT 56
LUTON Royal Hotel: FRUIT EATING BEARS
MANCHESTER Electric Circus: THE PIRATES
MANCHESTER Palace Theatre: HAWKWIND
MIDDLESBROUGH Town Hall: DON WILLIAMS
NEWARK Palce Theatre: MIKE HARDING
NORTHAMPTON The Racecourse: LEFT HAND DRIVE
PLYMOUTH Top Rank: SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS/THE DRONES
PLYMOUTH Woods Centre: STRIFE
PRESTON Duck Inn Grapevine: BODY
READING Target Club: McCOY
RIPLEY Cock Hotel: ZIPPER
SCARBOROUGH Penthouse: EDGAR BROUGHTON'S CHILDERMASS
SKEGNESS Sands Disco: GENO WASHINGTON
SOUTHAMPTON Gaumont Theatre: BING CROSBY
SOUTHPORT Coronation Hotel: NIC JONES
SOUTHPORT New Theatre: LOVELACE WATKINS
STEVENAGE Gordon Craig Centre: SWINGLE II
WENTWORTH Rockingham Arms: HEDGEHOG PIE
WOLVERHAMPTON Lafayette: GENERATION X
YORK De Grey Rooms: CHINA STREET
YORK Oval Ball Club: THE CRUISERS

SATURDAY

AXMINSTER Town Hall: STRIFE
AYLESBURY Friars: MINK DE VILLE
BALLOCH Mr Robert's: THE MOTELS
BANBURY United Club: S.A.L.T./ARMPIT JUG BAND
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: CADO BELLE
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: RICKY COOL & THE ICEBERGS
BIRMINGHAM Bogarts: HOPPER
BIRMINGHAM Bulls Head: MATCHBOX
BIRMINGHAM Fighting Cocks: STEREO GRAFFITI
BIRMINGHAM Kings Heath Hare & Hounds: HARVEY ANDREWS
BIRMINGHAM Mercat Cross Pub: COLD COMFORT
BRACKNELL South Park Folk Club: TICKLER'S JAM
BRIDGEWATER Pawlett Manor Hotel: SON OF A BITCH
BRIGHTON Dome: ELKIE BROOKS
BRISTOL Exhibition Centre: BIG YOUTH & THE ARK ANGELS/DENNIS BROWN
BRISTOL Granary: LOONEY TUNES
CHATHAM Ash Tree: ROCK ISLAND LINE
CHELMSFORD City Football Stadium: THE RODS / THE DAMNED / DOCTORS OF MADNESS / LEW LEWIS BAND / SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS / CHELSEA / ASWAD / FRUIT EATING BEARS / GLORY / SOLID WASTE / JOHN PEEL
CHESTER Deeside Leisure Centre: MIKE HARDING
CORBY Exclusive Club: STAGE FRIGHT
CORBY Nags Head: SCENE STEALER
COVENTRY Theatre: DON WILLIAMS
CROMER West Runton Pavilion: SUTHERLAND BROTHERS & QUIVER/CITY BOY
DONCASTER Askern Spa Club: HI-BALLERS
DUDLEY J.B.'s Club: THE PIRATES
EDINBURGH Triangle Folk Club: SEAN MAGUIRE & JOE BURKE
EDINBURGH Usher Hall: SYDNEY DEVINE
FOLKESTONE Leas Cliff Hall: XTC
HEATHROW Airport Hotel: HERB REED & THE PLATTERS
KETTERING Windmill: JENNY DARREN
LEEDS Fforde Green Hotel: SAM APPLE PIE
LEIGH Turnpike Gallery & Derby Room: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
LINCOLN R.A.F. Coningsby: GOBBLINZ
LIVERPOOL Empire Theatre: HAWKWIND
LIVERPOOL Eric's Club: 999
LIVERPOOL Moonstone: MARSUILLES
LONDON BATTERSEA Old Swan: ERROL DIXON
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: FUMBLE/JACKIE LYNTON BAND
LONDON CHARLTON The Broom: WHIRLWIND
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Crawfords: ROD MELVIN
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: JONATHAN RICHMAN & THE MODERN LOVERS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: X-RAY SPEX
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & ANCHOR: TYLA GANG
LONDON KENNSINGTON The Nashville: SIDEWINDER/THE 'O' BAND
LONDON KENSINGTON Royal College of Art: MBAKUMBA MADAKA
LONDON MANOR PARK Three Rabbits: JERRY THE FERRET
LONDON Marquee Club: GRAND HOTEL
LONDON N.11 Orange Tree: CRAZY CAVAN 'N' THE RHYTHM ROCKERS
LONDON PENGE Freemasons Tavern: THE EXITS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: AMERICAN TRAIN
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: SPITERI
LONDON W.1. Speakeasy: PEKOE ORANGE
MAIDSTONE Mitre Hotel: AFTER THE FIRE
MANCHESTER Belle Vue Elizabethan Ballroom:

Rods to headline outdoor concert

THE LAST of this summer's open-air rock events takes place on Saturday - not that there were many of them in the first place! Anyway, full credit to Chelmsford City Football Club for staging it (and to the local council for approving it), when so many others have failed this year. It was originally planned as punk event, though the new-wave content is now fairly minimal - but beggars can't be choosers!

The Rods top the bill, and the rest of the line up is The Damned. the Doctors of Madness, Lew Lewis Band, Chelsea, Slaughter and the Dogs, Aswad, Fruit Eating Bears, Glory and local band Solid Waste, with John Peel compering.

It runs from noon until 9 p.m. (gates open at 10 a.m.), and tickets are available on the day at £3.50 each. We can only hope that some Indian summer weather will bless the promoters' enterprise. By the way, there are plenty of trains to Chelmsford from London's Liverpool Street.

GIG GUIDE

SUTHERLAND BROTHERS & QUIVER are on tour again for the first time since their big personnel upheaval. In fact they haven't really sorted themselves out yet, so the remaining nucleus (in which Gavin and Ian are still the lynch-pins) is augmented by a batch of session musicians. They appear this week at Cromer (Saturday), Birmingham (Sunday) and Sheffield (Monday).

GEORGE HATCHER BAND/BODY
MANCHESTER Electric Circus: ULTRAVOX
MANCHESTER Green Dragon: SCREENS
NEWCASTLE City Hall: SMALL FACES/BLUE
NORWICH People's Club: GENO WASHINGTON BAND
NORWICH Whites: THE CRABS
NOTTINGHAM Boat Club: NUTZ
SALISBURY St. Edmund's Art Centre: STAN TRACEY OCTET
SCUNTHORPE Priory Club: THE RIP
SHEFFIELD City Hall: PETER GABRIEL/NONA HENDRYX
SOUTHAMPTON Top Rank: SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS/DRONES
SOUTHEND Queens Hotel: RIOT ROCKERS
SOUTHPORT New Theatre: LOVELACE WATKINS
ST. ALBANS City Hall: BURLESQUE
SUTTON-IN-ASHFIELD Golden Diamond: FLIGHT 56
THATCHAM Hamilton's Club: ARBRE
WARRINGTON Wilderspool Leisure Centre: LIVERPOOL EXPRESS
WAVENDON The Stables: THERAPY
WEYMOUTH Pavilion: SHAKIN' STEVENS & THE SUNSETS
WISHAW Crown Hotel (lunchtime): THE PESTS
YORK Grob & Ducat: KNIFE EDGE

SUNDAY

ALCHESTER Cherry Tree: THERAPY
AYLESBURY Kings Head: TOAST
BARROW Maxim's Disco: SPITFIRE BOYS
BATLEY Variety Club: MIKE HARDING
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: LOU SILVER BAND
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ (lunchtime): MENSCH
BIRMINGHAM Crossways: STAGE FRIGHT
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: SUTHERLAND BROTHERS & QUIVER
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: BULLETS
BOLSOVER Bluebell Inn'; AMERICAM TRAIN
BOURNEMOUTH Pavilion: DON WILLIAMS
BROMLEY Churchill Theatre: JAKE THACKRAY
CHATHAM Pembroke club: STARDUST
CHELMSFORD City Tavern: FABULOUS POODLES
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: ELKIE BROOKS
CROYDON Greyhound: 999
DEWSBURY Shoulder Of Mutton: WENDY GROSSMAN
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: HAWKWIND
GOUROCK Ashton Hotel: CHOU PARROT
GREENOCK Town Hall: SYDNEY DEVINE
HITCHIN The Talisman: MICHAEL MOORE
HORSHAM Crawford Gardens Theatre: CHARLIE GRAY & HIS CUTE BOYS
IPSWICH Kingfisher: BUSTER JAMES BAND
JACKSDALE Grey Topper: LONDON
KENVER (Staffs) Edward Marsh Centre: MAD JOCK & ENGLISHMEN
LEEDS Fforde Green Hotel: JENNY HAAN'S LION
LEEDS Grand Theatre: SMALL FACES/BLUE
LEICESTER Belgrave Club: THE BROTHERS
LIVERPOOL Moonstone: PEGASUS
LONDON BATTERSEA Nags Head: FRANCES GILVRAY & MICK BURKE
LONDON CHALK FARM Roundhouse: CIMARONS/SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS/BLACK SLATE/FRUIT EATING BEARS
LONDON CLAPHAM Two Brewers: PAINTED LADY
LONDON FINCHLEY Torrington: AMAZORBLADES
LONDON HACKNEY Adam & Eve: SHAKIN' STEVENS & THE SUNSETS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: JONATHAN RICHMAN & THE MODERN LOVERS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: CLAYSON & THE ARGONAUTS
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: J. J. JAMESON
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: DIRE STRAITS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: COUNT BISHOPS
LONDON LEWISHAM Concert Hall: "SALUTE TO SATCHMO" with ALEX WELSH/GEORGE CHISHOLM/HUMPHREY LYTTELTON
LONDON LEYTON Lion & Key: CRAZY CAVAN 'N' THE RHYTHM ROCKERS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: MANIACS
LONDON W.C.1 Pindar of Wakefield: THUNDERCLAP NEWMAN & BOB FLAG/TENNIS SHOES
MANCHESTER Electric Circus: THE MOTORS/THE RIP
MARGATE Winter Gardens: HERB REED & THE PLATTERS
PETERBOROUGH Key Theatre: YETTIES
PLYMOUTH Fiesta Suite: GENERATION X
POYNTON Folk Centre: IAN CAMPBELL GROUP
REDHILL Lakers Hotel: HOT POINTS
SALTCOATS Regal Cinema: LIVERPOOL EXPRESS
SOUTHEND Railway Hotel: MARTIN SIMPSON
STOKE Trentham Gardens: PETER GABRIEL/NONA HENDRYX
WALSALL Bilston Old Bush: GRAHAM COOPER

MONDAY

BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: SHADES
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: HOPPER
BIRMINGHAM Rebecca's: THE FLIES
BOSTON Folk Club: HAMMER & TONGS
BRIGHTON Buccaneer: LONDON/THE VICTIMS
BRIGHTON Dome: PETER GABRIEL/NONA HENDRYX
BRISTOL Colston Hall: CARAVAN/NOVA
CHELTENHAM The Plough: THE INDEX
CHESTER Quaintways: STRIFE
CHIGWELL ROW Camelot Club: NED PORRIDGE
COVENTRY Mr George's: RESTLESS ROCKERS
DONCASTER Outlook Club: BOOMTOWN RATS
EDINBURGH Nicky Tams: CHOU PAHROT
EDINBURGH Usher Hall: HAWKWIND
ERDINGTON Queens Head: QUILL
FOLKESTONE Leas Cliff Hall: DUBLINERS
GODALMING Shakleford Centre: WENDY GROSSMAN
HUDDERSFIELD The Minstrel: THE SNEAKERS
ILFORD Cauliflower Hotel: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
LEEDS Royal Park Hotel: SPYDER BLUES BAND
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: BRIAN KNIGHT BAND
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: BEES MAKE HONEY/SCENE STEALER
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Crawfords: HOWARD SAMUELS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: THE JOLT
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: SLIPSTREAM
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: SCREENS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: ALAN HULL'S RADIATOR/BURY BARRETT
LONDON Marquee Club: GEORGE HATCHER BAND
LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: TONY McPHEE'S TERRAPLANE/GARENT WATKINS
LONDON PUTNEY Half Moon: MOUNTAIN LINE
LONDON Queen Elizabeth Hall: IMRAT KHAN
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: URCHIN
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: SPITERI
LONDON WARDOUR ST. Vortex Club: ANTS/BLACK SLATE/THE RAGE/THE SLUGS
LONDON WEST HAMPSTEAD Southside Club: THE ONLY ONES/THE FLAMES
LONDON W.14 The Kensington: LANDSCAPE
MANCHESTER Band on the Wall: AMAZORBLADES
MERTHYR TYDFIL Tiffany's: TRAPEZE
PERTH City Hall: SYDNEY DEVINE
PLYMOUTH Castaways Club: 999
PORTSMOUTH Guildhall: DON WILLIAMS
POYNTON Folk Centre: BLACKTHORN WINTER
SHEFFIELD City Hall: SUTHERLAND BROTHERS & QUIVER/CITY BOY
SHEFFIELD Top Rank: BILLY OCEAN
STOCKTON Fiesta Club: CLODAGH RODGERS

TUESDAY

BELFAST ABC Theatre: DON WILLIAMS
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: THE ADVERTS
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: CARAVAN/NOVA
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: JAMESON RAID
BRIGHTON Alhambra: THE ZOOBIES
BRISTOL Colston Hall: SMALL FACES/BLUE
CAMBRIDGE Dog & Pheasant: THE LOOK
CARDIFF Top Rank: 999
CHELTENHAM The Plough: ANGEL
DUNDEE Caird Hall: SYDNEY DEVINE
HAVANT H.M.S. Collingwood: STARDUST
INVERNESS County Club: KEITH MANIFOLD
LIVERPOOL Pen & Wig: AGAINST THE GRAIN
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: NEW HEARTS
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: ALFALPHA
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: SCREENS
LONDON CATFORD Rising Sun: WENDY GROSSMAN
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Crawfords: HEREWARD
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: ADVERTISING
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Roxy Club: SPITFIRE BOYS
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: SPITERI
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: PHILIP RAMBOW
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: THE MOVIES/RAW ENERGY
LONDON KILBURN The National: NOEL MURPHY-/FIVE HAND REEL
LONDON Marquee Club: GENERATION X
LONDON NEW BARNET Duke of Lancaster: GRAND HOTEL
LONDON N.4 The Stapleton: LANDSCAPE
LONDON OLD BROMPTON ROAD Troubador: STEFAN GROSSMAN
LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: XTC/DOLE QUEUE
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: THE WAVES
LONDON WANDSWORTH The Ship: NEMA
LONDON WARDOUR ST. Vortex Club: X-RAY SPEX/TOOLS/THE CRABS/THE LOSERS
MANCHESTER Palace Theatre: ELKIE BROOKS
NEWCASTLE City Hall: HAWKWIND
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: GAFFA
PENZANCE The Garden: BERT JANSCH
PLYMOUTH Woods Centre: LONDON
ROMFORD Golden Lion: MICHAEL MOORE
SCUNTHORPE Tiffany's: BOOMTOWN RATS

WEDNESDAY

BELFAST ABC Theatre: DON WILLIAMS
BETWS-Y-COED Waterloo Hotel: THERAPY
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: RISE AND SHINE
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: MR DOWNCHILD
BIRMINGHAM Bogarts: EAZIE
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: FUNKTION
BIRMINGHAM Rebecca's: RUDIE & THE RATIONALS
BRIGHTON Dome: SMALL FACES/BLUE
BRISTOL Arts Centre: GOOD QUESTION
BROMLEY Stockwell College: BOUNCER
DURHAM Coach & Eight: THE YOUNG BUCKS
GREENOCK The Regency: CHOU PAHROT
HAINAULT Old Maypole: MATCHBOX
ILFORD Oscar's Club: THE CRABS
INVERNESS Eden Court: SYDNEY DEVINE
IPSWICH Gaumont Theatre: DUBLINERS
IPSWICH Tracey's: ADVERTISING
KING'S LYNN Norfolk College: SHANGHAI
LEAMINGTON Spa Theatre: YETTIES
LEICESTER De Montfort Hall: PETER GABRIEL-/NONA HENDRIX
LIVERPOOL Empire Theatre: BING CROSBY
LIVERPOOL Pen & Wig: FRONT LINE
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: GONZALEZ
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: COUNT BISHOPS
LONDON CHINGFORD Queen Elizabeth: JERRY THE FERRET
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Crawfords: WINSOME
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: JENNY DARREN/SIDEWINDER
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: THE LURKERS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Swan: BUSTER JAMES BAND
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: AMAZORBLADES
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: THE STUKAS
LONDON KENSINGTON Beagles: SUNFLY
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: COLIN HINDMARSH
LONDON Marquee Club: THE MOTORS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: BRETT MARVIN & THE BLIMPS
LONDON TOOTING The Castle: CLUTCH
LONDON W.C.1 Pindar of Wakefield: PEKOE ORANGE
NEWARK Palace Theatre: HEAVY METAL KIDS
NEW BRIGHTON Empress Club: MONTANA
PLYMOUTH Top Rank: BILLY OCEAN
PLYMOUTH Woods Centre: BERT JANSCH
PORTSMOUTH Milton Arms: LESSER KNOWN TUNISIANS
RYDE I.o.W. La Babaloo Club: STARDUST
SOLIHULL Golden Lion: THE FIRST BAND
SOUTH WOODFORD Railway Bell: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
SWINTON Lancastrian Hall: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
TORQUAY 400 Club: LONDON/THE VICTIMS/THE SWORDS
WOLVERHAMPTON Civic Hall: HAWKWIND

RESIDENCIES

BATLEY Variety Club: FOUNDATIONS/CHRISTIE G
Week from Monday
BIRMINGHAM La Dolce Vita: THE DOOLEYS
Week from Monday
BLACKBURN Cavendish: JIMMY JAMES & THE VAGABONDS
Thursday for three days
BRISTOL Crockers: BACK TO SCHOOL
Monday for three days
BROMYARD (Worcs) Folk Festival: PETER BELLAMY/PACKIE BYRNE & BONNIE SHALJEAN/BOB CANN/PETE & CHRIS COE/COSMOTHEKA/FRED JORDAN/BOB DAVENPORT/BERNARD WRIGLEY/WEBBS WONDERS/NA FILI etc
Friday for three days
DERBY Bailey's: SWEET SENSATION
Thursday for three days
LEICESTER Bailey's: BARRY BIGGS & THE SONG SPINNERS
Week from Monday
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: DARTS/AMAZORBLADES
Currently until Saturday
LONDON Palladium: TONY MARTIN/CYD CHARISSE
Week from Monday
LONDON Royal Court Theatre: "SLEAK!" with ALBERTO Y LOST TRIOS PARANOIAS
Currently until October 1
LUTON Cesar's: NEW VAUDEVILLE BAND
Week from Sunday
NOTTINGHAM Commodore Suite: LOVELACE WATKINS
Week from Sunday
OLDHAM Bailey's: BUDDY & THE DIMES
Thursday for three days
SHEFFIELD Bailey's: OZO
Thursday for three days
SOUTH SHIELDS Tavern (doubling **NEWCASTLE** La Dolce Vita): TICKLE
Week from Monday
STOKE Bailey's: J.A.L.N. BAND
Thursday for three days
TONYREFAIL Meadowvale Club: THE BROTHERS
Wednesday (21) for four days
WATFORD Bailey's: JIMMY JAMES & THE VAGABONDS
Week from Monday
WESTON-SUPER-MARE Webbington Country Club: THE UNTOUCHABLES
Week from Sunday

ROBERT CALVERT is now an integral part of Hawkwind, and together they kick off a major concert tour with dates at Manchester (Friday), Liverpool (Saturday), Glasgow (Sunday), Edinburgh (Monday), Newcastle (Tuesday) and Wolverhampton (Wednesday).

marquee

90 Wardour St., W.1 01-437 6603

OPEN EVERY NIGHT FROM 7.00 pm to 11.00 pm
REDUCED ADMISSION FOR STUDENTS AND MEMBERS

Thurs 15th Sept Adm 65p
NO DICE
Plus support and Ian Fleming

Fri 16th Sept Adm 90p
THE FABULOUS POODLES
Plus friends & Ian Fleming

Sat 17th Sept Adm 75p
Free admission with this ad. before 8 pm
GRAND HOTEL
Japan & Ian Fleming

Sunday 18th Sept Adm 65p
Rock Competition Sponsored by
US SOUND SPECTACULAR
Doors open 7 pm — 10 pm

Mon 19th Sept **GEORGE** Adm 85p
HATCHER BAND
Plus support & Jerry Floyd

Tues 20th Sept Adm £1
GENERATION X
Johhny Curious & The Strangers
Plus D. J. Jerry Floyd

Wed 21st Sept Adm 75p
THE MOTORS
Plus support & Ian Fleming

Thurs 22nd & Fri 23rd Sept Adm £1
Welcome return of
THE HEAVY METAL KIDS
Plus support & Ian Fleming

Hamburgers and other Hot and cold snacks are available

THE RED COW
HAMMERSMITH ROAD. W.6

Thurs. Sept 15th 60p **XTC**
Fri. Sept 16th FREE **THE WARSAW PAKT**
Sat. Sept 17th 75p **X-RAY SPEX**
Sun. Sept 18th FREE **CLAYSON & THE AGONAUTS**
Weds. Sept 21 60p **THE LURKERS**

FULLERS TRADITIONAL ALES

THE NASHVILLE ROOM

Thursday, Sept 15th 75p
THE TYLA GANG
+ THE TABLE
Friday, Sept 16th £1.00
PLUMMET AIRLINES
+ TERRY CHIMES BAND
Saturday, Sept 17th £1.00
THE "O" BAND
+ SIDEWINDERS
Sunday, Sept 18th 75p
THE COUNT BISHOPS
Monday, Sept 19th 75p
RADIATOR (Featuring Alan Hull)
+ BURY BARRETT
Tuesday, Sept 20th £1.00
THE MOVIES
+ RAW ENERGEY

CORNER CROMWELL ROAD/NORTH END ROAD, W14
(Adjacent West Kensington Tube Tel: 01 603 6071)

THE PORTERHOUSE CLUB
20 CAROLGATE, RETFORD, NOTTS.
FRIDAY SEPTEMBER 16th
JASPER
SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 17th
LITTLE ACRE
Admission from 50p both nights open 8pm-2am

THE SHOW SHOW SHOW GROUP
MUST BE SEEN AND HEARD AT
FANGS
WED. 21st SEPT.
NEW FROM C.T. PROMOTIONS

TELEPHONE 01-387-0428/9

MUSIC MACHINE

CAMDEN HIGH ST. OPP. MORNINGTON CRESCENT TUBE · N.W.1

Wednesday, Sept 14th £1.00
BUSTER CRABBE
+ SHABBY TIGER
Free admission for one with this ad before 10pm

Thursday, Sept 15th £1.50
CADO BELLE
+ THE ADRIAN STYLES BAND

Friday, Sept 16th £1.50
NUTZ
+ SIDEWINDER

Saturday, Sept 17th £2.00
SLACK ALICE
+ SUPPORT

Monday September 19th £1.00
THE "US" SOUND SPECTACULAR 77 NORTH LONDON HEAT WITH JERRY THE FERRET, APOSTROPHE, WARM JETS, SNEAKY DEALS, 64 SPOONS, RUSH HOUR + special guests BEES MAKE HONEY
Live music from 8.30pm

Tuesday, Sept 20th £1.00
ALFALPHA
+ SCENE STEALER
Free admission with this ad for one before 10.30pm

Wednesday Sept 21st £1.00
THE COUNT BISHOPS
+ SUPPORT
Free admission with this ad for one before 10.30pm

Tuesday September 22nd
SPECIAL EVENT
Check music papers & grapevine for details

LICENSED BARS - LIVE MUSIC - DANCING
8PM - 2 AM MONDAY TO SATURDAY

West Runton Pavilion
Nr. Cromer, Norfolk
Tel. West Runton 203

Saturday 17th September
SUTHERLAND BROTHERS & QUIVER
PLUS GUESTS
CITY BOY
Friday 23rd September
STEVE GIBBONS BAND
plus Support
AMERICAN TRAIN
Friday 30th September
CHRIS SPEDDING
plus Support
Friday 7th October
Tickets now available at £1.75 for
HAWKWIND
apply by post, The Pavilion, West Runton, Norfolk NR27 9QT.
Postal Orders only.
Tickets also available at £2.50 in advance for the FOUR TOPS

SPEAKEASY
01-580 7930

SPEAK-EARLY

Wed Sept 14th
THE OUTRIDERS
Thurs Sept 15th
ALFALPHA
Fri Sept 16th
TO BE CONFIRMED
Sat Sept 17th
PEKOE ORANGE
Mon Sept 19th
TO BE CONFIRMED
Tues Sept 20th
LIGHTNING RAIDERS
Wed Sept 21st
TO BE CONFIRMED
Thurs Sept 22nd
LANDSCAPE

FRIARS MAXWELL (VALE) HALL **AYLESBURY**
SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 17th at 7.30 pm
MOVIN' IN THE MIDNIGHT
THEIR FIRST BRITISH APPEARANCE
MINK DEVILLE
WITH THE
IMMORTALS
+ TYLA GANG
AC SOUND AND VISION
Tickets 185p from Earth Records, Aylesbury, Sun Music, High Wycombe, Ellis Jon's Amersham, Free'n'Easy, Hemel Hempstead, F. L. Moore, Bletchley, Dunstable and Luton, Hi-Vu, Buckingham, or 185p at door on night. Life membership 25p.
VENUS FROM AVENUE D IS WALKING THE AYLESBURY STREETS

BROADWAY QUEEN
18 DEPTFORD BROADWAY S.E.8
Live Music and Disco every night
Thurs, Sept 15th
HOTLINE
Sat Sept 17
RAW FUNKK BAND
Sun Sept 18
SHAKIN STEVENS AND THE SUNSETS

BOB MARDON PROMOTIONS in association with Rob Hallett
present
CITY ROCK '77 FESTIVAL
In Chelmsford City Football Stadium — on SAT. SEPT. 17th — 12 noon-9 pm.
THE Reds
Special Guests:
The Doctors of Madness
PLUS ADDED ATTRACTION
with **THE DAMNED**
Lew Lewis Band; Chelsea; Slaughter & The Dogs; Aswad; Fruit Eating Bears; Glory; Solid Waste . . . & others
Host — John Peel.
TICKETS £3.00 ADVANCE **£3.50 ON DOOR**
Available from all branches of: Harlequin Records; Parrot Records; Downtown Records; Ecstacy Records; Robin's Records; Andy's Records; London Theatre Bookings.
or: Postal applications to: Bob Mardon Promotions, Festival Office, Chelmsford City Football Stadium, New Writtle St., Chelmsford, Essex.
Postal orders only. Payable to Bob Mardon. To arrive no later than Tues. 13 Sept. Signs from all major roads into Chelmsford. Car parking. Railway station 2 mins walk.
ALL ENQUIRIES PHONE 0245 57172/3

Peter Bowyer, in association with Arista present
CARAVAN ON TOUR
September
19th Bristol, Colston Hall
20th Birmingham, Odeon
22nd Leicester, De Montfort
23rd Newcastle, City Hall
24th Glasgow, Apollo
25th Redcar, Coatham Bowl
27th Manchester, Free Trade Hall
29th Sheffield, Town Hall
October
2nd Hammersmith, Odeon

'BETTER BY FAR'
their latest album, out now on ARISTA
SPARTY 1008. Cass. TC. ARTY 1008.

BARBEQUE GRILL NOW OPEN UPSTAIRS

HOPE & ANCHOR

UPPER STREET ISLINGTON, N.1

Thurs. Sept 15th 75p
BUSTER CRABBE
Fri. Sept 16th 75p
PRAIRIE OYSTER
Sat. Sept 17th £1.00
THE TYLA GANG
Sun. Sept 18th 75p
DIRE STRAIGHTS

Mon. Sept 19th FREE
SCREENS
Tues. Sept 20th RING FOR DETAILS
Wed. Sept 21st 75p
THE STUKAS
+ BAZOOKA JOE

VAN DER GRAAF
A spectacular return... with support
Sunday 16th October 1977 at 7.30
VICTORIA PALACE, Victoria St., London SW1
Tel: 01 834 1317/8
Tickets: £2.50, £2.00 and £1.50 (inc. VAT)

VORTEX
AT CRACKERS 203 WARDOUR ST., LONDON W.1.
Every Mon & Tues 8.30pm till 2am

MONDAY SEPTEMBER 19th
THE ANTS
BLACK SLATE
THE RAGE THE SLUGS
D.J. JERRY FLOYD Adm £1.00
TUESDAY SEPTEMBER 20th
X-RAY SPEX
THE TOOLS THE CRABS
THE LOSERS
D.J. NICK LEIGH Adm £1.00
Licenced Bar 8pm—2am
Bookings enquiries 637 2572

On Thurs **22nd SEPT 1977** from 8 onwards **SUB-WAY-SECT** plus **THE SLITS KILLJOYS** Congnescenti **ORCHESTRA** Jah **DON LETTS** and others will **LIBERATE** London's **MUSIC MACHINE**. All **HEADBANGERS** to meet under siege **STAGE** on arrival. **£1 ADMISSION. COME** early **STAY** late competition.

NOTE:

Record company liggers enter at own RISK

ADVANCE tickets from box office 387 0428 or ROADENT at 485 2878.

ALBERTO Y LOST TRIOS PARANOIAS *DON'T MISS*

SLEAK! *THE RETURN OF SLEAK!*

With Alberto y los. etc. Michael Deeks, Judy Lloyd, Arthur Kelly and Gorden Kaye
at the ROYAL COURT THEATRE, Sloane Square, London W1
from 12th September to 1st October at 8.00 p.m.
All seats bookable. Box Office: 01-730 1745.

TO ADVERTISE 01-261 6172 NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

ROUNDHOUSE CHALK FARM N.W.1
Sunday, 18th September, 1977
Vic Keary presents:
"Natty Dread meet Punk"
CIMARONS
Slaughter and the Dogs
Black Slate
Fruit Eating Bears
Johnny Curious and the Strangers
D.J. Jerry Floyd
Admission: £1.50, doors open 5 pm

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words words words words words words words words words words

WORDS (Barry Clarke), CITY HALL, ST. ALBANS
SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17th
BURLESQUE
+ DAVE FORESTER
MARY JANE DISCO BAR FOOD
Advance tickets £1.25 from Box Office, Chequer Street, St. Albans. Telephone 64511 or £1.30 on door.
Sat, Oct 1st HEAVY METAL KIDS + ZOOKY

words words words words words words words words words words

Webbington Country Club
Weston-Super-Mare
Tel Edingworth 491
Presents
22nd September—
SHEER ELEGANCE
MILKY WAY
ITS TEMPTATION
29th September—
BRUCE RUFFIN & BAND
POURING RAIN
TICKLE
with full supporting cabaret
Cut this advert out and you will be admitted as a guest of Alan Wells, proprietor, for 50p.

TO ADVERTISE YOUR GIG IN THIS SECTION RING: 01-261 6153

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words words words words words words words words words words

WORDS (Barry Clarke) QUEENSWAY (Civic) HALL, DUNSTABLE
SUTHERLAND BROTHERS & QUIVER
+ CITY BOY
Licensed Bar
Advance tickets from Box Office, telephone 603326; F. L. Moore Records, Old Town Records, Hemel Hempstead; of Record rooms, St Albans
SUNDAY, OCT 16th AC/DC

words words words words words words words words words words

FREEMASONS TAVERN SE·25
81 PENGE ROAD, SE25 778 6831
Fri., 18th Sept. (Free) *Sat., 17th Sept. (Free)*
SAGITTARIUS **THE EXITS**
LIVE BANDS every Friday and Saturday, DISCO Sunday

DOWNSTAIRS AT THE ROCKGARDEN

THE DARTS
THU & FRI & SATURDAY
New Wave Teds, purveyors of Doo-Wop. Not that you have to be over 35 and round the bend to like 'em. More than one famous spikey head regulary turns up at their gigs. N.M.E described their set as "long and enjoyable." Seeing is believing.

THE JOLT
MONDAY 19th SEPT Little is known about this scottish punk outfit except that they don't wear safety pins in their kilts.

ADVERTISING
TUE 20th SEPT We do know something about this band. We gave them their second gig. SOUNDS reckons they have a "blatantly pop image somewhat reminiscent of the Everly Bros., but with new wave intensity." Sounds also said their songs were "witty and intelligently arranged," which is nearer the truth. Image or no image the larger variety of record company is interested in signing them.

JENNY DARREN BAND
WED 21st New signing to D.J.M., with her first album about to hit the stands. The music is raunchy driving stuff. As they say in Iss, Suffolk, LETSALL BOOGIEEE!
ADMISSION THIS WEEK £1 to £2
(ALL GIGS SUBJECT TO ALTERATION. PLEASE CHECK BY PHONE!)
WE'RE ON THE CORNER OF KING STREET—JAMES STREET, OLD COVENT GARDEN, WC2
01-240-3961

THE ROXY CLUB
41/43 NEAL ST., COVENT GARDEN, WC2

Wednesday September 14th
Audition night adm. 50p
THE BLANKS
+ THE ROOK

Thursday September 15th
THE UNWANTED
+ TUBALA ARMY

Friday September 16th
EATER
+ DOLE QUEUE

Saturday September 17th
BAZOOMIES
+ NIPPLE ERECTUS

THE 100 CLUB
100 OXFORD STREET WEST ONE
THURSDAY 15th SEPTEMBER
SUPER YOUTH ROCKERS
ASWAD
PLUS SUPPORTING ROOTS ROCK SOUNDS SHOW
DOORS OPEN 7.30pm. LATE BARS. FOOD
ALL ENQUIRIES TEL. 01-348 2923
THURS 22 SEPT
CIMARONS + FRUIT EATING BARS

WOODS
PLYMOUTH
Tel 266116 - late bar
NEXT TUES 20th SEPT 75p
LONDON
+SWORDS VICTIMS
NEXT WED 21st SEPT £1
BERT JANSCH

SNEAKIES ROCK CLUB
White Bear, Kingsley Road, Hounslow
SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17 — TO BE ANNOUNCED
SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 18th — THE SUNDAY BAND

SHEER UNLIMITED ENTERTAINMENTS PRESENTS
CAMBRIDGE "BLIMPS" (DOG & PHEASANT, NEWMARKET ROAD) 8 pm-2am
Tues. 20th Sept. — THE LOOK + D.J. JOHNNY NOGOOD
Tues. 27th Sept. — THE CRABS + D.J. JOHNNY NOGOOD
CHELMSFORD CHANCELLOR HALL — 7.30 pm
Thursday 22nd Sept. (CHANGE OF DATE FROM 18th)
THE ADVERTS + SPITFIRE BOYS
Sunday 25th Sept.
BOOMTOWN RATS + THE LOOK
D.J. JOHNNY NOGOOD/TICKETS ON SALE ON THE DOOR

DUKE OF LANCASTER
Beside British Rail
NEW BARNET
01-449 0465
Thursday Sept 15th
ZARABANDA
Friday Sept 16th
PEKOE ORANGE
Saturday Sept 17th
ASTRA
Sunday Sept 18th
SMILER
Tuesday Sep 20th
GRAND HOTEL

SOWETO BENEFIT
STEEL PULSE
+ DISCO
Saturday 24th September 8 pm
AT THE CLUB ROW CLUB, CLUB ROW E.1
(Opp. Liverpool Street Station)
£1 (70p unemployed & school students)
BEER AT 27p A PINT
ORGANISED BY LONDON YOUNG COMMUNIST LEAGUE CHALLENGE

FILMS

THE MAGIC THAT IS **MINNELLI** THE POWER THAT IS **DE NIRO**

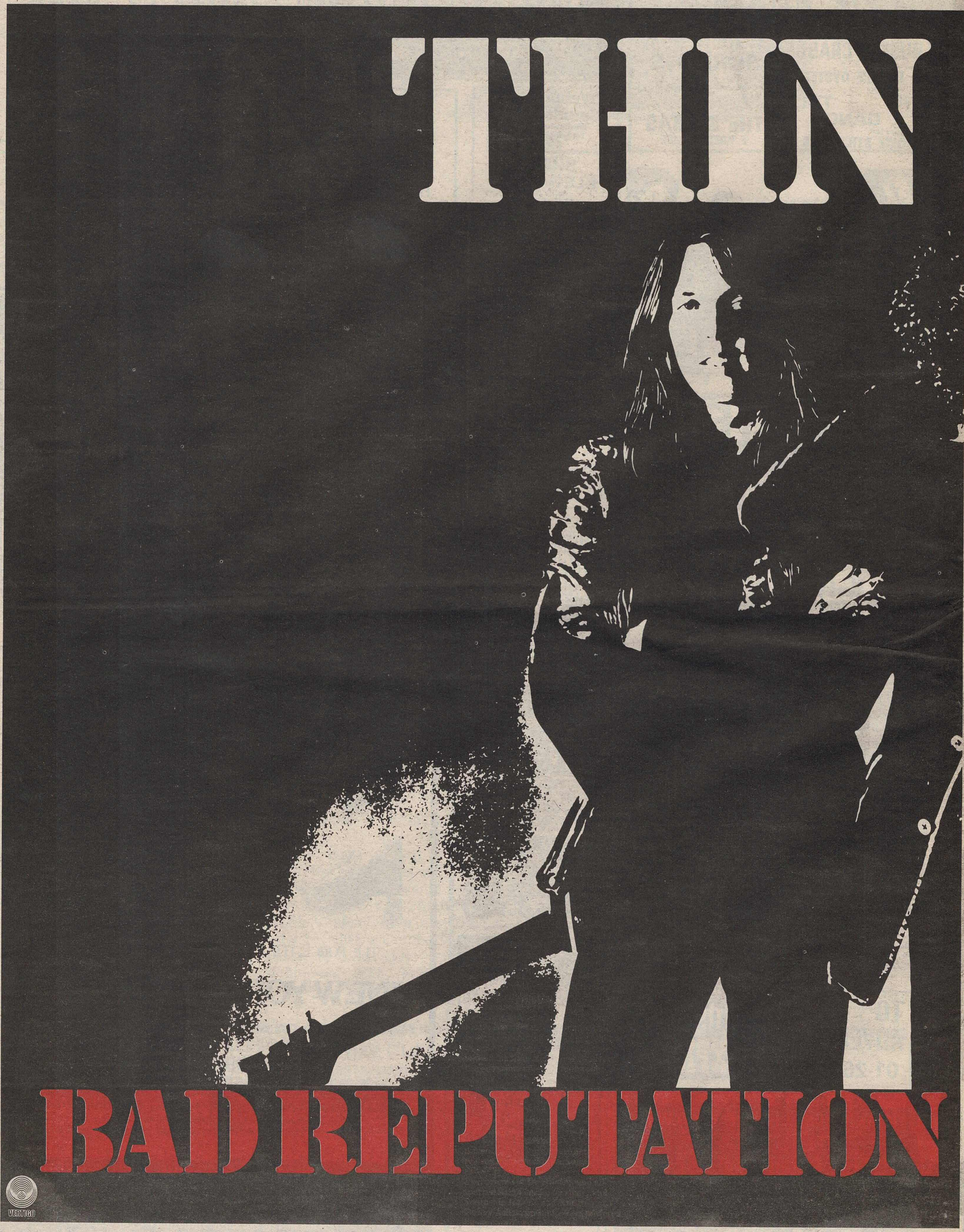
THE FORCE, THE LIFE, THE MUSIC, THE EXPLOSION THAT IS

"NEW YORK, NEW YORK"

A ROBERT CHARTOFF-IRWIN WINKLER Production A MARTIN SCORSESE Film
LIZA MINNELLI · ROBERT DE NIRO in
"NEW YORK, NEW YORK"A
Screenplay by EARL MAC RAUCH and MARDIK MARTIN · Story by EARL MAC RAUCH
Directed by MARTIN SCORSESE · Produced by IRWIN WINKLER and ROBERT CHARTOFF
Original Songs by JOHN KANDER and FRED EBB · Musical Supervisor and Conductor-RALPH BURNS
Production Designed by Boris Leven · Director of Photography Laszlo Kovacs, A.S.C.
ORIGINAL MOTION PICTURE SOUNDTRACK ALBUM AND TAPE AVAILABLE ON UNITED ARTISTS RECORDS
United Artists A Transamerica Company

ROYAL CHARITY EUROPEAN PREMIERE
in the presence of The Grand President of St. John Ambulance
H.R.H. THE PRINCESS MARGARET
in aid of The St. John Ambulance Centenary
ODEON LEICESTER SQ. Thursday 15th September 1977
PUBLIC PERFORMANCES FROM FRIDAY SEPT 16th

THIN



BAD REPUTATION

VERTIGO

LIZZY

OUT NOW!

THIN LIZZY

Album 9102 016 Cassette 7231 011

marketed by phonogram

CITY BOY

Their third brilliant album

YOUNG MEN GONE WEST

"The band has had more impact in America that in their home country, but their polished and inventive music has come of age." *Melody Maker*

"The band are still bubbling over with ideas which are put across with a verve and panache many more established bands would envy. . . . The standard of musicianship throughout is well-nigh immaculate from top to bottom." *Sounds*

"With its third album, the group has come into its own with a wit and humour which permeates the songwriting of Lol Mason and Steve Broughton". *Record World*

Album 6360 151
Cassette 7138 090
Produced by Robert John Lange

Straight into the
AMERICAN CHARTS
first week of release.

Your last chance to see City Boy before their American tour

September 17	West Runton Pavilion, West Runton	October 1	Playhouse Theatre, Edinburgh
September 18	Odeon Theatre, Birmingham	October 2	Caird Hall, Dundee
September 19	City Hall, Sheffield	October 3-4	Capital Theatre, Aberdeen
September 22	Civic Hall, Dunstable	October 6	Victoria Hall, Hanley
September 24	Rainbow, London	October 7	Lancaster University, Lancaster
September 25	Colston Hall, Bristol	October 8	Leeds University, Leeds
September 27	Guildford Civic, Guildford	October 9	Theatre Royal, York
September 29	Apollo Theatre, Glasgow	October 12	Hull City Hall, Hull

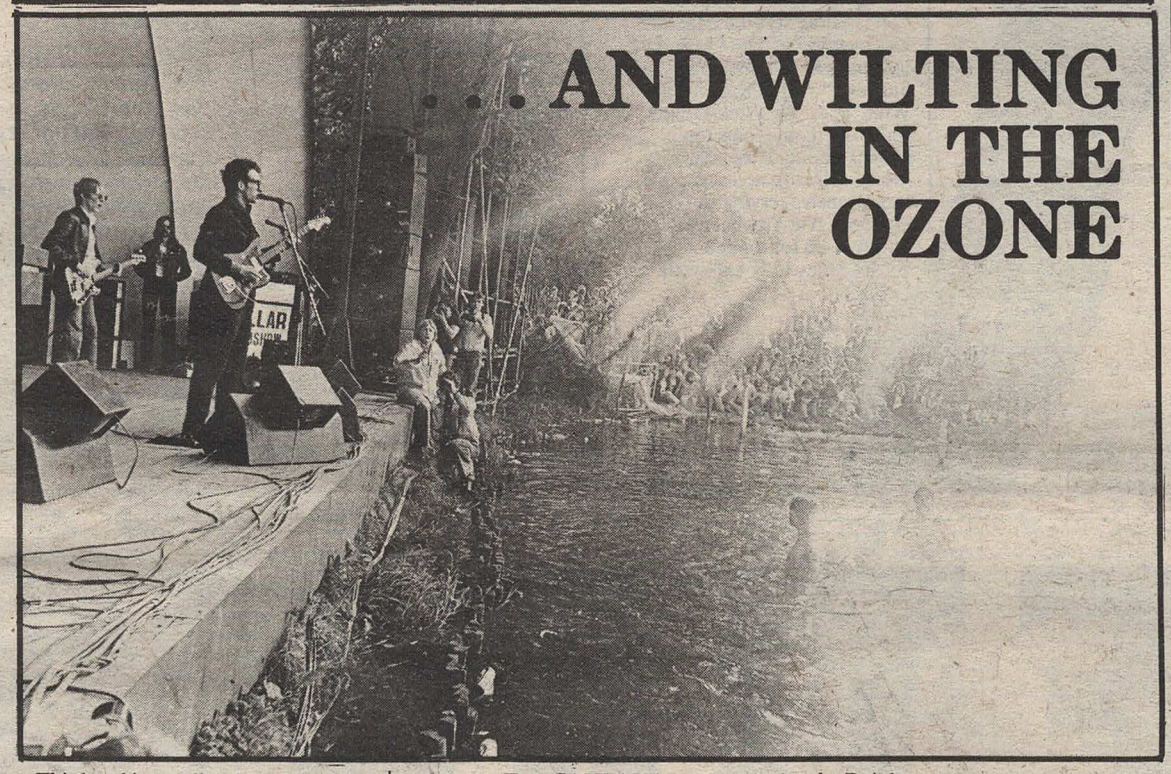
VERTIGO

marketed by phonogram

ON THE TOWN

STORMING THE PALACE . . .

. . . AND WILTING IN THE OZONE



Top: SANTANA
Bottom: ELVIS
Photography:
CHALKIE DAVIES

A LACK OF COHERENCE was the most outstanding feature of this year's Crystal Palace Garden Party bill: one perennial big name and three average ones thrown together in a ragged attempt to fill the 15,000 capacity.

Let's face it, few people could have been there through a desire to see, for instance, *both* Elvis Costello and Brand X.

So it's just as well that Crystal Palace isn't too bad a place to kill time — at least, not when the weather's good, which it mercifully was. Bring your own distractions and wait for some on stage seemed to be the mood of the day. As a jaded friend pointed out, there's no contact high anymore.

Indeed, this year's Garden Party had a definite air of resigned sufferance about it, both in the lacklustre bill and general concept. What is the point of paying over the odds for the dubious benefit of sitting on the grass to watch four or five bands you probably didn't want to see in the first place while you wait for the one you did? Maybe it's just an elaborate ploy to provide more time for perusal of the disposable trinket stands, or maybe there isn't any point at all — just that old habits die hard.

The latter could be one of the reasons why I arrived late and missed most of **Crawler's** set, but we won't go into that. It could also be one of the reasons why Crawler — who seem to turn up down bill to everybody, like '77's Capability Brown (remember them?) — are plumbing an already overworked vein of strident guitar-fired blues rock, but we won't go into that either.

Suffice to say that they do what's been done before with marginal relief from the style's previous tedium, and were received with polite disinterest by the crowd.

Brand X, with Phil Collins back on traps for the occasion, fared decidedly better. The warm, hazy and relaxed afternoon atmosphere worked to their advantage, and I found myself forgetting that I'd heard a handful of American bands do it just as well (this is in fact a compliment to Brand X) and just soaking it up.

Brand X, as we all know, sound like Weather Report, with some of the homogenous and stoic feel of ECM jazz mixed in. The main attractions of their music are its mood and its technical dexterity. Individually the band are all great players (especially the sweet and fluid guitarist) but what they do together relies more on virtuosity than on any corporate intentions as a band — a subtle difference between them and Weather Report.

In many ways this kind of thinking person's approach to music, be it jazz or rock or jazz-rock, has taken up the torch of progressive rock. Most people I've talked to will claim so-and-so's undeniable instrumental ability in its defence, which is fair enough, and as a criteria it's one of the reasons why Brand X cut it where others don't. But in the end it's merely an extension of the Is - Alvin - Lee - Faster - Than - Eric - Clapton syndrome, and on that level it's just as boring.

After a special appearance by a plucky streaker, **Southside Johnny and the Asbury Jukes** took to the stage. They looked resplendent, if a little out of place, in their real sharp suits, and the crowd greeted them like they knew they were in for a good time. Sad to say then that the Jukes didn't quite deliver.

This band is usually a better bet live than they are on record. The revamped '60s soul revue makes sense in the sweaty environment of a live gig, but just sounds like high quality nostalgia on disc. However, at an outdoor, daytime affair all the in-concert qualities are lost, and they ended up looking like a bunch of clowns wearing dumb suits.

Southside, without his shades because of the daylight, overplayed his part to the point where the impenetrable New Jersey accent came off as a big act; the stage antics of the rest of the band seemed equally contrived. Deliberate high jinks that extended the excitement about a foot beyond the stage and left the crowd as spectators on the Asbury Jukes' time-warp.

This was no fault of their own really, since they played a good set that was much the same as on their previous visit, but the environment was definitely unsympathetic. Their music demands a spirit of participation in the nostalgic exercise for full reward, and it didn't happen — as was proved by the fact that they got less of a response when they left the stage than when they came on.

Brand X went over better because the mood of their music better suited the afternoon's ambience. Curiously though, the best response thus far — and the first standing ovation of the day — went to the streaker. Perhaps Roy Carr can explain why . . .

Paul Rambali

AFTER YEARS OF BEING continually passed over, suddenly there's a great danger that events just might be happening a shade too quickly for Elvis Costello.

What gets 400 devotees off in the confines of the Nashville doesn't necessarily transfer to 12,000 people with a vast lily pond acting as a no-go area for all but a few skinny-dippers. It's all very well being prophetic after-the-event, but (despite a handsome fee) Costello would have been far better served nixing Crystal Palace until next year and first playing either the Hammersmith Odeon or the Rainbow.

Furthermore, his position in the running order — being sandwiched between two experienced outfits like the Asbury Jukes and Santana — didn't help none.

Costello himself seemed prepared for any eventuality — which you certainly couldn't say about his band, The Attractions, or the guy who mixed the sound were. For most of the set, both Costello's guitar and Bruce Thomas' bass were practically inaudible, with the result that the over-abundance of Steve Manson's pipe organ and Pete Thomas' drums evoked an impression of surreal nostalgia reminiscent of The Mysterians.

From the moment Costello (garbed in tight black suit, dark blue shirt and brown shoes) lurched into "Welcome To The Workday Week", he gave the distinct impression that he was performing with repressed anger.

This was the first time that Costello had come face-to-face with a large audience, but there was to be absolutely no compromise on his behalf. His obvious ploy would have been to re-play his album and ensure a positive response. No way. Of the 14 songs he performed in quick-fire succession, only "Less Than Zero" "Red Shoes", "Miracle Man" and the closing "Mystery Dance" are available on record.

It was almost as if Costello was putting both the audience and himself to test. I'm not sure what his motives were — maybe he's masochistic — but he sure as hell went about it the hard way.

The PA certainly didn't help. As the lyrical content of Costello's material is very *wordy*, the impact of such newer songs as "There's No Action", "Lipstick Vogue", "I Don't Want To Go To Chelsea", "Lipservice", "Radio, Radio" and the incredible "Watching The Detectives" was lost on the breeze.

Had Costello had more experience of working such a large audience he'd have pulled the gig off without too much difficulty. As it was, there seemed to be a certain degree of resistance emanating from both sides of the pond, with the result that he scooted-off to a polite trickle of applause and no encore.

On page three of the official programme, it gave a **Santana** line-up of Carlos Santana (guitar), Tom Coster (keyboards), Raoul Ricklow (congas / bongoes), Graham Lear (drums), Gregory Walker (vocals), David Margen (bass) and Peter Escovedo (timbales).

Turn to page nine of the very same programme and there's a missive that states: "Rather than going into detailed biographical or historical accounts of the group, SANTANA prefer to be judged on the merits of their music alone."

Who's kiddin' who? 'Cause the note then goes on to claim that Pablo Tellez is playing bass, Luther Rabb sings and Jose "Chepito" Areas handles timbales!

I dunno 'bout the rest of the guys, but Chepito wasn't within 3,000 miles of that gig.

It really doesn't matter who plays what anyway, because outfits like Santana (Lynyrd Skynyrd are another) are custom-built for large outdoor events like Crystal Palace. Designed like a B-52 bomber, they take off at full throttle, quickly gain altitude, cruise at maximum speed and then go for the flash finish, delivering their payload bang on target.

That's one analogy. At another extreme they can be likened to a premature ejaculation. Having reached an orgasmic peak so early in their performance, they then spend the next two hours going through the same motions, until the batteries need replacing.

Building their programme around the more familiar highlights from their first three albums, Carlos & Co also sprinkle their set with more recent tracks like "Let The Children Play" and a thoroughly bizarre latinised rework of The Zombies' "She's Not There".

However, long before the set reached its logical conclusion the incessant rattling of pots and pans became somewhat overpowering. Aside from "Black Magic Woman" and an instrumental ballad (the title of which eludes me), the only respite was C. Santana's stylish ability to overlay the recurring rhythm patterns with regular forceful guitar breaks and sustained sub-sonic one-note aerobatics.

Though I face a charge of nepotism, I must confess that the best music I heard all day came much later at Ras Spencer's house-leaving knees-up.

Roy Carr

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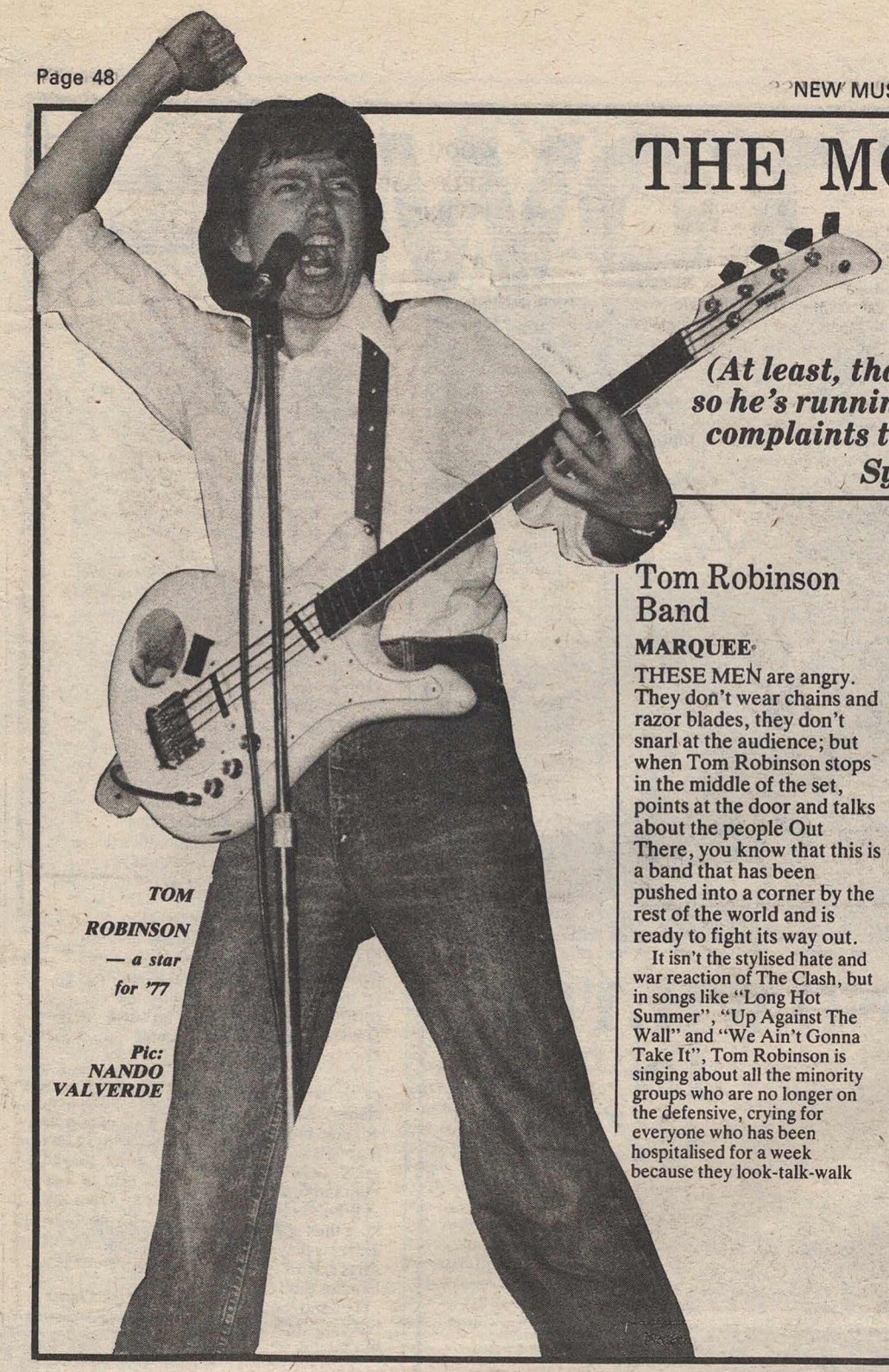

TOM ROBINSON — a star for '77

Pic: NANDO VALVERDE

THE MOST IMPORTANT NEW BAND IN BRITAIN

(At least, that's what the ON THE TOWN Editor says, so he's running TWO reviews — and running! Send any complaints to the third taverna on the left, Agathopes, Syros, somewhere in the azure Aegean . . .)

Tom Robinson Band

MARQUEE

THESE MEN are angry. They don't wear chains and razor blades, they don't snarl at the audience; but when Tom Robinson stops in the middle of the set, points at the door and talks about the people Out There, you know that this is a band that has been pushed into a corner by the rest of the world and is ready to fight its way out.

It isn't the stylised hate and war reaction of The Clash, but in songs like "Long Hot Summer", "Up Against The Wall" and "We Ain't Gonna Take It", Tom Robinson is singing about all the minority groups who are no longer on the defensive, crying for everyone who has been hospitalised for a week because they look-talk-walk differently. He's telling you that there's no more room to sit on the fence, it's *"time to decide which side you're on."*

Robinson is the band's obvious focal point, punching a bass and singing clearly and strongly enough to get the message across. Danny Kustow moves like Mick Jones but doesn't borrow his riffs. Between them Tom and Danny break four strings in one evening.

Drummer Brian Taylor steps up front to sing "Riding Along On The Back Of An E-Type", while organist Mark Amber leads a chorus of "Auld Lang Syne" — but Tom's singalong monologue about his fictitious brother Martin is genuine 1977 music-hall. Don't be fooled by the fun and the remarkable rapport between band and equally committed fans, because songs like "It's Getting Tighter", "Winter Of '79" and "Glad To Be Gay" will send shivers down your spine.

This is one of the most relevant bands I've seen this year, but a lot of people are going to miss them because they can't identify with a group who are glad to be gay. That's like ignoring Bob Marley because he's black. Songs like "Power In The Darkness", with its damning GLC rap, and lyrics about fascists in the high street with everyone else on the run mean something to everyone.

"Motorway" is the new single, and the album is going to make a major impact if people have confidence to buy it and play it. This band want their freedom. Does that frighten you?

After the set the audience stood chanting "Smash the National Front!" Two policemen came into the club, picked me out of the crowd and asked me if I was "John Williams". Why me? That frightens me.

Kim Davis

Tom Robinson Band

DINGWALLS

THE LAST TIME I saw The Tom Robinson Band they were a trifle weak sounding and not really together. Only Tom and Danny were short-haired and the other two guys seemed a bit out of it. Naturally now they've "sold out" (Tom's words) the other two have got their locks lopped and lo, they seem to have gelled, got it together etc, somewhat.

This is only too apparent by the fact that their following sings along even on a complicated opus like "A Brother Like Martin". Something told me I was about to be stunned by a band performing at a peak.

From "Ford Cortina" onwards the set literally took off into dizzy heights of mesmerisation, hypnotism and transfixion. Fast links kept everybody dancing through "Right On Sister", with the audience punching air en masse, Tom furiously *strumming* his bass and Danny blowing snot down his shirt front!

A word about Danny and his guitar — remember Ronson's solo on "Moonage Daydream"? Well, Danny plays with that kind of power — burning sustained notes, a power within. His solo on "Winter of '79" was truly frightening, and set the serious tone for "Better Decide Which Side You're On", a tour de force which positively shocked me. Pause for a gobful of air and it's anthem time . . .

"Corrupters of youth, it's there in the papers — must be the truth! So sing if you're glad to be gay — sing if you're happy that way."

I'll mention the other songs 'cause the titles say a lot about the way this band feels about 1977 in UK — "Power In The Darkness (Freedom)", "We Ain't Gonna Take It", "I'm Alright Jack" . . .

Danny breaks a string, the band scream to the set's end, I notice the deafening volume has ceased, collect my senses, yell for more!

A genuinely moving "I Shall Be Released", a manic "I'm Waiting For My Man" featuring Rich Kid Glen Matlock on Tom's bass and Tom on Iggy Pop impersonations — shredding his clothes off his back and falling onto the arms of the people in front!

A stunning performance from the most powerful band I've seen since the Pistols — and *that* is the highest praise.

Sue Denom

THE TURNING POINT FOR GENTLE GIANT.

Gentle Giant have a change of direction on their tenth album. And Sounds reckoned the result rated a five star rave. Here's what they said:

"Gentle Giant rock still makes you bust out in a muck sweat, even if you're just lying down with your head jammed between the speakers... it may be brash and very loud but it's no cop out... and the rhythm isn't just the heavy hammer, it shakes you all about like a fairground waltzer... the album includes a near punk joke and an uninhibited stormtrooper... Giant have never integrated their ridiculous range of talents more effectively than on 'The Missing Piece'."

We've nothing to add. Except listen to it.

'The Missing Piece' from Gentle Giant including 'I'm Turning Around'. On Chrysalis Records and Tapes.

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The Jam

NASHVILLE

THE NEW WAVE scene is arguably more interesting now than ever, as the big five or six bands are being forced to consolidate their first impressive outpourings with something equally vibrant in order to achieve some semblance of longevity.

Though only The Stranglers have yet (almost) released a second album, several of the other bands are recording busily, and the transitional new songs are being showcased in the concerts they're playing these days.

Of them, The Clash's latest live stuff has already proved strong enough from live exposure for one to predict confidently that their second opus'll be a scorcher. The Damned, on the other hand, if their dire showing at Tottenham Court Road's Sundown venue is any indication, are in real inspirational bovver.

The Jam are another band currently working on their second volume of songs — the release date is confidently boasted as being November — but after their performance at the Nashville last Saturday I for one am going to be looking cautiously towards their new work.

That may seem a high-handed attitude to adopt on the strength of just one bad gig, but there appeared to be no technical problems to blame — *and* we were informed that this show was to broadcast in the States.

The main problem was obvious: the band just played too fast. I couldn't tell you exactly how long The Jam were onstage, but I would hazard a guess that it wasn't over 40 minutes.

Short sets can be thoroughly excusable, though, if the quality is hot. Unfortunately the band simply ruined their repertoire by seizing upon every song and zipping relentlessly through it, often at the expense of melodic precision and dynamics.

The frantic pace was set with "Changed My Address", and after that we were treated to an odd pot-pourri of old and new: standards like "Time For Truth", "In The City" and "All Around The World", to which a couple of soul oldies — "In The Midnight Hour" and "Sweet Soul Music" —were added clumsily and unnecessarily, plus new songs like "Down In The Street", "Modern World" and "London Traffic".

Unfortunately nothing really stood out, possibly barring a version of The Who's exquisite "So Sad About Us", the melody line of which still came through loud and clear under the deluge of excessively speedy pacing. At other times, the sound became splintered and indistinct in the rush, rarely gaining the full KO cohesion that is so prevalent on the group's first album. Weller's usually deft Rickenbacker guitar sound in particular lost much of its fierce impact.

The conclusion is obvious. This is a band who now desperately need to learn the art of pacing. The show I saw was inexcusably messy — and downright stupid at times. The impact of entire songs, like the excellent "World" single, was dissipated under the relentless pace, and ultimately it just wasn't good enough.

Nevertheless, the usual conglomeration of head-bashers went about their kamikaze dance routines unperturbed.

Nick Kent

Pic: DENIS O'REGAN

FOXTON and WELLER at the 100 Club on Sunday — the last chance to see them this way?

Fleetwood Mac

LOS ANGELES FORUM

"GOOD EVENING, Los Angeles!" Christine Perfect greets her fans in her dulcet middle class Birmingham voice, still without the slightest trace of mid-Atlantic despite the years she's spent on the west side of the pond.

And before you have time to marvel at the tumultuous reception given to her and the rest of Fleetwood Mac in their adopted home town (town?), they're into the hook infested pop-rock of "Say That You Love Me".

Looking around it's not difficult to understand why Fleetwood Mac choose to settle in LA.

The auditorium itself puts any comparable British venue to shame, retaining an atmosphere of audience involvement despite its size. And the audience confirms every dream you ever had about Californian Youth. A good looking crowd for a good looking band; there's even the odd Stevie Nicks lookalike.

Glamorous and hip, Stevie is in better voice than when the band visited Britain during the spring. Doubtless as a result of the problems she suffers with nodes on her vocal chords, Ms Nicks is now singing a good deal lower than she did on those British dates — and consequently with more sensuality.

Otherwise there's not much difference in the group's performance. Mick Fleetwood is as stunning as ever, playing with all the economy and power for which he's renowned. McVie is solidly unobtrusive, and — completing the English side of the group — Ms Perfect sings her blues as totally bereft of histrionics as ever. You know, she could be the best white blues singer in the world.

Though Lindsay Buckingham's attempts to emulate Peter Green in "Oh Well" don't really cut it, elsewhere his playing often ignites.

Really the only thing that has changed is the audience, who gave them a reception as ecstatic as any I've seen. In fact not since Elton John played Dodger Stadium, also in Los Angeles, a couple of years ago have I seen a crowd react this way. And then they wonder why English acts put down roots in LA . . .

Steve Clarke

Little STEVIE

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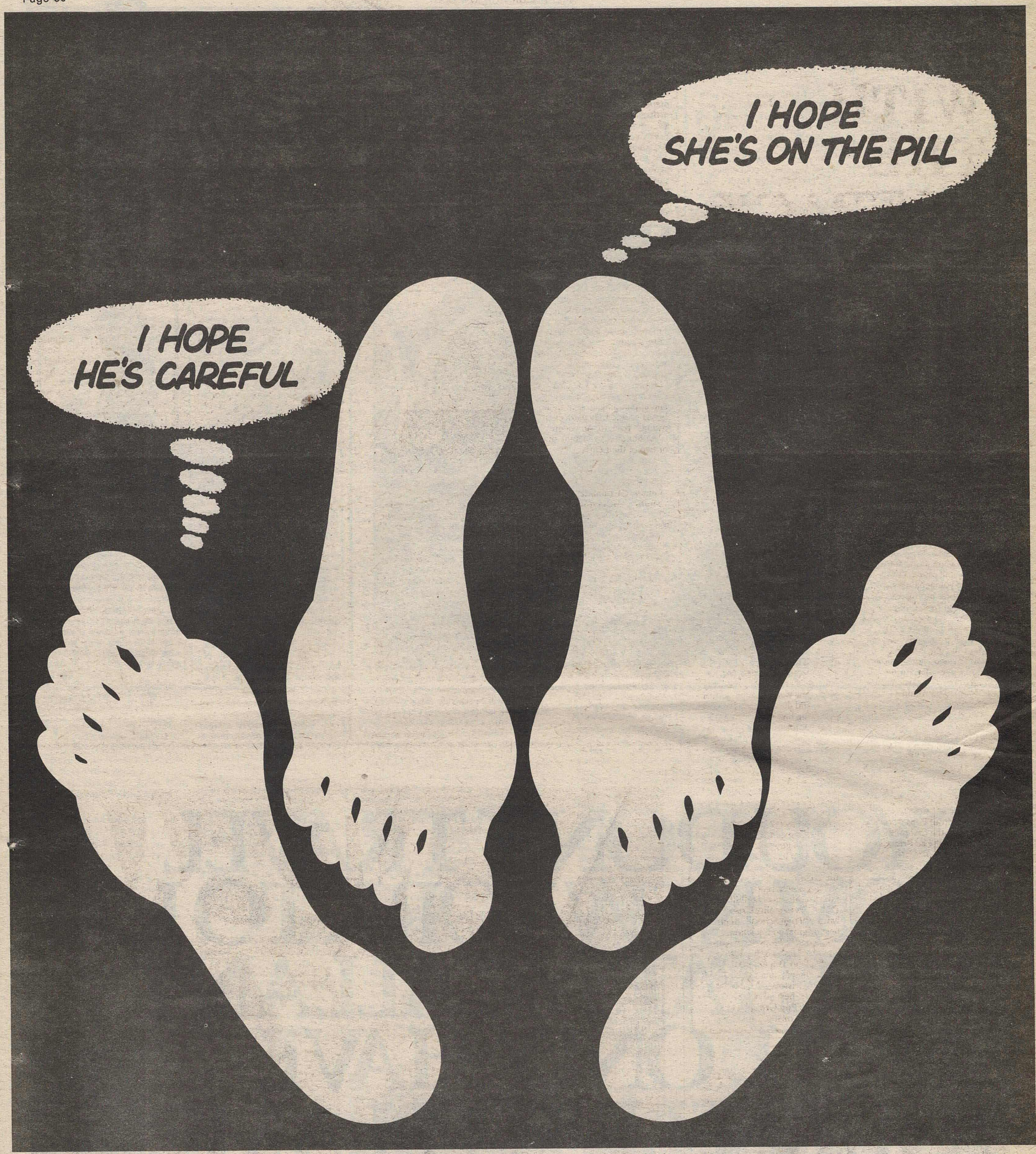

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RUNNING WITH THE RATPACK

(SOUTH WEST BRANCH)

BRISTOL

A New Wave Festival Report

FOR THE INCREDIBLE fee of £175 THEY were going to play the Granary Club on Saturday night. It was a big secret, of course, and four days beforehand only seven parties knew about it — only the BBC, HTV, the *Bristol Evening Post*, the *Western Daily Press*, the police, the Avon and Bristol Councils, and several thousand fans. It was the best kept secret since Watergate and THEY didn't play.

Which mattered not the tiniest little bit, because on Saturday night at the Barton Hill overspill estate Youth Club five young bands gave this writer far more pleasure than he could get looking at some rock star's scalp over a ring of enormous bouncers.

First on were **The Android Pups.** The Pups are very likeable — they have unique charm. Too young for the garage, they're a garden shed band who swap round instruments for different songs — which vary from Beefheart soundalikes to dead pan punk pop (with pauses for the really difficult chord changes) to an E.S.T. version of "Puff the Magic Dragon". They also did a blues number, genuine Chicago style. They refuse to play higher than bottom of the bill and are whatitsallabout.

The Android Pups were followed by the first public appearance of **The Primates** — led by guitarist Jon Britton from Good Question, who have recently split (the best thing they ever did). A year's regular gigging has fashioned Britton into a very fine guitarist, and with his angular frame he's an impressive looking stage performer. He's obtained for himself an equally good rhythm section, but I found them rather too derivative — if it wasn't for their musical proficiency they could be The Models, Lurkers, Drones or any of those other similarly boring groups.

Next came an odd ten minute set by **The Pigs,** one of the most popular new bands in Bristol. They had originally refused to play because they weren't given the headlining spot, but decided to add their token presence anyway. The lead singer is a wet Vanian/Masters copyist and they write songs with titles like "Youthanasia" and numbers about the National Front with yellow press predictability — and are tedious for other reasons too numerous to mention.

However, they are very popular indeed and probably will go places. They have a very clever, energetic, pushy manager called Vernon who, with the help of Miles Copeland, has set up a local record label called New Bristol. Thankfully it's not for the Pig's exclusive use, but its first release will be their recently recorded EP called "Youthanasia".

The sound from the archaic PA was bad all evening, seemingly benefiting the woodworm in the roof the most, and it was at its worst during **The Media**'s set — which was unfortunate because they are a keen little band. More new wave than punk in music and dress, they have an intriguing line-up that shows a lot of promise.

Drummer Russ Evans and keyboards player Embrane are an amazing couple of Joe 90 lookalikes, while female bassist Rachel resembles a frail cross between Tina Frantz and Gaye Advert (I know it sounds corny but it's true). The band is fronted by (yet another) good young guitarist called Nick and a guy called Mike Stand, who has an appealingly strong voice for a member of the DHSS.

They do energetic interpretations of stuff like the Dolls' "Personality Crisis" and MC5's "High School"; their best original composition, "Numbers", has a frantically infectious hook and is top quality Top Ten material.

Headliners, and the best band in Bristol — soon to be one of the best anywhere — were **The Pop Group.** Their first words onstage are: "We're the Pop Group and we're gonna make it", and believe me, they will.

A year ago they were among the very few young Bristolians to appreciate the significance of and dig the groovy punk happenings occurring in swinging London. Then at Christmas they virtually withdrew from the then growing scene to form a band and write and rehearse zealously for six months. At the beginning they seemed to be heading in rather conventional new wave directions, but after being joined by John Waddington from the short-lived Boyfriends, they shot into local circulation with innovative music and unprecedented impact.

Their debut gig was a triumph of music and media manipulation in front of several hundred people in Tiffanys, and a further success came a couple of weeks later supporting The Cortinas at the Marquee. They actually entranced/astonished a Marquee punk crowd into standing, watching, listening and applauding — with their hands — and they were even brought back for an encore.

Although they include one or two of their early crowd-pleasing speed-riff tunes in the show, the stunning core of their set is songs like "Genius Or Lunatic", "Think", "Sex Objects" and "Prisoner Of Sex", which transcend tags.

The mood of these songs is the cold cybernetics of Kraftwerk or Can, the hypnotic beats of reggae, the sombre robotics of the thin white Iggy and the metallic pop of Richard Hell.

Their best song, "Colourblind", is introduced with an almost funky feel from bassist Simon Underwood and drummer Bruce Smith, with an arctic melody, spiralling guitars and a characteristically skilful solo by John Waddington. They also perform "Pablo Picasso" *a la* "Helen Of Troy" with devastating heavy metal bounce, like Black Sabbath on a trampoline.

They finish with another non-original — a spasmodic high-speed bubblegum "Solid Gold Easy Action". The encore is a new number titled "Tell Me The Name Of The Driver", whose flailing insistent rhythm sounds like a meeting of Talking Heads and Blue Oyster Cult.

Everything vocalist Mark Stewart has been predicting for the last year has been realised, and he will be at the top as quickly as Bryan Ferry managed it with Roxy in '72 because he is in real control of his destiny. Next year there will be scarcely anyone courageous enough to play on the same bill as The Pop Group.

David Housham

GARY HOLTON gets a grip on himself . . .

Heavy Metal Kids

MANCHESTER

AHH, THAT METTLED mutated metaphysician — Gary Holton. What a funny way to be a hero — or what a funny way to *try* to be a hero.

This Holton sure is an amazing tossed salad character: strands of self-abuse, narcisissm, bitterness, sly wit, traditional perversion bound together uncomfortably within the straight rock framework by naive, loose-fitting music-hallisms. And I haven't even mentioned schizophrenia . . . but I have a feeling Holton throws in odd elements of such to confuse us.

Gary Holton is a pathetic specimen, twisted, a black sheep; his slightly relevant backing band the Kids are solid but elemental and dated. He's been through a hell of a lot, and his endurance is either the stuff of which legends are made or simply ridiculously foolhardy. Probably the latter; the Thing has stamina, yes, but only occasionally does he project odd glints of the approaching unique performer he could / should have been.

He could have been great. He knows that, too, and that's probably the root of all Holton's "evil". He's screwed it up; admittedly part of the reasons were uncontrollable but a hell of a lot were controllable.

1977, Ian Hunter's respected (well, almost), Steve Harley sells records . . . and Gary Holton's a curio.

But he continues. At the Electric Circus on a musical level (cough) it was the kind of slick, bouncy rock'n'rough I would have loved five years back, as support to Mott, The Faces or Slade — and back then I wouldn't have noticed the extraordinary deficiencies in Holton's melodramatic act. Holton would probably have been my kind of idol.

Having missed the boat then, he still offers this pose / drama / street ethnic rock, grating enough without his excessive indulgences, without the chip on his shoulder. You're probably thinking I absolutely hated him, but you're not quite right.

In fact, he was fascinating — probably like a dodo would be if it were discovered sand-bathing on some South Pacific isle.

Holton's self-abuse lies low. All through the set Holton taunts the kind of "We - want - no - pooftahs" audience the Kids attract by virtue of the music's general toughness. He ungraciously misses the odd cue; adores himself wide-eyed in a hand mirror; kisses, licks, fondles a silly wax Holton head. There's no doubt, surely, that he wants to be

● *Continued on page 53*

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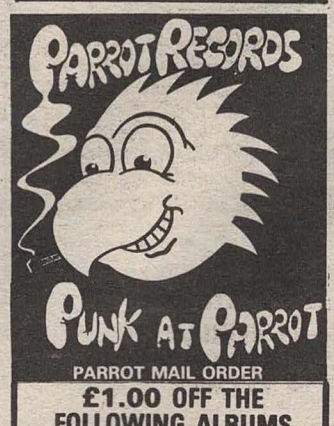

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● *Continued from page 51*

wanted, but he conceals that wish blatantly with his antics, blatantly employing leering couldn't-care-less tactics.

But he cares too much. The mildly infamous song "New Wave", hardly a great anthem, is not a send-up of certain recent activities, it's a plea. *"New wave, what's so new about you? / New wave, all that fucking plastic / All that paraphernalia, it makes me sick / What about The Who, what about the Stones?"*

What about Gary Holton? As the song painfully unfolds, his pride and conceit expand, to be unconsciously pricked by the song's mediocrity, its cynicism, its jealousy, its spite.

I wouldn't be so strong on Holton if he'd ever produced something worthy of his self-esteem, but only on the first album was there the slightest hint that he ever would. The new album, and the live set, are weak Kiss meets unformulated Alex Harvey, Ray Davies meets Mungo Jerry — and it's not as interesting as it sounds.

Of course, Holton isn't one for moderation. Whilst his fans just seemed to want to git-down, he ploughed through a series of bumptious theatrics, props and acting (?) which, in their excessive usage, seemed to be far more than mere accessories but a frantic attempt to gain attention.

Contrary to my esteemed Polish collegue's recent curious claims that Holton remains (huh!) a master of the surreal and psychotic, his shallow, bottom-of-the-bill comic acting is crude, slightly amusing — and about as surreal as a wet blanket and as psychotic as Arthur Askey.

Holton likes to think that he's got goons like me taking him seriously, that he's having us all on. He likes to think he's an enigma. But all you can really take seriously is his miserable self-deception.

Paul Morley

SIOUXSIE STORMTROOPER ***Pic: STEVENSON***

Siouxsie & The Banshees

NASHVILLE

YOU WISH they all could be SS Girls?

Okay, but Ilse The She-Wolf never was my cup of barbed wire — and besides, Siouxsie Q don't swoon for swastika armbands anymore. Now maybe someone will throw up a contract . . .

Etched in red and black (good marching colours) the Bromley *madchen* hits the Nashville . . . such a lousy locale for one you'd expect to trade seig heils with down in the last bunker. In fact, the biggest shickhorror from the mire of Siouxsie's allegedly Nietzchean nature was the frail, coy passes she made at the air with a raised hand in search of a Nazi nuance.

Songs such as "Helter Skelter" and "Love In A Void" resound with automation rather than National Socialist partialities, neat beat songs of sick, slick love structured around machine-man scenarios or callously culled from dehumanised headlines.

The normal Chinaman-in-a-bull-shop barnstorming tedium of all the legions of honorary bored teenagers is liquidated in deference to the Banshees' blank and hollow Lou Reed-as-Sally Bowles chords, chords connect into bars around which Siouxsie swings her siren-whine—the whine to open your head . . .

Her voice is sharp and stark, her eyes are dead and dark as she paces out her ascribed *lebensraum* hand-in-stand with the microphone, her human-failings dance routine snappily executed — if a little repetitive. Her movements seem to be a mutated erosion of Debbie Blondie's chrome-blooded clockwork dollbaby patent.

While lacking the mass appeal of Gaye Advert or the real glee of Arianna Slit, Siouxsie has half a soft-core following and a band that doesn't clutter the bare bones with the frills, as well as being handsome in a stretcher-case kind of way and a much neater conversation piece than all those fledgling punk pains festering down the Roxy and Vortex.

If goosesteps give you a buzz you'll have a ball, though I fear that whatever heights of minimalist muses she comes to capture, Siouxsie will never top her *Sun* centrespread.

Julie Burchill

COVENT GDN

A Neighbourhood Festival Report

A FIELD OF mud and rubble with a temporary stage at one end; crowds of people squatting in the quagmire, tapping their gumboots to the distant disco rhythms. It feels like I spent the weekend at Reading, but this was all happening in a grubby pit of a bomb site in the middle of London.

Kiddies like me are too young to remember the great age of wet, uncomfortable rock festivals as anything more than a quaint part of our history (in the same Amusing Curiosity category as bowler hats or The Beatles). I was deeply shocked, therefore, to find myself wading through hot, grubby crowds to catch events that I'd certainly ignore in the comfort of my own home.

The object of this festival, spread over two days and four Covent Garden streets, was to demonstrate to the rest of the city that this small market / theatre community has a strong sense of identity and togetherness. The mixture of races, of commuters and permanent residents, of long-established community ties and fresh enthusiasm has given the neighbourhood an almost inexhaustible variety of self-expression.

It wasn't just a tourist attraction. The residents themselves were out in force to enjoy steel bands, folk dancing, jazz, salsa, Turkish fine arts (which turned out to be belly - dancing) and even Indian music from the local Punjab restaurant. The children seemed ecstatically happy, throwing eggs and custard pies at each other, watching a troupe of clowns selling half-bricks to the American tourists, hurling themselves bodily at an enormous inflatable balloon which looked like a renegade from *The Prisoner* and was terrifying the adults.

Two Chieftains-style folk acts, **Chanter** and **Flowers & Frolics,** actually had people on their feet, jigging or reeling or whatever, pairing up for exotic English country dances, shouting loud for encores.

Shazam, a pure Ted rock-'n'roll band, also had them bopping in the non-existent aisles, even though the token pack of greased-back throwbacks, shuffling sullenly in front of the stage, seemed to resent anyone else liking Their Music.

With Roogalator pulling out of their Saturday spot, the highlight of the musical events were **The Fabulous Poodles.** As Sunday evening approached, the ranks of residents and tourists were swollen by latecomers only interested in the canine bill-toppers. This is the second year the Poodles have played the festival, and the audience obviously remembered them.

"Cherchez La Femme", "Do The Wrist", and "Rum Baba Boogie" were followed by new and not entirely sensible interpretations of "On The Street Where You Live" and "We'll Meet Again", "Don't Lie To Me" and the loudest calypso I've ever heard.

The initial catalyst to this celebration of identity was probably the GLC plan to redevelop the area and knock it into line with the new faceless city. But people shouldn't *need* an excuse to assert themselves in a creative way; why can't other areas achieve something constructive like this instead of wasting money on cute little sports complexes and bland, tasteless shopping centres?

Kim Davis

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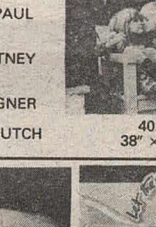
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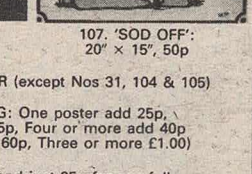
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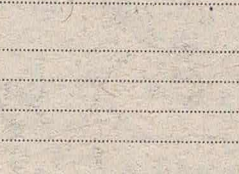
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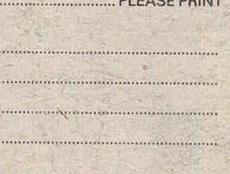

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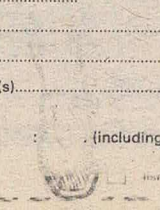

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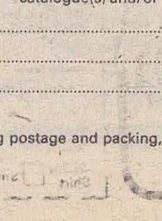

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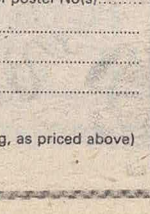

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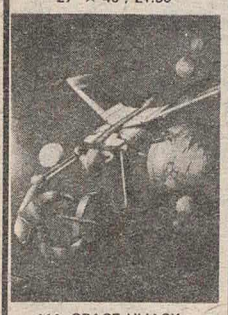
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After The Fire

BRISTOL

THERE IS A SECRET music scene in this country with its own superstars, fan clubs and circuit venues. The Christian music scene. While regular rock fans were gathered in the mud at Reading, the Christian rock fans had their own festival: The Greenbelt Festival, and there were over 7,000 of them there.

Topping the bill at Greenbelt was After The Fire. Never heard of 'em? Neither had I. Their name comes from a line in the Bible, and they are very much in the tradition of ELP, Yes and Genesis (another Biblical name). Direct comparison with these groups, however, would be fruitless since they are a new, young group.

There's no doubt that keyboard player Pete Banks (*not* the former Yes guitarist) likes Keith Emerson — the opening chords of ATF's set at Bristol's Granary Club, just like a Nice concert until the drums and bass came crashing in, sounding a bit more noisy than The Nice usually did.

After The Fire are fronted by a vocalist called Andy Piercy. His voice is pretty good; it develops a Bolan quiver when sustaining high notes, but nobody's perfect. On stage he smiles and grins to everyone, and his between-number intros are delivered as if he were talking to children and old ladies at a church fete. It is this Christian side of their music that troubled me.

Numbers like "Now That I've Found" and "Dream Anyway" were good, particularly the latter, with its curious "Space Oddity" bridge, but when ATF try to combine their Christianity with rock'n'roll they fall on their ass.

A rock arrangement of "Pilgrim's Progress" soon filled the bars with the gutteral mutterings of West Country lads and lassies — and the amateur pantomime of "The Puppet" was most embarrassing.

Though I'm sure many rock and roll musicians are Christians, this is a different matter to trying to put across a Christian message through rock-'n'roll. To me, rock'n'roll is the music of rebellion and of sexual liberation — music which cuts through hypocrisy and guilt, music which attacks patriarchy and authoritarianism, and as such consititutes a direct attack on what I think of as traditional Christian values.

Ultimately you'll have to make up your own mind about it as After The Fire attempt to cross-over from the Jesus circuit into the promised land.

Miles

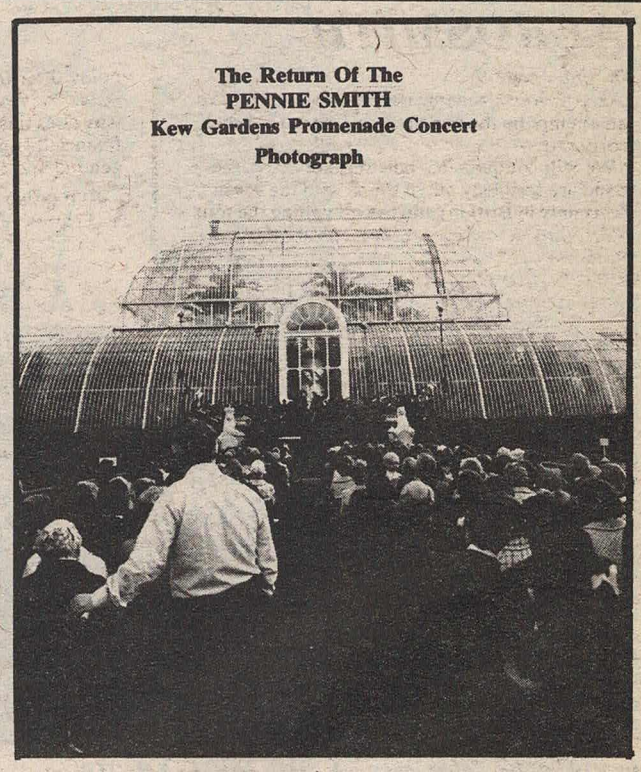
AROUND THE CIRCUITS

BLACK SUNDAY (AA)
Disappointment or a triumph, depending on whether you believe Monty Smith or Brian Case (*NME 10.9.77*). But director John Frankenheimer (subject of a TV profile this week) proves he can handle violent suspense with elan. One to check out, even if you don't like Robert Shaw.

MEAN STREETS (S)
If you like Martin (*Taxi Driver*) Scorsese, try to catch this at your local. It's the definitive New York street movie, with great rock soundtrack and a superb Robert De Niro performance. It certainly makes *New York, New York* seem an even weirder mess than it is.

EXORCIST II: THE HERETIC (X)
Controversy already surrounds the long-awaited follow-up to *The Exorcist*. But with director John Boorman at the helm, it can't be all bad. Reviewed next ish.

THE ISLAND OF DR MOREAU (A)
Burt Lancaster in an H. G. Wells rip-off. "I like hokum and horror more than most, but this is hooey. The worst film I've seen in ages." — Angie Errigo.


The Return Of The
PENNIE SMITH
Kew Gardens Promenade Concert
Photograph

Solid Waste Fruit Eating Bears

CHELMSFORD

"SOLID WASTE, solid waste / Solid, solid, solid waste".

The dumb theme song of local heroes Solid Waste gives no sign of their punk prowess.

Singer Lee Harvey Spengler sports a copper's uniform and favours furious political harangues. Guitarist Peter Niss plays a superb, sludgy variation on Keef's live sound.

Between them, they write songs with fast, flashy riffs and sharp, bristling hooks.

One in particular, "Normal Life", has the sort of potential that The Boys' "First Time" seemed to possess. Only instead of being about losing your cherry, this is an angry anthem of contempt and alienation (and being stuck in a middle-class suburb).

"It's a normal life: just another day / It's a normal life: doing what they say / It's a normal life: gotta get away, GET AWAAAAY."

What's more, the Waste have a drummer called Terry Fuxwell, who deserves to be a star on name value alone.

In contrast, the headliners, at the City Tavern, Fruit Eating Bears, have a confident command of new wave cliches, use the work "fuck" a lot, look like malignant coconuts, and have no tunes worth recalling.

They even play "Slow Down" like The Jam. Even worse, they play it twice.

Bob Edmands

JAZZ DIARY

CONGA PLAYER **Terri Quaye,** ex-Amalgam, Spear, Shepp, Richard Davies, Noah Howard, Away, has formed her own three-woman outfit, **Moonspirit,** with bassist **Gill Lyons** and keyboards **Val Fenton.** Moonspirit are playing at 100 Club on 16th September and 7 Dials on 22nd. **Dick Morrissey** is at The Phoenix on 14th with two guitarists, **Terry Smith** and **Jim Mullen.** Fresh from New York where he worked with Herbie Mann and the Average White Band, and the Montreux Festival, Dick should be in great nick.

Manchester's Band On The Wall is having a 'Piano Celebration' with **Keith Nichols** on 15th September, plus a movie, *Harlem Jazz Festival* with **Nat King Cole, Basie, Sassy** and **Lional Hampton,** and the **Keith Ingham Trio with Susannah McCorkle** on 22nd.

Battersea Arts Centre is staging a three-day festival of improvised music, '345', 23rd - 25th September, in collaboration with the Musicians' Collective. Players include **John Russell, Hugh Davies, Roy Ashbury, Larry Stabbins, Terry Day, Nigel Coombes, John Stevens, Ye Min** and **Roger Smith.** On Sunday there's an Open Music Workshop run by **John Stevens** from 2.30, anyone with an instrument welcome to sit in.

Projection Records, 9 Rectory Grove, Leigh-On-Sea, Essex, offer the cheapest jazz mail order service around, with Japanese imports like the double **Weather Report** going at £8.25, and a good chance of any Japanese double for under a tenner.

New release from DJM of **Ellington** items recorded for Voice of America in 1941 and 1951, "A Duke Ellington Collectors Item". ECM have released "Azimuth" by **Jon Taylor, Norma Winstone** and **Kenny Wheeler.** Ogun's latest is the **Mike Osborne Quintet's** "Marcel's Muse", group including **Ossie, Mark Charig, Jeff Green** on guitar, **Harry Miller** bass and **Peter Nykyruj** on drums.

Brian Case

AEROSMITH

■ *From page 8*

sharp-shooting managerial panache and at least an attempt by the band led by Tyler to put on a corporate —
"We-will-conquer-this-new-market" face, the band are seriously out of touch with the scene (certainly in Britian) and the only thing the tour will ultimately achieve is to give them another tax-loss outlet.

Krebs raves about Tyler's professionalism as a front-man, and as a musical force in general, but even he concedes that Tyler's a bad interviewee.

For his part, Tyler comes on incredibly chipper, exuding an extrovert bonhomie which, for all his rather balefully immature constant sexual braggadoccio, makes him a genuinely likeable geezer. But all the detail in the world about his past ("I was a Led Zeppelin roadie," he mentions, surprsingly candidly at one point, perhaps not realising the full irony of his confession), the band's early career, the American take-over ("Detroit was the turning point, after that we exploded") aren't much use here. The real question has to remain — exactly why does this band even want to conquer a financially inferior waterhole like Europe in general and Britain in particular?

"I'd rather take on a new challenge like this and really work at it than, say, do five sell-out gigs in Cincinnatti", replies Tyler. "Pride and ego," replies Krebs, whose determination to break the market is almost enough to make one believe they will. Both, without stating much, seemed to express the frustration that comes when you've conquered the main drag and only the hinterlands remain. Both, however, appear out of touch with what's happening in Britain.

Tyler in particular clumsily lambasts the punk movement and all in all, after the mass slating they've once again received after the Reading Festival, one seriously doubts whether they'll even bother to demean themselves by touring here yet again.

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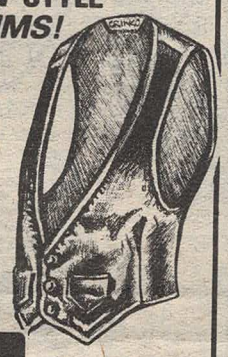

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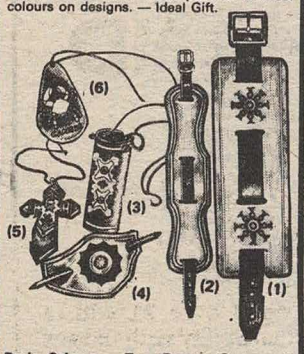

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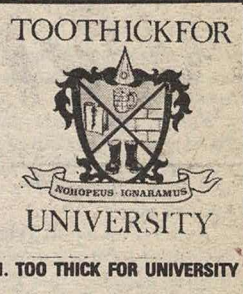

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538. SOUTHERN COMFORT

533. ELVIS

700. NEW STATUS QUO

232. REALITY

220. DRIVE ON PAVEMENT

No. 240 LYNYRD

714 LORD OF RINGS

262. ELVIS LIVES

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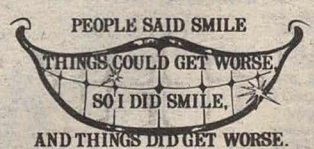
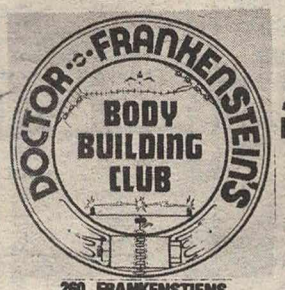
507 FLOYD



257 SMILE

186. STATUS QUO



260. FRANKENSTIENS CLUB

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250. PUNK PANTHER

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214. BIONIC COCK

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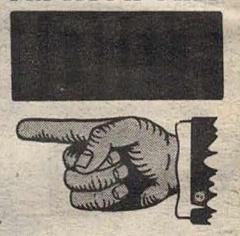

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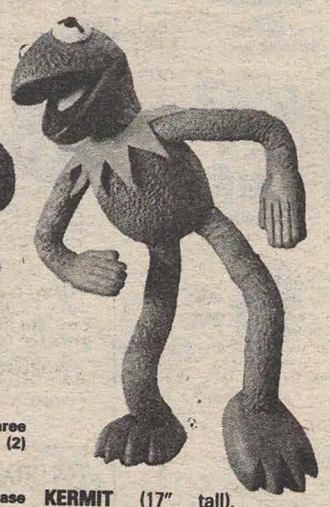

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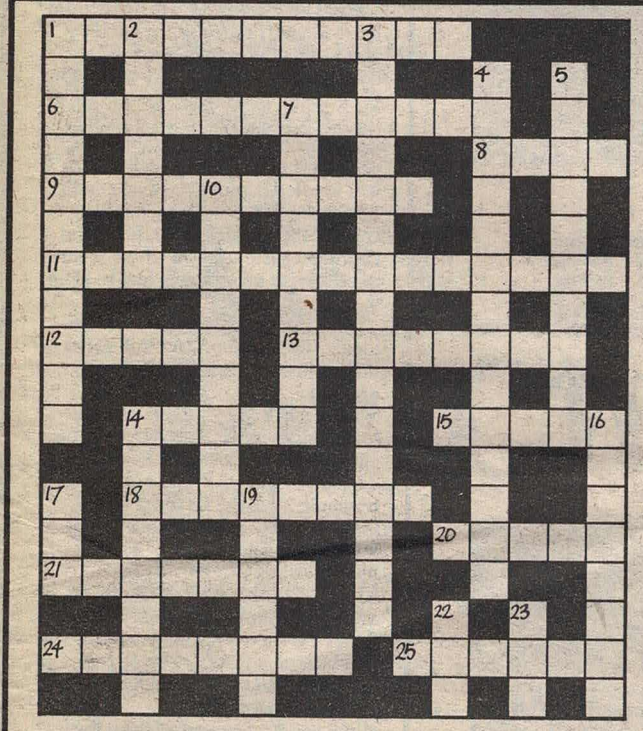

ACROSS
1 Leader of Chelsea, and we don't mean Butch Wilkins duckie (4,7)
6 Non-heroes of their own time, but forerunners of New Wave rock (3,4,5)
8 Ex of D. DeLuxe currently leader of his gang
9 "A near definitive crusin' anthem for the '70s" it says here on the sleeve
11 & 18 A sizeable hit earlier this year, after the Jane Fonda movie of the same name from a few years back (4,5,6,4,4)
12 Phallic instrument?
13 & 24 Final part of the trilogy started by "Time Fades Away" and "On The Beach"
14 James the outlaw/Colin Young the folkie/Hector the Gorilla
15 Horticultural slant on Led Zeppelin
18 See 11
20 Players on "Magic Fly" oddity
21 Subtitled "Bang A Gong" in the USA (3,2,2)
24 See 13
25 Parker's band, also partly ex D. DeLuxe

DOWN
1 An out-take from Chelsea *(not F.C.)*, featuring Billy The Kid (10,1)
2 Politer description of the unmentionable (3,4)
3 Seminal soul/funk outfit, they operated as the house-band at Stax as well as recording their own stuff (6,1,3,3,3)
4 She recently had a disco smash with "What A Difference A Day Makes" (6,8)
5 Not the one who said, "Kiss me Hardy"! (That was his brother Bert) (4,6)
7 One of the Trojan 'reggae' stable, he had a 1974 No.1 with "Everything I Own" (3,6)
10 1973 hit for Medicine Head/Alternatively, oriental part of Animals' tour de force (6,3)
14 Mohammed Harley's first taste of chart success (4,4)
16 Recorded by Carole King in 1971, it's said to be the second-biggest selling album ever
17 "I Wanna Be Your . . ." Iggy Pop
19 Featuring one Presley still alive and, um, kicking
22 To Pete what Derek is to Clive
23 Singularly Barrie Masters

Last week's answers

ACROSS: 1 Beserkley; 4 J J Cale; 6 Rods; 7 Chris Thomas; 10 "I'm In You"; 11 Lemmy; 12 "Isn't She Lovely"; 15 Soul; 17 Eddie; 19 "Something"; 23 "Fear"; 24 Steve Marriott; 27 (Paul) Weller; 28 "Road"; 29 Sire; 31 "Knows"; 32 Al Jardine.

DOWN: 1 Barrie Masters; 2 Sid Vicious; 3 "Kick Out The Jams"; 5 John McVie; 8 (Peter) Skellern; 9 "Abbey (Road)"; 13 Hugh Cornwell; 14 Lee (Brilleaux); 16 "Low"; 18 Drifters; 20 "God Only (Knows)"; 21 Taylor; 22 Peter (Skellern); 25 Mick (Taylor); 26 Bass; 30 Ian.

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Frankie Laine was the Jimi Hendrix of the period. Actual teenagers could be heard saying, "I don't care what you say; when it comes to really singing a song, Bing Crosby is still the best." Or try "Did you happen to see the Perry Como show last night?"

It was a time when guys would come home at 10 o'clock after dropping off their dates and put on a 78 rpm by that great mindshatterer, Frank Sinatra, or those lethal liberators, The Ames Brothers, and stare out of the window and dream tenderly of settling down to marriage and a family . . . aged 14.

There were of course some rumblings of dissatisfaction with this condition of seemingly terminal lameness. Bill Haley and The Comets were there, giving us terms like 'Rock' that live on. And there were a lot of good black groups around — Fats Domino, The Midnighters, Marvin and Johnny. Cats like that were making a few noises, enough so that when Fats came out with "Ain't That A Shame", the Establishment planted Pat Boone in there with his rendition of that song to undermine the whole thing.

And then came a song called "Heartbreak Hotel" by a guy named Elvis Presley, who used to screw the air when he sang, and that eliminated forever any possiblity of Tennessee Ernie Ford organising the youth of the USA for Christ.

Within a year, guys and 'decent' chicks were showing up at home at four in the morning. "Where have you been?" asked the worried parents: "Out", would be the simple reply. The round impression of a ring made by a rubber in all the guys' wallets became the new badge of identity. No more 'saving it for marriage'.

School began being treated as the drag it really was. "I ain't going today, I'm gonna work on my car". And did they ever work on their cars! The streets came alive with lowered candyapple red '49 Mercs, channeled banana yellow '32 Fords, fully customised and chopped, blue metal flaked '47 Chevvies, cherry (lookin' good) machines, built for almost no money but requiring much more work and talent than some dumb piece of paper called a High School Diploma.

And what was on the radios of these 'wheels' as they cruised by but "Don't Be Cruel", "You're Right, I'm Left, She's Gone" and tons of other outa sight sounds by hundreds of cats who were waiting to emerge and finally did — because of Elvis. And, lo, lots of kids all over were being thrown in jail for being drunk and fighting and breaking things and for generally refusing to eat all the shit they were being fed.

These were big changes. Some of us are what we are today because of some of these changes and now Elvis lies fat and cold and dead, in a white suit at the bottom of some hole in Memphis and it makes me sick and pissed off and hurt.

I was walking to the British Museum to look at some drawings by Rubens (so I admit to being an old fart) and I saw Elvis's name in the big print in the distance. Flash. You know what's happened when somebody like that is on the front page of an ordinary paper.

It was really sudden and final. Elvis was dead and that was that. So fuck Rubens. He's been dead 400 years and all he did was draw pictures for Kings and Queens. Elvis sang songs for me and for you, and his existence made a lot of lives like John Lennon's, Mick Jagger's and, yes, indeed, Johnny Rotten's, what they would never have been without him.

I just went straight back to my room and turned on Capital and lay there on my back staring at the ceiling. At first all I could think of was poor Elvis, and didn't those greedy L.A. pigs and leeches really torture and suck him to death over 20 years, and how you don't even need to take drugs to die if you got people around you like Elvis had.

Then I mellowed out the way crying can make you do and thought back over those 20 years of my own experiences and was even giggling a little bit when Capital announced the memorial service at Cockfosters, and I said to myself, "God Bless The Limeys", and then let the day drizzle and snooze itself away, listening to the radio.

Cockfosters is a no-change tube ride from where I stay. Sitting there in the dingy, rattling car, I could definitely vibe that I was not the only one going to Cockfosters to mourn Elvis. And we did mourn him. Thousands of us, wet and sad in the rain. It was a great tribute with so much sincere feeling in it that I suspected Elvis may have had something or other to do with rescuing this island from Vera Lynn once and for all.

After it was over, I stopped at a newsagent on the way to the tube and got an *NME* in the hope that there would be something in there by Lester Bangs to lighten my load. Instead, I focussed on a piece by Paul Rambali who seemed pleased and comfortable enough with himself to offer us readers a little criticism of Elvis's latest LP, "Moody Blue".

I would be chicken-shit as hell to get on Rambali's case for having performed his job as critic, subject: Elvis Presley, a few days before the man died. The thing is, we already know Elvis had a ready market, as Rambali points out, and that market is going to eat what it is fed and so we know that Colonel Tom and Elvis have fed that market crap from the critical standpoint, probably since the '50s.

So why jack us off by making any pronouncements at all, because you might say shit, like Rambali did, about Elvis being just a "highly successful country artist" who knew nothing about "Rock" or "Rock 'n' Roll", which are comments from someone who has his head so far up his ass his tapeworms are in his brains.

Maybe he ought to do a little homework and find out where the words 'Rock 'n' Roll' came from — no, Elvis didn't invent them, but they would have faded into disuse in about a year if Elvis hadn't come along and made those mere words into a full-fledged movement. And without that movement, Rambali and a lot of others might have been cleaning out loos in the London Underground for a living.

Hey, English brothers and sisters. The real fight is against the Pig, whoever and wherever he might be. The Pig smokes dope and snorts coke and all that other jive so he can fool you. What he wants us to do is get comfortable and believe the lie of the Sleepy 70's.

The Pig has incorporated most of the old rebel heroes of the 60's, the way he did Elvis 10 years before. The Pig will do anything and everything to get control, but in the end money is his biggest weapon, and he sneers as he shoots you with it. Most of all, the Pig likes to create the illusion of comfort.

The words of Rambali are those of a guy who is comfortable enough to sit there and bullshit with a straight face just to fill space. This is not the time for comfort. This is the time to be out in the streets and parks, hollering loud as ever. The way Elvis did when he sang "Heartbreak Hotel".

MARSHALL BELL, LONDON.

Hey Marshall, that's me at your door with the candy and the trojans. Here's a wig-bubble on late Elvis: the first rock 'n' roller to face middle-age, he based his idea of musical maturation on the generation before, the Italians, Como, Bennett, Martin, Sinatra, the mellifluous brim-tippers on the bar stools. Hence the lounging baritone and the mawkish ballads: late El and the Latin Lockets. Hence, too, the over-reaction of rock critics who demand that popular song began in 1956 — or arrived with the meter reader this morning — and despise the touch, timing and timbre of the crooners' tradition. Elvis, a man of roots, regionalism and showbiz values, followed precedent. — B.C.

Edited by BRIAN CASE

PLEASE COULD someone explain why the Socialist Worker Party is persistently attacking the National Trust?

QUENTIN BUTLER, Oxford.

Maybe one of them got his Hampton Court. — B.C.

I HAVE just returned from a two-year expedition to the Gobi Desert. Can you explain what this New Wave is about?

BIGGO.

Bump into Marco Pogo or Sir Walter Grolly out there, did you? — B.C.

I THINK you make up all the letters you print on your Gasbag page so's you can impress us plebs with your smart comments. P.S. I think you've made this one up too.

S. G. FOX, Widnes.

Dear Madame Zelda, how can I keep my mystery? My boyfriend keeps going mauve and making a brutish beeline for the secret hasps and buckles of my underpinnings whilst brandishing his engine of love. Does sex have to be dirty? — B.C. Yes, if it's done right. — Ed. Shut up both of me! — Norman Bates.

MY SISTER (16) thinks I read *NME* and listen to the John Peel radio show to look tough, and I'm sure my brother thinks the same, even though he reads *NME* himself. So, to look even tougher, I'm writing to *NME*.

Why can't people stop picking on me (sob sob). After all, I'm only a little 13-year-old devoted to The Beatles, Horslips, Rory Gallagher and most New Wave bands.

Meanwhile I'm still reading *NME* and listening to the John Peel show. There IS some spunk concealed about my person. Anyway, I don't care what my Sister says 'cos she likes shitty groups like The Beach Boys (groan).

NOELLE McELHALTON, Killiney.

Lissen lug, Cody Jarrett started the same way. *NME*, John Peel, homicide. Oh, I know it feels like ya got oil in ya arm, cracking wise at Brown Owl 'n slouchin' around the Adventure Playground with the other frails, but remember — it's all going down in that Big Ledger. Tough? Nobody here'd walk up a wet step. — B.C.

DEAR, LOVABLE, tough Jean Jacques, you melt my heart like April snow. Oh, I'll love you till the clover has lost its perfume. Oh, my dearest love, I need you like roses need rain. Recognize the lyrics?

A SICKLY J. J. BURNEL-FAN, London.

Give over, Tony. — B.C.

I FIND it difficult to understand how people can glibly glide into the New Wave, apparently forgetting their beautiful background, the trips they once flew on . . . But down to basics. The subtle envelopment of the dream we once knew with all its fascinating and wistful images, by the stark early-death view of day-to-day reality portrayed by the recent batch of super anti-heroes who seem to be emerging like zombies from the grave, is a disturbing phenomenon even to the most be-here-now kind of person.

I mean, there are people still digging it up and down the country, getting it on in *positive* ways, turning themselves and others onto a truly viable alternative to the dole queue, factory somnambulism and the Western materialism trip in general.

There are still pockets of brightness on Albion's shore and throughout her scarred exterior there are many little lights steadily burning the old ideal, and — what's more — they will continue to burn for many years. Oh yeah, yeah, picking up on the vibe of the happenings that appear in the world, learning, learning, but still never losing that Inner Light which was kindled during the Psychedellic Era and which is unquenchable in spite of the negative anarchism and goal-less existentialism which seems to be rife on many social levels. (Dig it, dig it!!)

All I can say is — stick to the old ideals. The Golden Rule still exists no matter how many falling swingers break it . . .

The Yin-Yang — symbol of the harmonious principle achievable on earth between Male and Female. The Triskel — symbol of the 3 in 1 basis of humanity plus the material world, including the Outward Spiral of the lay system. The Celtic Cross — incorporating the simple idea of the Christian faith plus the ancient awareness of our Atlantean ancestors. Don't get fooled again. Tranquility and Bliss to you all.

GEMINI DREAMWALKER, Hobden Bridge, Yorks.

Right on! You spilled a bibful there. I guess folks are just plain stuffy about ancient awareness. Hey — an Atlantean uncle of mine went to Lourdes in his wheelchair and came back with new tyres. Well, watch yo' ass, er — Gemini. Keep taking the mistletoe. — B.C.

WHY DOES Tony Palmer like showing napalmed bodies staggering about? *Like* being the operative word, of course. These shock tactics have been used before to bring home the full realization of the horror of it all, but usually within the confines of war documentaries.

I mean, obviously I'm missing the point somewhere. I sit down to watch a film about rock, and even with the knowledge that its done by Palmer, I'm still fairly happy, thinking, "Oh, but this was 10 years ago, he was probably more into the music then."

We got exactly the same as in *All You Need Is Love*, only with Belsen bodies thrown in (ha ha!) as well as napalmed bodies, racial violence, etc. Now I know in '68 the Peace Movement was relevant, and I know napalm was fashionable, but it was all too unconnected with what was going down in the film. He does it badly.

If he wants to make social comments, why not show sick junkies? That's more to do with rock. If he wants to show war clips, why not do it properly and make a war movie and get it across. Look, I'm not avoiding the horrors of the world. That guy took — what? — 10 seconds to die, but he is still burning in my mind and he always will be.

I don't need Tony Palmer and his useless shock horror tactics just to make people watch his films. Surely his method of slipping nightmares into people's minds come close to brain-washing?

SICKENED & DISGUSTED, New Malden.

Cheap. Right. — B.C.

teazers

DON'T HOLD your breath but The **Rolling Stones** movie — shot during their 1972 North American tour — won't be seen on any screens until March 1979. The film's director, **Robert Frank,** said in New York that he'd been paid an undisclosed sum by the Stones on his promise not to release the pic till then.

According to Frank, the Stones were worried that some of the film's content — scenes include drug-taking, groupies being stripped and screwed on the band's chartered jet, and Jagger and Richard beating tambourines (fooled ya!) as accompaniment to a couple 'making love' — might prejudice the outcome of Keef's December drug trial in Toronto, as well as possibly harming their massive American market.

With the release of "Love You Live", the Stones terminate their contract with WEA in Britain and EMI — who paid £5,000,000 to aquire distribution rights on future Stones' recordings — must be mighty releived with the decision to shelve the film for two years. . .

Incidentally, inadvertently gatecrashing an ever-so-swanky Fulham Road fashion party last week (thinking it to be a restaurant), was a very fit-looking **Michael Phillip,** accompanied by **Miss Nicaragua 1965.** Later, safely ensconced in the Savoy, Jagger palmed off embarrassing questions about his missus with a nonchalent, "I don't mind talking about my private life. What exactly do you want to know about Britt?". . .

Also in London this week is **Keith 'Loon' Moon,** with wild stories of a luxury hotel he's going to build in Tahiti, so that he can smash it up without 'a lot of fuss'. He was also 'totally mystified' by reports that he'd visited Malibu neighbour **Steve McQueen's** home, got down on all fours to bark at his dog, then went into the garden to talk to the flowers before being chucked out by McQueen's 16-year-old son . . .

"I don't relate to politics and the intellect," says **Willy De Ville,** disarmingly. "We are labelled a New Wave band, but we're not the same as English punk bands. Our music is a lot more soothing and romantic." *More* soothing and romantic? . . .

Country-freak **Elvis Costello** recently placed a large order with CBS for **George Jones** records . . .

Arista is re-releasing **Patti Smith's** "Gloria" as a 12", with her unexpurgated version of "My Generation" on the B-side. Arista were originally forced to put out an edited version when they were distributed through EMI, because of complaints about 'lyrical content' . . .

Various **Pistols, Clash** and **Otis Waygoods** sighted down London's 100 Club last week, watching **Matumbi.** After the final number, **Monsieur Rotten** zoned in on lead singer **Dennis Bovelle** and, adopting an Isle of Springs enunciation, said: "I-man Johnny Rotten, I think you're great, me would really like to hear you play some more." Bovelle bowed to Jah Rotten and Matumbi returned to the stage for a rousing encore . . .

Southend's Scamps Disco has banned drapes and crepes from their **Elvis Presley** memorial night, claiming "rough elements" are not wanted. Besides the obviously odious preconceptions, isn't that a bit like expecting Leeds United to play in tutus and ballet shoes . . . ?

Peter Frampton reckons he often hands out £40,000 bonuses to his three-man group if he's pleased with their performance. Big-tipper Frampers earned about £30,000,000 last year . . .

Former Runaway **Jackie Fox** (above) ("Easily the tastiest" — A Dentist) has totally renounced rock 'n' roll. She's now studying law. . .

Roy "Happy Trails" **Rogers** (sans Trigger) recalls taking his wife **Dale Evans** to see *Midnight Cowboy* because they fancied seeing 'a good Western'. "It was just people filling their arms fulla drugs," he told the *Daily Mail's* **Roderick Gilchrist.** "Things like that have no business being on the screen. Movies like *Midnight Cowboy* cheapen men and cheapen women." Doesn't sound like the film T-Zers remembers as a late-'60s classic . . .

Wayne County wants his favourite hat back, stolen last week from **The Vortex . . .**

No front-page national exposure for Saturday's South London Campaign Against Racism And Fascism march which wended its peaceful way on a five mile route from Peckham Rye to the Elephant and Castle. Over 3,000 demonstrators took part . . .

It must've been the good weather. And, d'ya realise, summer could have been saved if Island had released **Bob Marley's** "Waiting In Vain" when NME told 'em to? We said the weather would get better if it was out and have you noticed how it's improved . . . ?

Congrats from almost everyone at NME to **The Damned's Dave Vanian,** recently hitched to a young American lady he'd met three minutes earlier. But hope The Dimmed's new single ("Problem Child / You Take My Money") is in now way an omen . . .

Members of **The Darts,** reeling after the rigours of their *Honky Tonk* Clapham Common gig on Sunday afternoon, were roundly trounced 8–2 in an impromptu 6-a-side football match against Squirm, a rag-bag collective comprising a displaced Scotsman, an NME staffer, a council gardener, an Italian From Inner Space and guitarists Dave Kelly and Andy (from Rocky Sharp). "We're sick as parrots," said Darts' bassist, ashen-faced **Thump Thompson . . .**

Squashing rumours of retirement, **Col. Tom Parker** says he's busier than ever. "It's just like it was when Elvis was in the Army," he told the *Daily Mirror.* "He ain't here but I've still got his interests to look after."

Incidentally, if you were wondering how the *Sunday Times* supplement got Peter Guralnick's Elvis essay together so quickly, it's a slightly abridged reprint of Guralnick's original piece in *The Rolling Stone Illustrated History Of Rock 'n' Roll.* Interesting that, in retrospect, the essay was virtually an obituary to begin with . . .

And **Alan Walsh,** managing director of Mandabrook, publishers under licence from the *Daily Mirror* of **Todd Slaughter's** *Elvis,* points out that their book shouldn't be lumped with "the other rip-off rubbish." It went to press long before Elvis' death, which was just a macabre coincidence. *Mirror* Pop Club book No 2 is **Stevie Wonder,** out in October. Hope he's taken out insurance . . .

Don't know if you've yet heard on the radio NME's ad manager **Peter Rhodes** claiming to be mad (from October 8th, musicians' classified ads will be carried free) but judging from his manic stare and twitchy demeanour, T-Zers is under the impression that his malaise is of a fairly permanent nature . . .

After abortive kidnap attempt on **Presley's** tomb, his family want the bodies of Elvis and his mum moved from Memphis cemetery to a burial plot within the walls of Graceland. The 24-hour guard on his tomb is costing £80 a day . . .

Bowie sighted in Manchester last week, recording for **Marc Bolan's** TV show. You think that's weird. The Thin White Duke (with hair un-spiked) has also recorded a Christmas TV spectacular with 73-year-old groaner **Bing Crosby,** co-starring **Twiggy** and ace impersonator **Stanley Baxter** as Bob Hope. What!? . . .

After a complaint from a West Country record buyer, the Trading Standards Office has ordered RCA to sticker the "From Elvis Presley Boulevard, Memphis, Tennessee" album, clarifying that it is *not* a live recording . . .

Lol Creme and **Kevin Godley** — who threw in their hand with **10CC** to concentrate on developing their Gizmo invention — plan to market the guitar device at £50 a throw early next year. The *Sunday Times* arts pages claimed, "It could do for pop what the ballpoint did for writing." (Ballpoints *improved* writing? — Ed.).

In the light of the entirely unexpected **Don Revie** File in last week's *Daily Mirror,* entirely appropriate quote of the week must be Minister of Sport **Dennis Howell's** "Success is important in sport, technique is important in sport, but morality is even more important . . ."

Or maybe it's **Elvis Costello's** (when asked by the *Sunday Mirror* his reasons for wearing specs), "Because I have dodgy eyesight . . ."

THAT'S RIGHT, Kids, Buddy Holly returns to Teazers — the reason being that the two gents pictured with him (left, Joe Mauldin and, right, Jerry Allison) together with the other long-serving Cricket Sonny Curtis, will be giving a free concert at the Gaumont State Kilburn on Wednesday September 14 to commemorate the 41st anniversary of Buddy's birth.

Of course, if you live outside London, you'll already have missed the concert by the time you read this. But there again, you probably wouldn't have been able to make it anyway . . .

TOM ROBINSON BAND

MOTORWAY SONG

coming Soon

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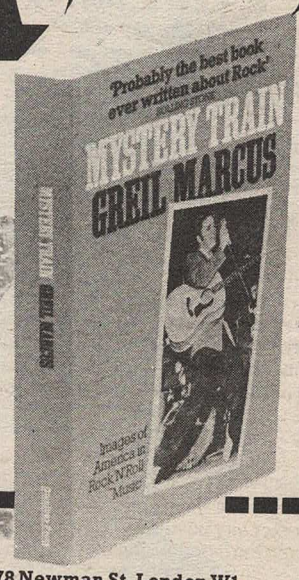

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